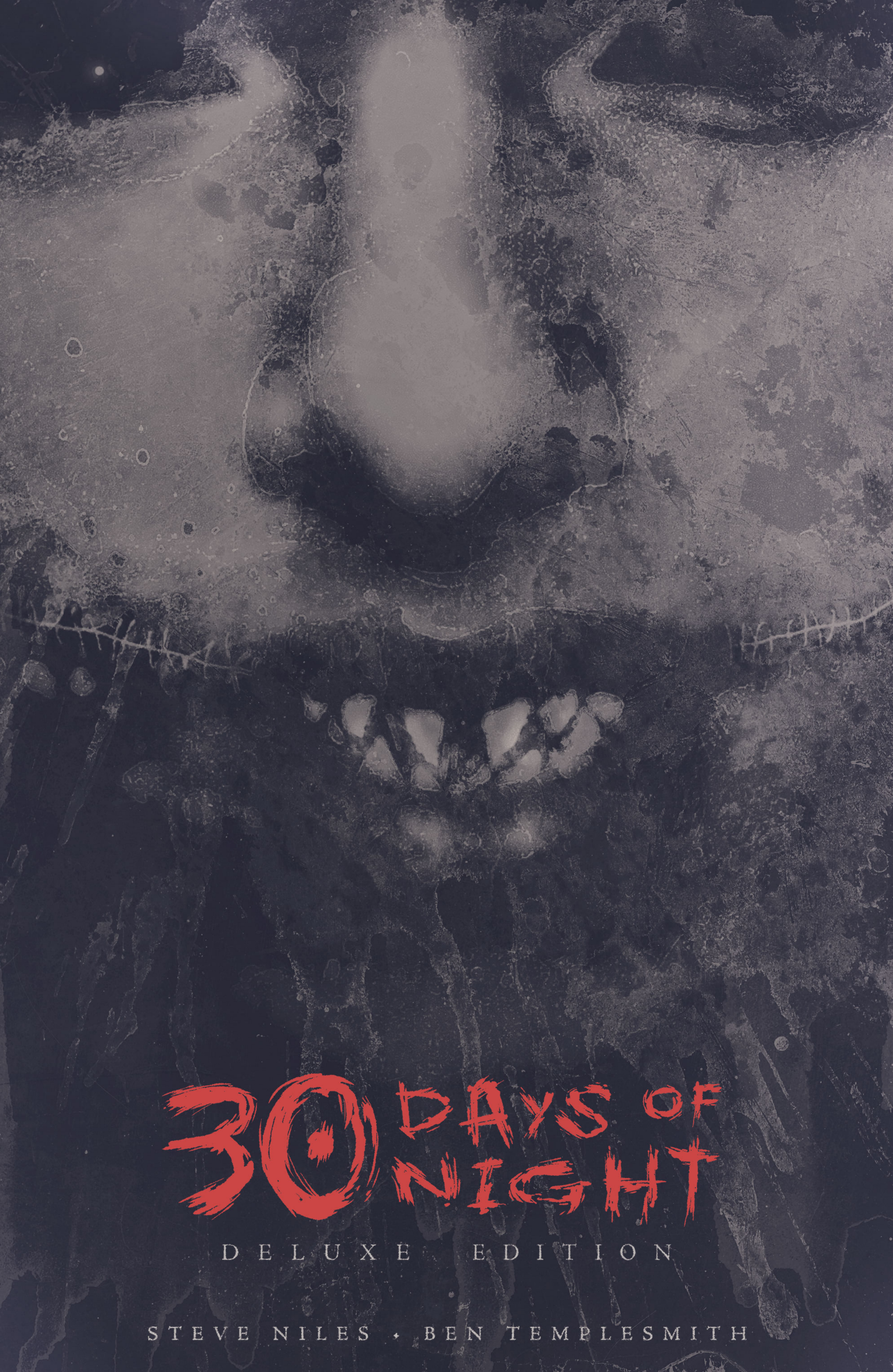




30 DAYS OF NIGHT

DELUXE EDITION

STEVE NILES • BEN TEMPLESMITH

30 DAYS OF NIGHT

DELUXE EDITION: BOOK ONE



IDW[®] @IDWpublishing
IDWpublishing.com

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EISBN: 9781649361554

DIGITAL

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Originally published as 30 DAYS OF NIGHT issues #1–3, 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: DARK DAYS issue #1–6, 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: RETURN TO BARROW issues #1–6, and 30 DAYS OF NIGHT ANNUAL 2004.

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30 DAYS OF NIGHT DARK DAYS RETURN TO BARROW

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2004 ANNUAL

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INTRODUCTION

Hard to believe it's been 20 years since Ben Templesmith and I did *30 Days of Night* at IDW. So many memories...

I was living in Minnesota in the 1990s. It was winter and beyond freezing. You couldn't go outside unless you had every inch of skin covered. If not, you got frostbite quickly, no joke. It was around that time—and in this kind of winter—when I read an article in the paper about Alaska and how there were towns that had no sun for months. I was immediately taken by the idea of vampires using a town like that as a feeding ground.

Years later, I was living in LA, and Ben and I were working on a series for another publisher at the time. Ted Adams wrote and asked if I had any pitches. I had a ton. For years I'd been pitching them for comics and around Hollywood but never got any traction. I sent my pitch list to Ted. He picked *30 Days*, which was called "The Vampire Thing" at the time.

I started doing research about Alaska and picked the town of Barrow for the setting. Being the northernmost point worked perfectly. From there it was all about creating characters and plotting. Once I had some basic ideas, Ben did his magic and created the look for the vampires. They were dark and foreboding. I loved it. Ben and I both agreed the vampires had to be different. At the time, the popular vampires were dating and falling in love. In the first description I wrote, I called them "Land Sharks" and Ben took that and ran with it. He made them feral and stylish at the same time, but still they had their own society and rules. These vampires didn't give a shit about you. There was no romance. No seduction. Just blood.



It's worth mentioning that the first *30 days* was an unpaid gig. We all just took a chance. I recall the day the first ad appeared, we started to hear rumblings that people liked the concept. By the time the first issue hit we had a minor explosion of interest. In my decades of doing comics, I haven't experienced that before or since. It was an exciting time.

At the time, movie studios were calling us. It was nuts. To be perfectly honest, a lot of what happened is a blur now, but I do recall that we had three studios bidding. I don't think we even looked at the numbers. Only one really stood out: Sam Raimi. Being a lifetime fan of Raimi's films made me nervous as hell to speak to him. We pitched over the phone and for the first (and last) time in my life, a pitch ended with Raimi saying, "Let's make a movie."

I just about died right then and there.

I said, "Go with Raimi. Go with the guy who made *Evil Dead*. He knows horror."

From there, it was a seven-year journey until the film was completed. The screenplay went through several drafts by me, Stuart Beattie, and then finally Brian Nelson. We were very lucky with David Slade directing and Sam Raimi and Rob Tapert producing. I was very happy with the final film. It's all I ever wanted, a good horror movie with scary vampires.

This book is something I am incredibly proud of. It collects all the series Ben and I did together. I was reluctant at first to write any sequels, but I fell in love with the characters and just had to do more. If you're reading it for the first time, I hope you enjoy it. If you're reading it for the 10th time, I sincerely thank you.

Steve Niles





30 DAYS OF NIGHT:



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH



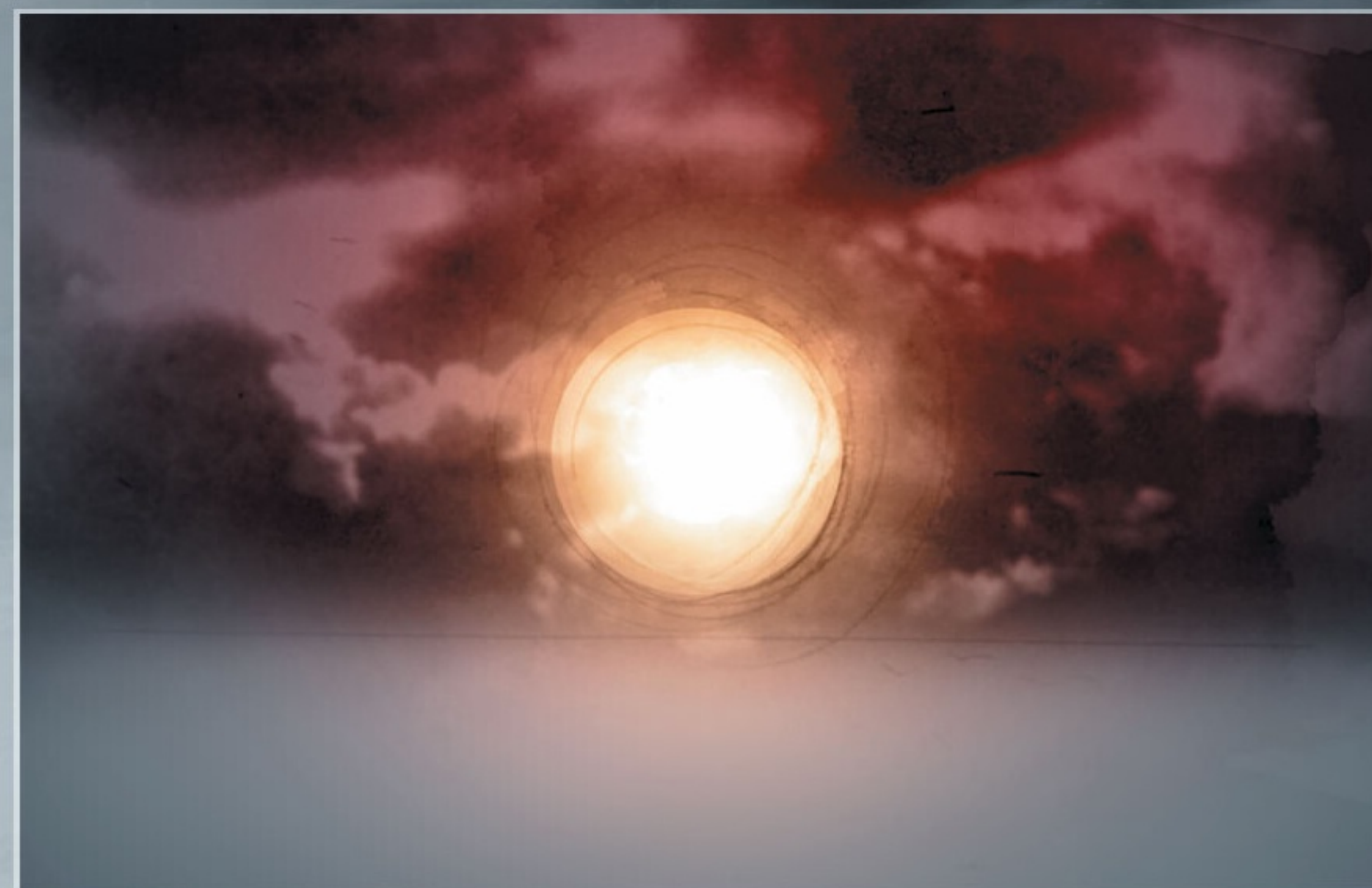
THE NORTHERNMOST COMMUNITY IN NORTH AMERICA, IT LIES 10 MILES SOUTH OF POINT BARROW, FROM WHICH IT TAKES ITS NAME.



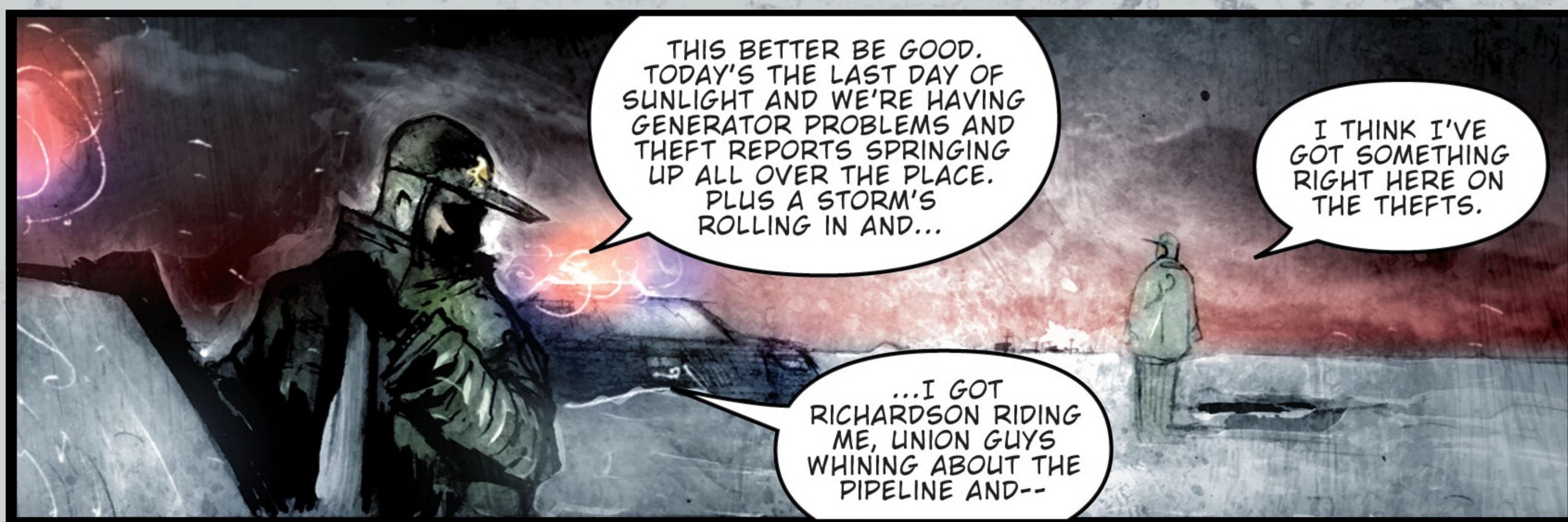
IT IS A TOWN USED TO TWO THINGS: TEMPERATURES AVERAGING BELOW ZERO AND DARKNESS.

THE SUN DOESN'T SET BETWEEN MAY 10TH AND AUGUST 2ND, AND DOESN'T RISE BETWEEN NOVEMBER 18TH AND DECEMBER 17TH.

THE CLIMATE OF BARROW IS ARCTIC. TEMPERATURES RANGE FROM COLD AS SHIT TO FUCKING FREEZING.



THIS IS THE LAST DAY THE SUN WILL SHINE FOR 30 DAYS.





THAT HELPED. SORRY I YELLED AT YOU.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT LATER. YOU SHOULD LOOK AT THIS.



WHAT THE HELL?!

SAW SMOKE SO I DROVE OUT HERE. I THINK WE SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN CELL PHONES.

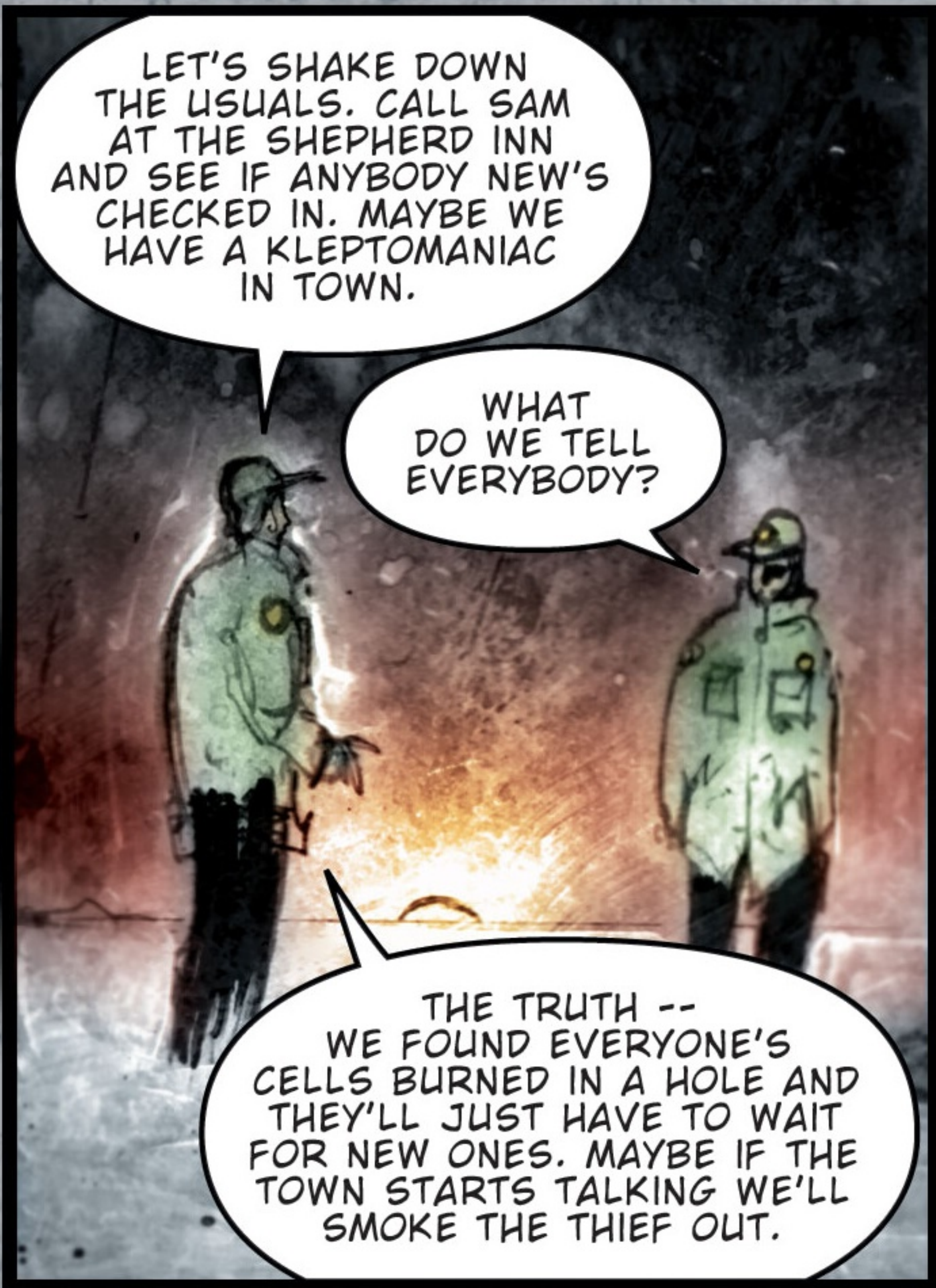
WE'VE BEEN GETTING CALLS SINCE LAST NIGHT. EVERYBODY IN TOWN IS REPORTING THEIRS MISSING.



KIDS PRANK?

SEEMS PRETTY ELABORATE FOR KIDS TO PULL OFF. I DON'T GET IT.

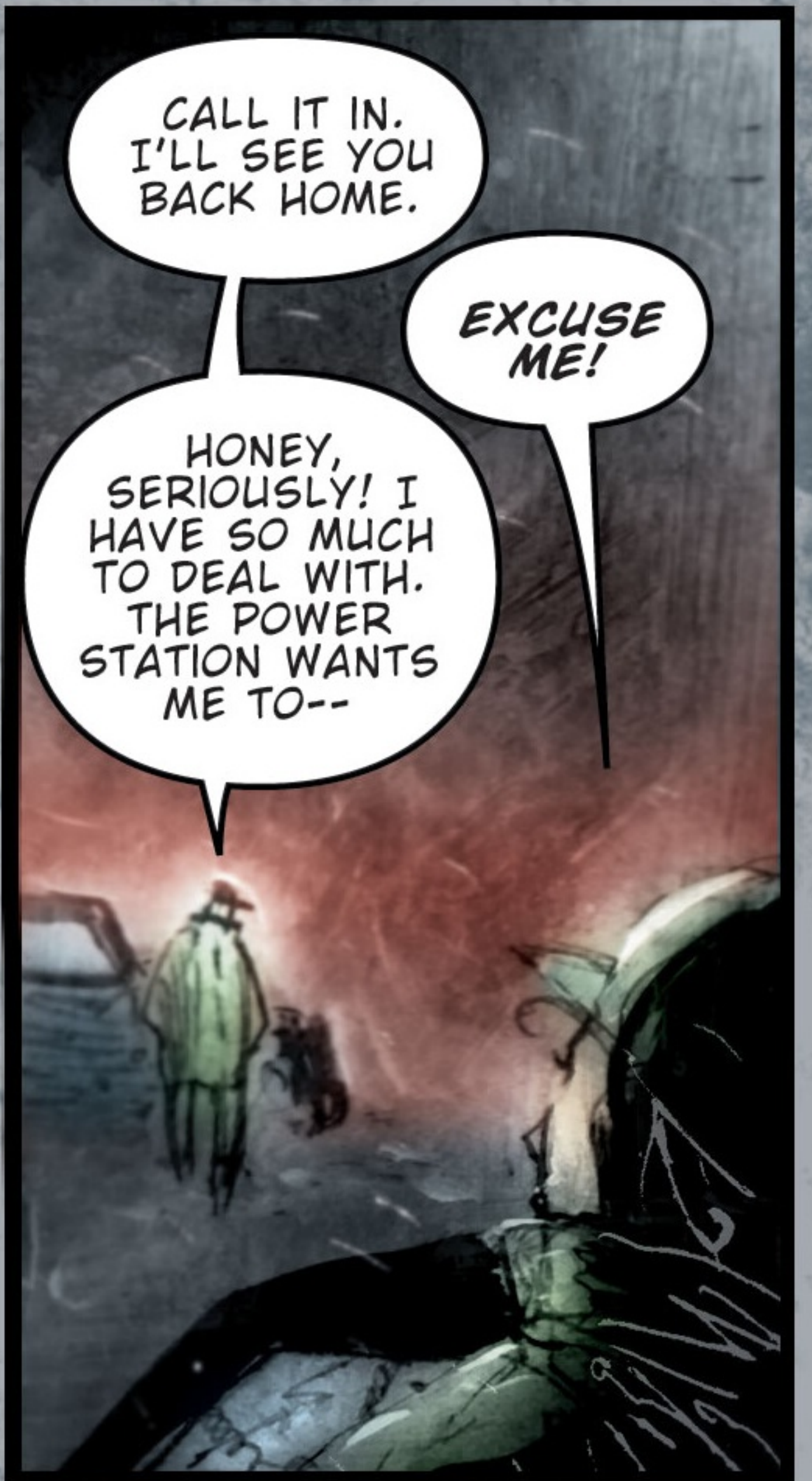
THE STORM'S ALMOST HERE. IF IT'S A PRANK, IT'S A BAD ONE.



LET'S SHAKE DOWN THE USUALS. CALL SAM AT THE SHEPHERD INN AND SEE IF ANYBODY NEW'S CHECKED IN. MAYBE WE HAVE A KLEPTOMANIAC IN TOWN.

WHAT DO WE TELL EVERYBODY?

THE TRUTH -- WE FOUND EVERYONE'S CELLS BURNED IN A HOLE AND THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR NEW ONES. MAYBE IF THE TOWN STARTS TALKING WE'LL SMOKE THE THIEF OUT.



CALL IT IN. I'LL SEE YOU BACK HOME.

EXCUSE ME!

HONEY, SERIOUSLY! I HAVE SO MUCH TO DEAL WITH. THE POWER STATION WANTS ME TO--



NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA.



COME ON,
COME ON,
COME ON!

Bing
Bing

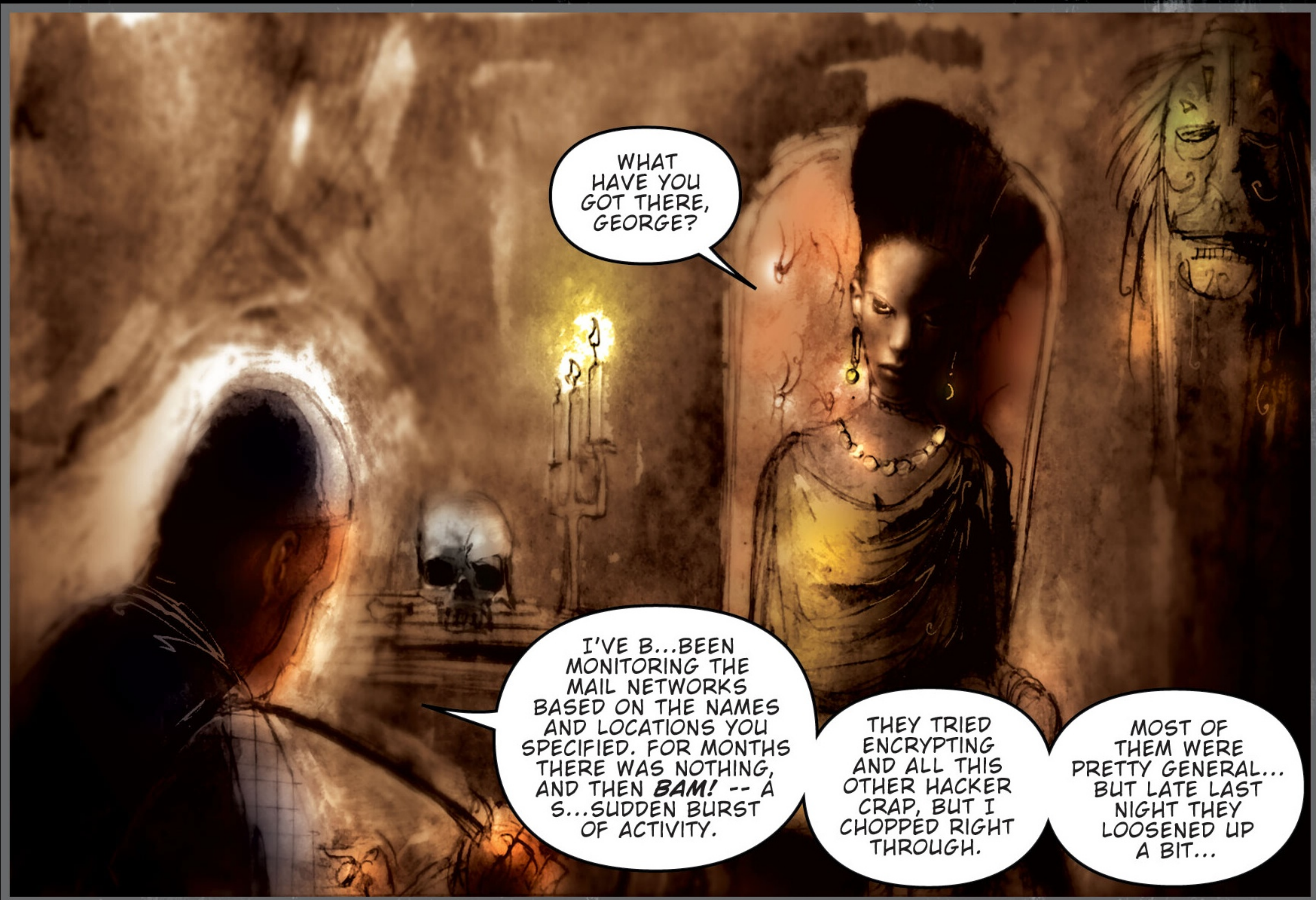
IS SHE
HERE?

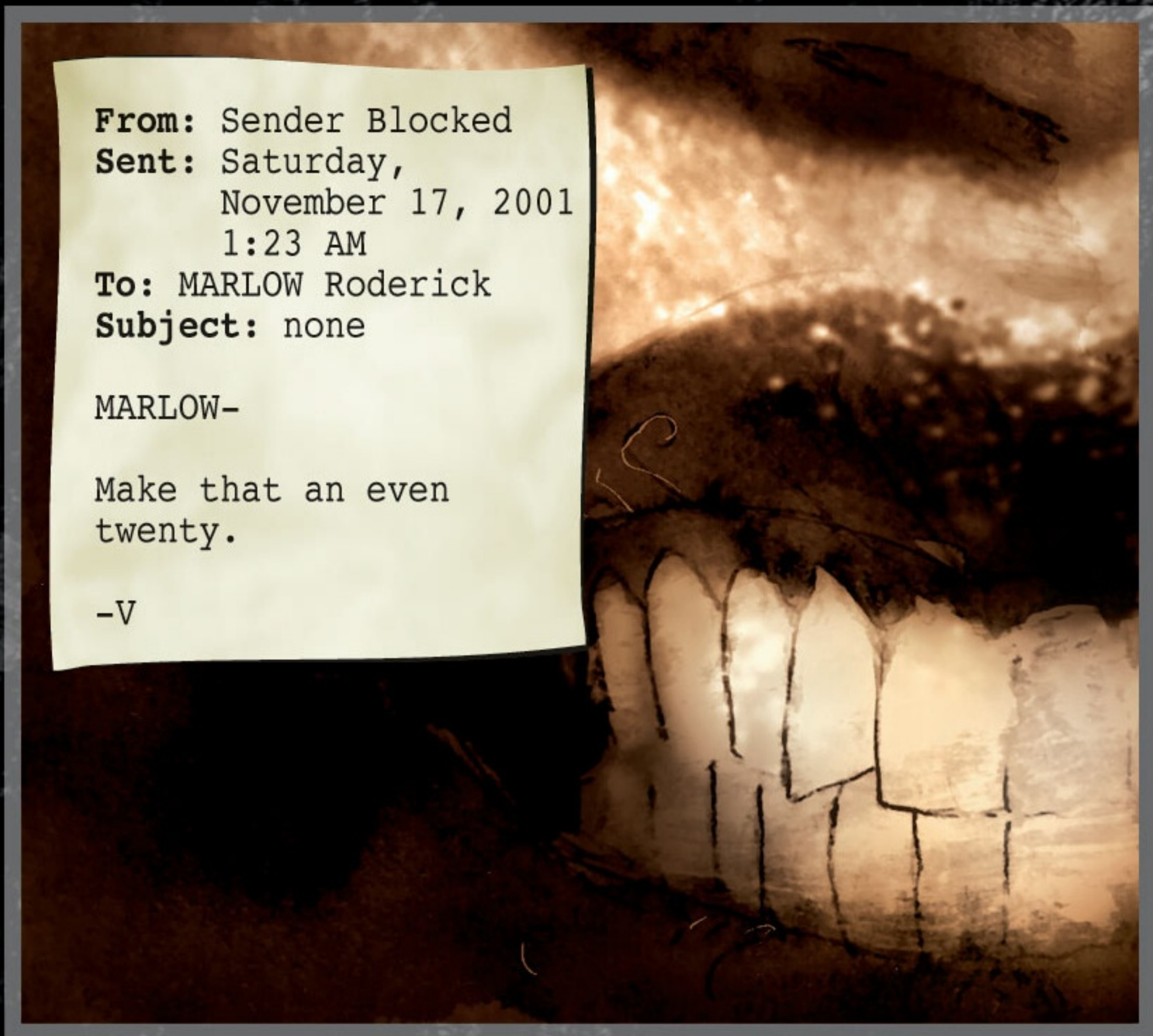
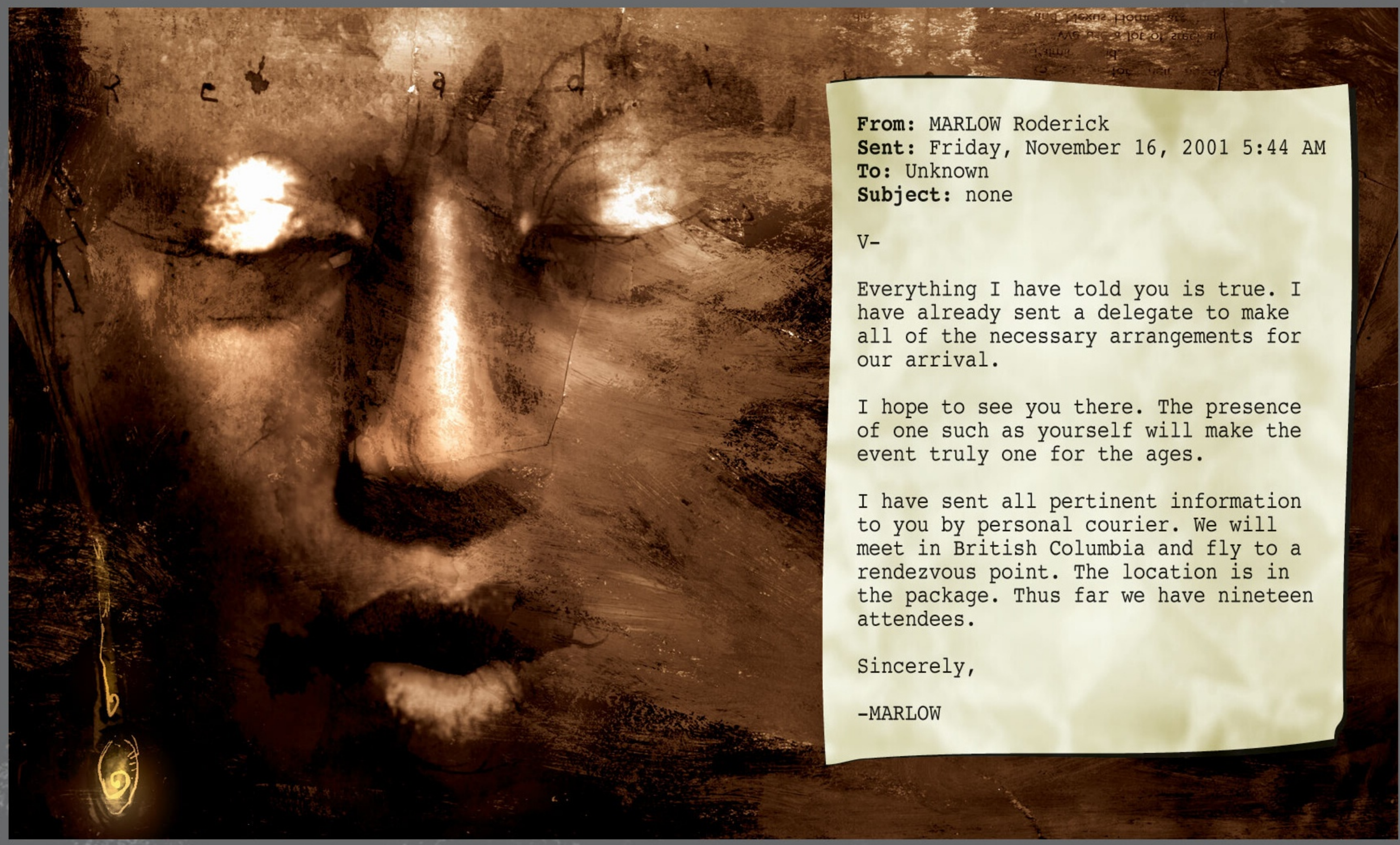
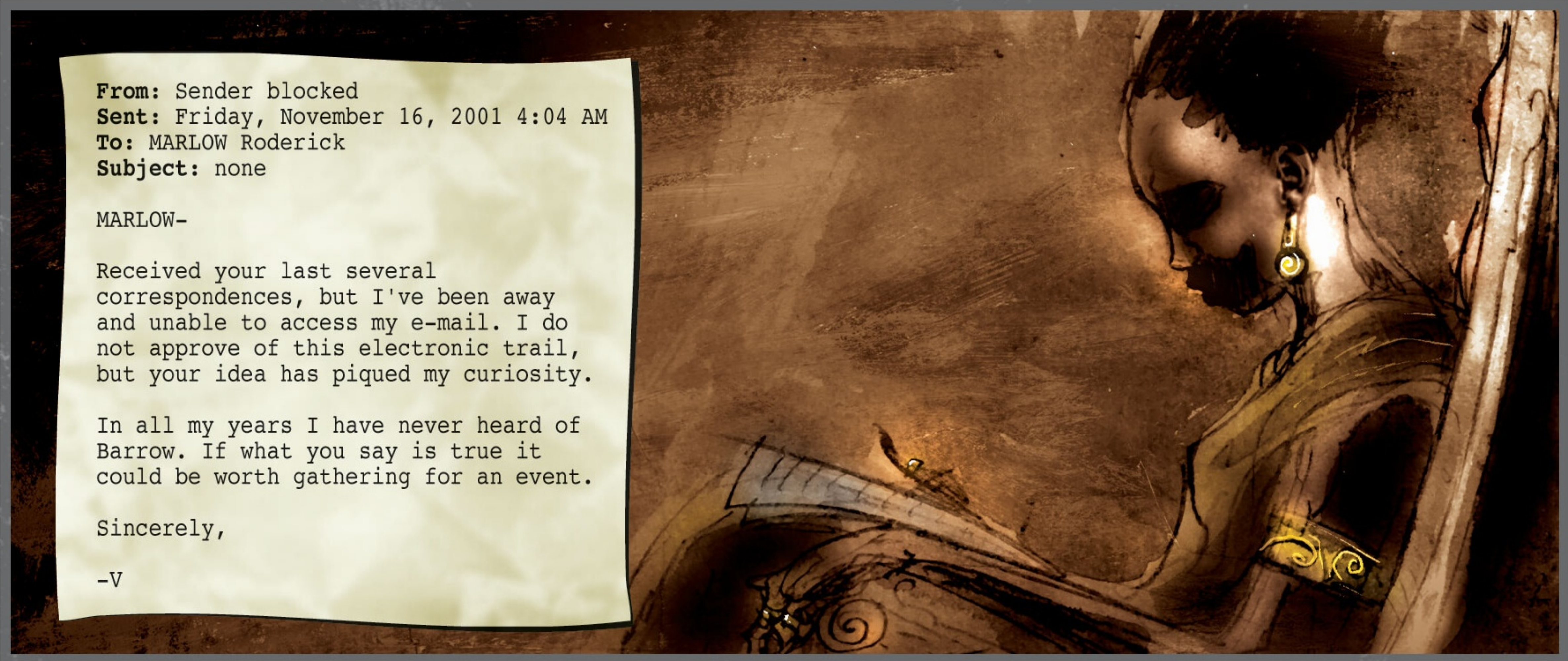
SHE'S
HERE. WHAT
YOU GOT?

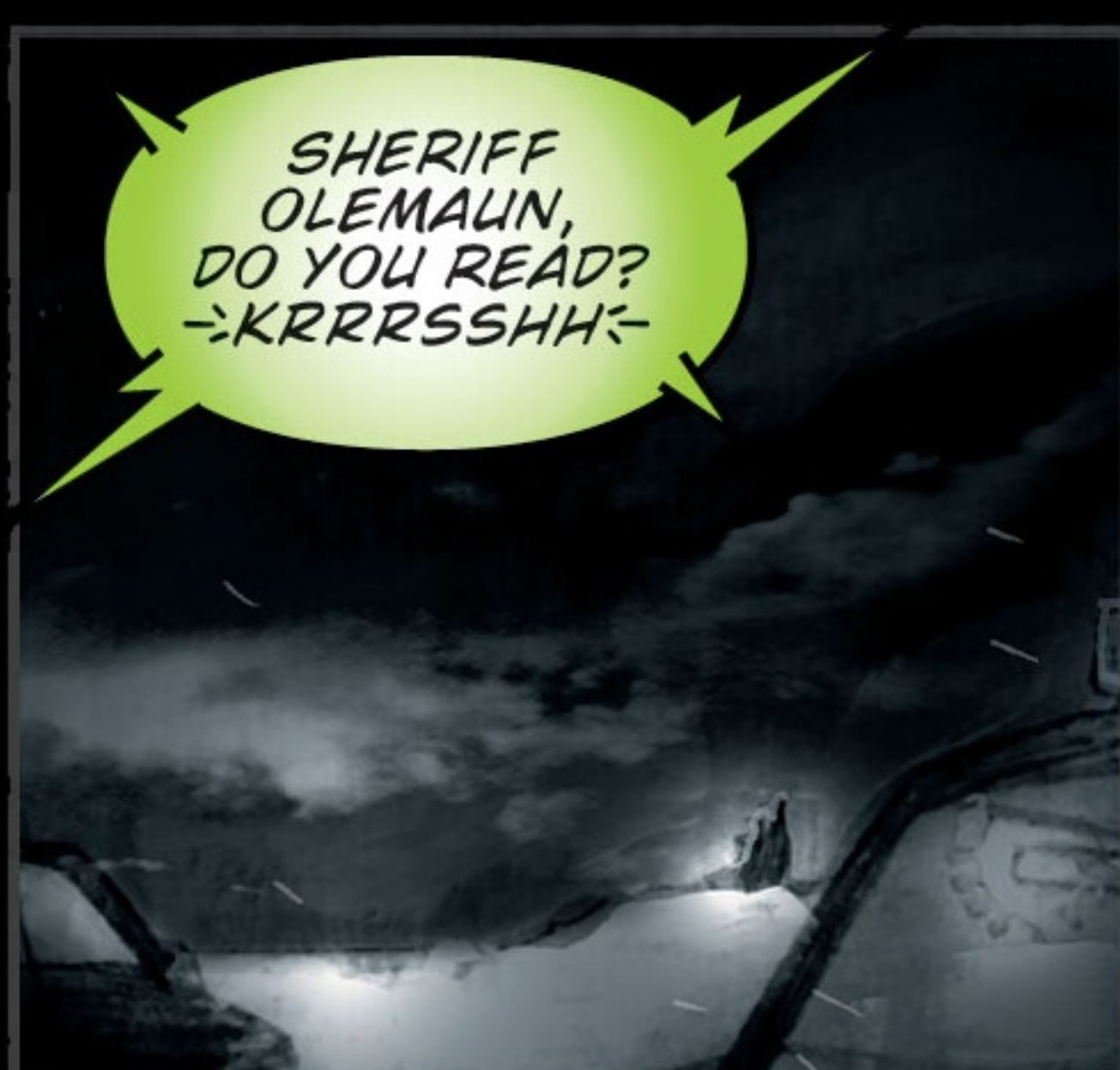
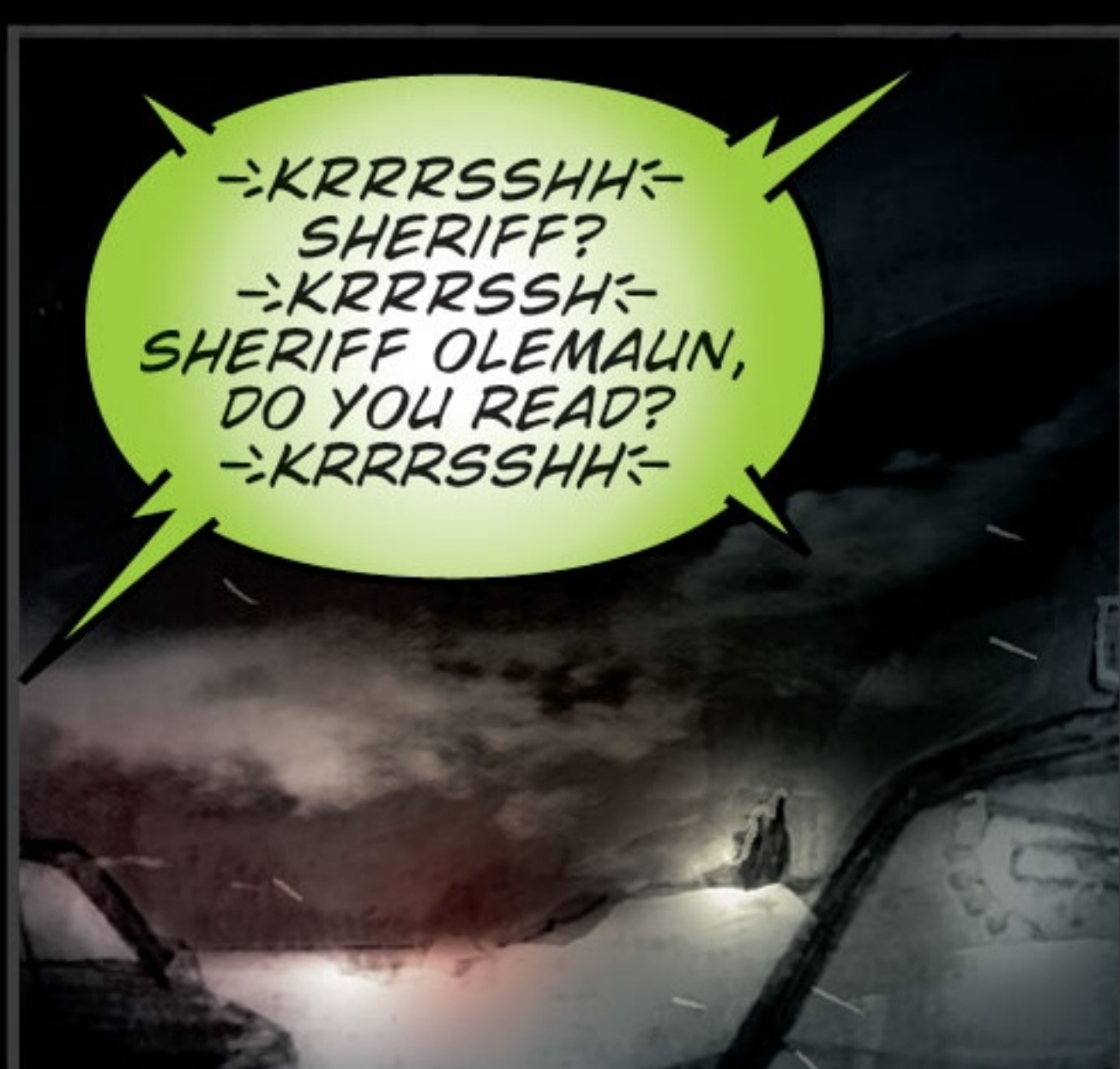
I WATCHED
WHAT SHE TOLD
ME TO AND GOT
WHAT S...SHE SAID
TO LOOK FOR
RIGHT HERE!
I GOT IT, T-MAN!
YOU'LL SEE!

GET ON
IN BEFORE
SOMEONE SEES
YOU, SPEED
FREAK. AND
DON'T CALL ME
T-MAN.

slam









HEY
SAM.

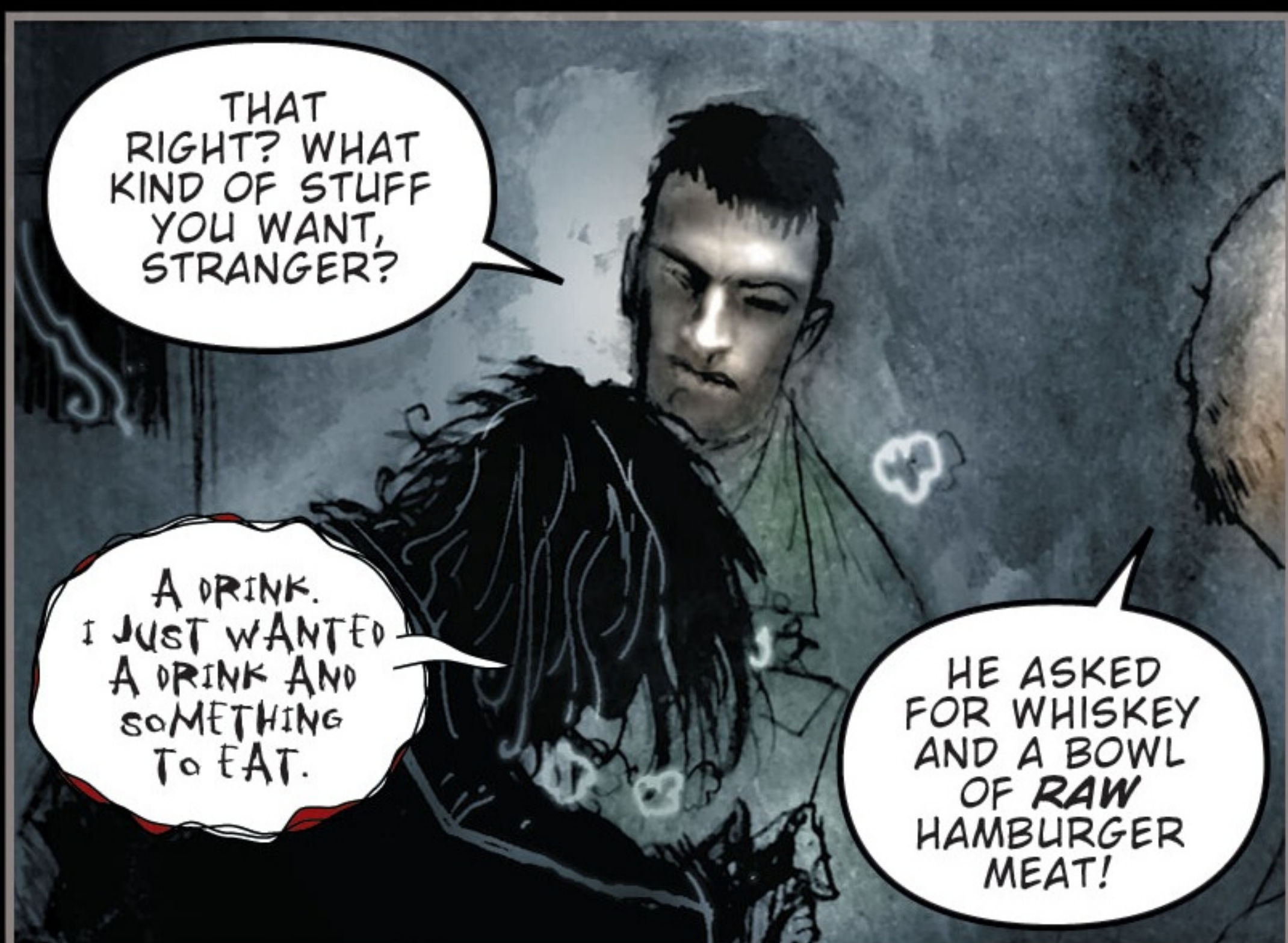


WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM?

I ASKED
THIS GENTLEMAN
TO LEAVE THE
PREMISES AND
HE REFUSES
TO GO.

I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR
A LITTLE
HOSPITALITY.

HE WANTS
STUFF WE DON'T
SERVE, SHERIFF,
AND WHEN I TOLD
HIM THAT, HE
STARTED IN WITH
THE THREATS!



THAT
RIGHT? WHAT
KIND OF STUFF
YOU WANT,
STRANGER?

A DRINK.
I JUST WANTED
A DRINK AND
SOMETHING
TO EAT.

HE ASKED
FOR WHISKEY
AND A BOWL
OF *RAW*
HAMBURGER
MEAT!



WELL, ALCOHOL
POSSESSION AND
CONSUMPTION ARE
ILLEGAL HERE.

WITH THE
DARK WINTERS,
FOLKS HAVE A
HARD ENOUGH TIME
WITHOUT BOOZE
ADDING TO THE
MESS.

AS FOR THE
MEAT, IT ONLY
COMES TWO WAYS
AROUND HERE:
FROZEN AND
BURNT.

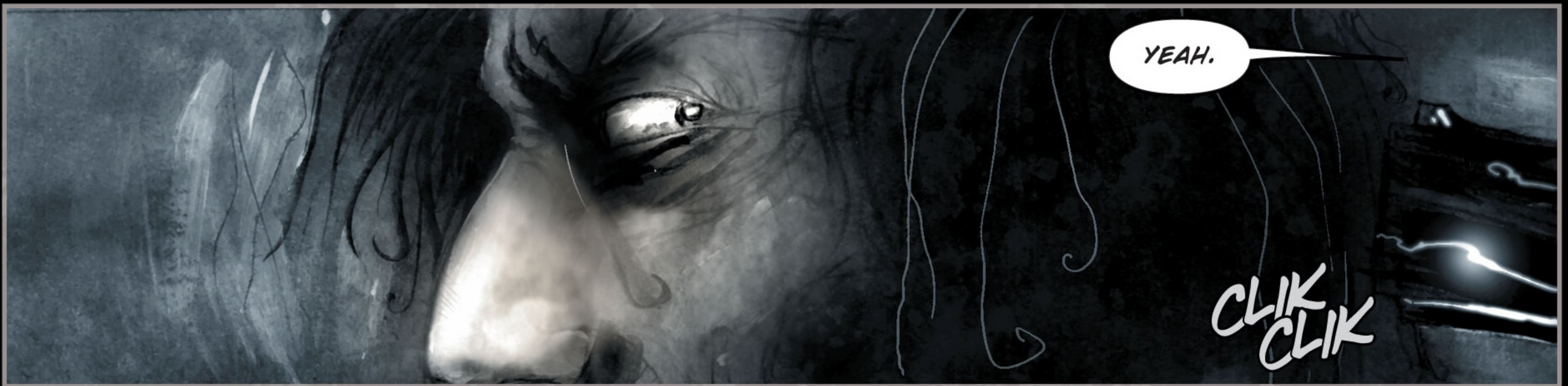


I LIKE IT RAW!
WHAT'S SO HARD TO
UNDERSTAND ABOUT
A MAN WANTING A
LITTLE BLOOD WITH
HIS MEAT?!



I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO ASK
YOU TO LEAVE, SIR.
IF YOU REFUSE, I'LL
ESCORT YOU OUT
OF HERE MYSELF --
AND RIGHT OUT
OF TOWN.

OH
YEAH?!



YEAH.

CLIK
CLIK



NOW YOU
GET TO SPEND
THE NIGHT IN A
JAIL CELL.

HANDS
BEHIND YOUR
BACK!



YEAH,
WHATEVER.

WHEN GUS LAMBERT LEFT CHICAGO IN 1983 HE WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM BAD DEBT AND A BAD MARRIAGE.

IT WAS A COWARDLY MOVE, BUT IF HE HADN'T DONE IT, HE'D HAVE SUFFOCATED AND DIED. HE WAS SURE OF IT.

NOW, ALMOST EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER, GUS KNOWS RUNNING WAS THE SMARTEST THING HE EVER DID.

AH, COME
OOOOON!
DON'T PUTTER
OUT ON ME
NOW!

COMING TO BARROW
WAS A CLOSE SECOND.

WHAT
THE
HELL?

COMPLETELY
DESTROYED!
NOW THAT'S
JUST PLAIN
STRANGE.

THE COLD DIDN'T BOTHER HIM A
BIT. AND THE 30 DAYS OF NIGHT,
WELL, THAT KEPT HIM WORKING.

H...HELLO?
WHO'S
THAT?

BUT IT WAS THE PEOPLE HERE
WHO CAPTURED HIS HEART.
THEY EMBRACED HIM
REGARDLESS OF WHERE HE
CAME FROM OR WHY HE LEFT.

NOBODY
YOU KNOW.

GUS LAMBERT WAS
DAMN LUCKY TO
COME TO BARROW.

WHAT'RE YOU
DOING HERE?
THIS PLACE IS
OFF LIMITS.



UNFORTUNATELY,
TODAY IS THE
DAY THAT HIS
LUCK RUNS DRY.

TWO
QUESTIONS...
THEN WE'LL BE
ON OUR WAY.

W...WHAT?

THIS IS THE
COMMUNICATION
CENTER FOR THIS
BLUBBER-SMELLING
SHIT-HOLE,
RIGHT?

Y...YES.



ALL CALLS AND
TELEVISION SIGNALS
COME THROUGH HERE,
CORRECT?



Y...YEAH
...MOSTLY.

MOSTLY?



EXCEPT FOR SHORT-WAVE
AND... LOOK -- YOU NEED TO
IDENTIFY YOURSELVES AND
WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE
DOING OUT HERE.

QUESTIONS
QUESTIONS. I SUPPOSE
YOU DESERVE SOME
ANSWERS. LET'S START
WITH 'NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS' AND...

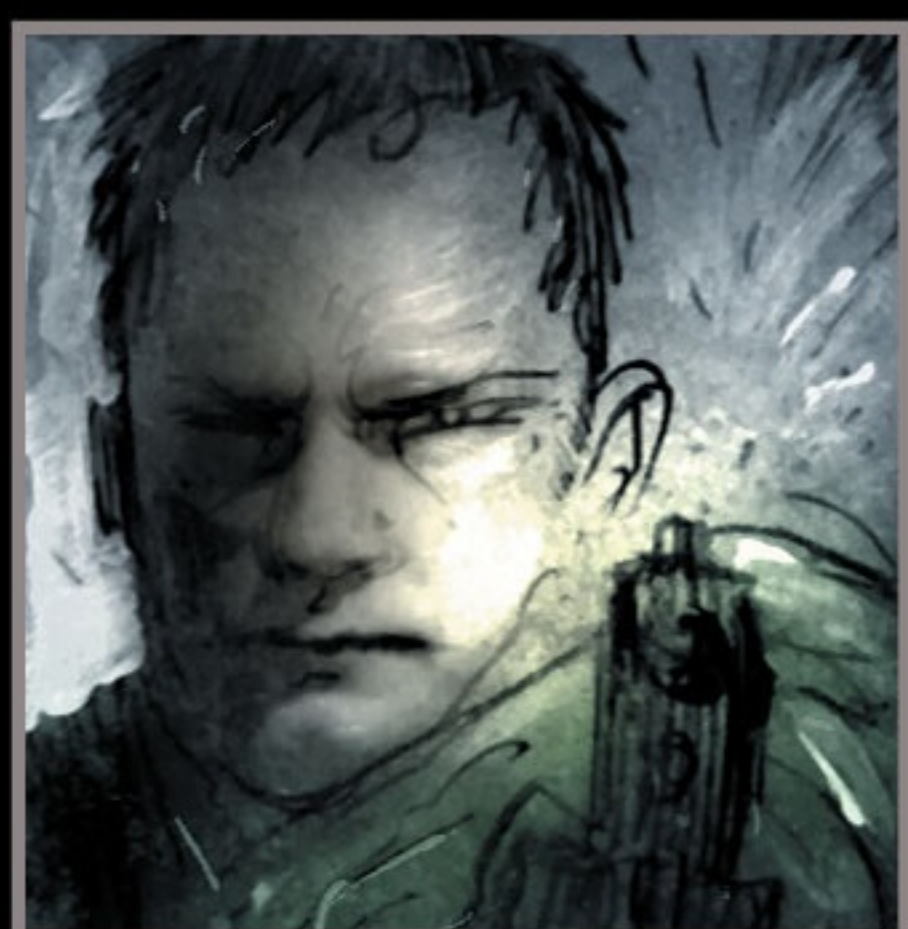


THIS!

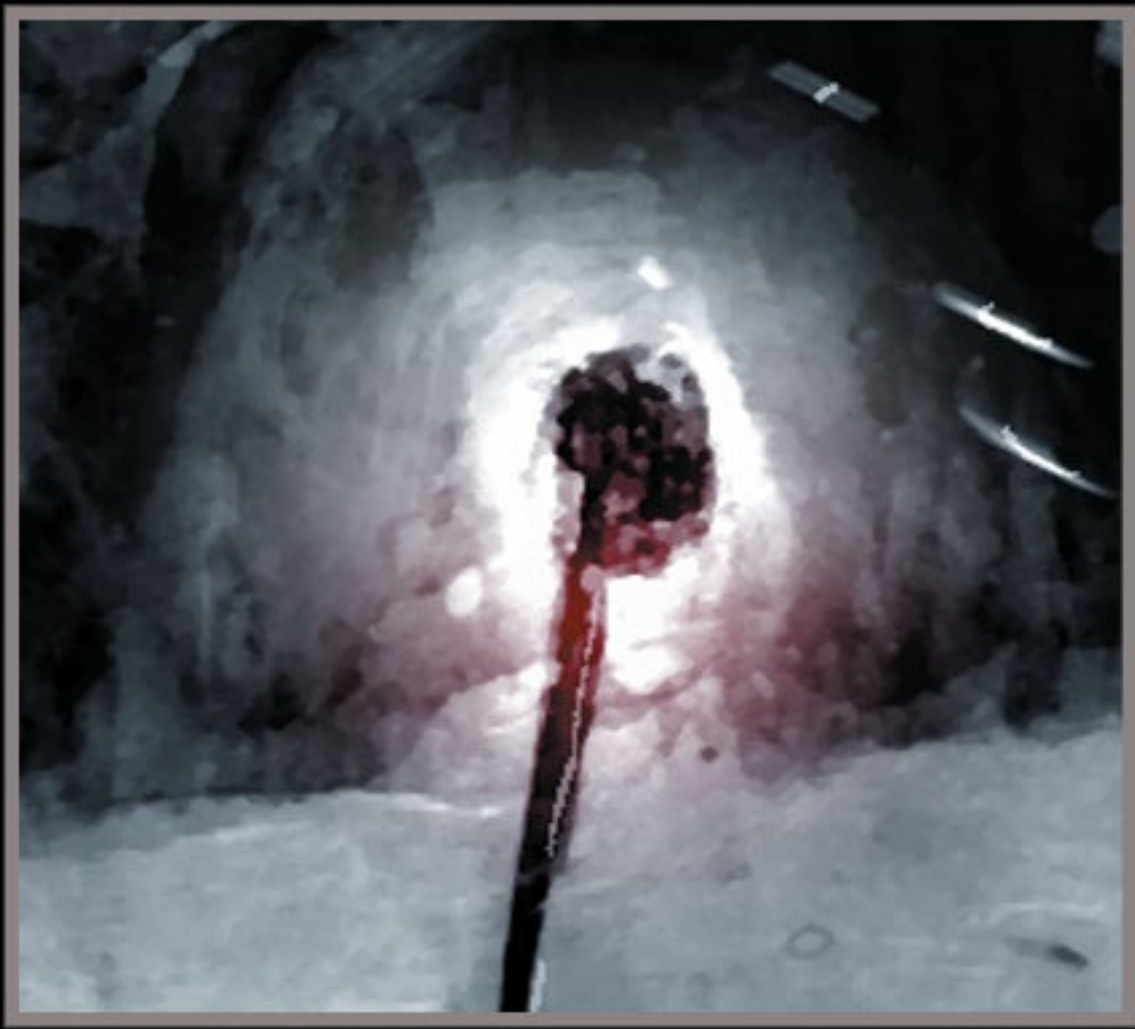


TEAR
THE PLACE
APART.











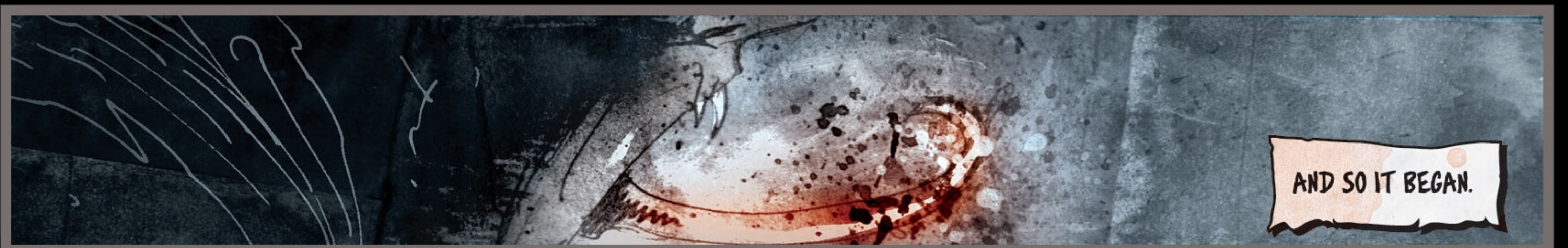






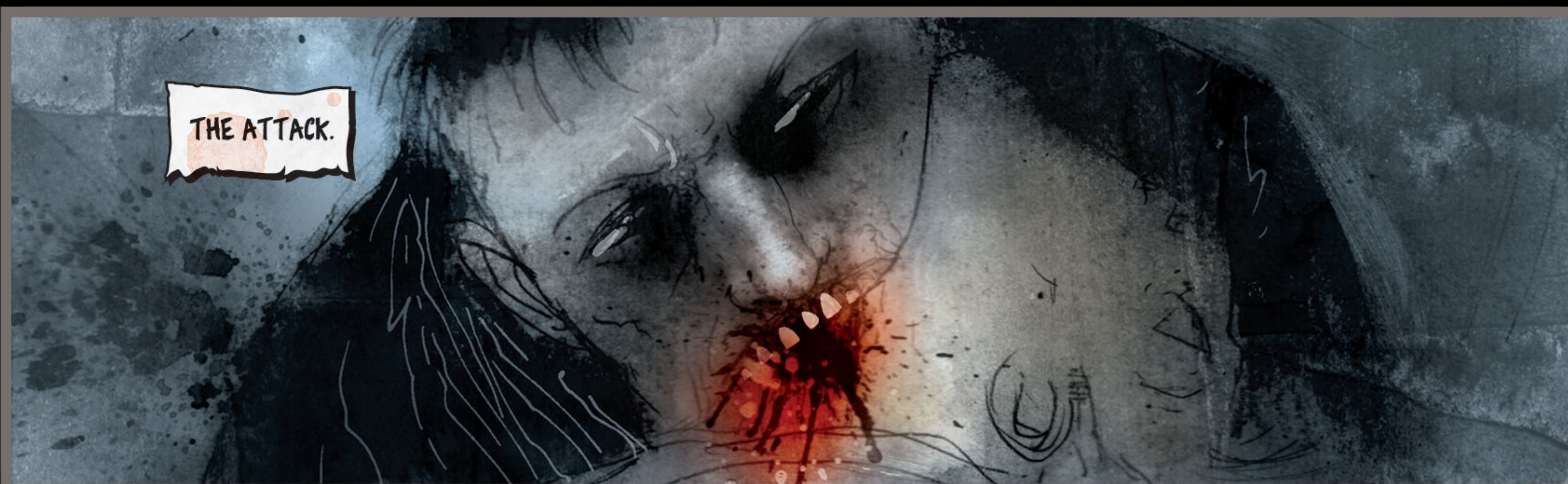








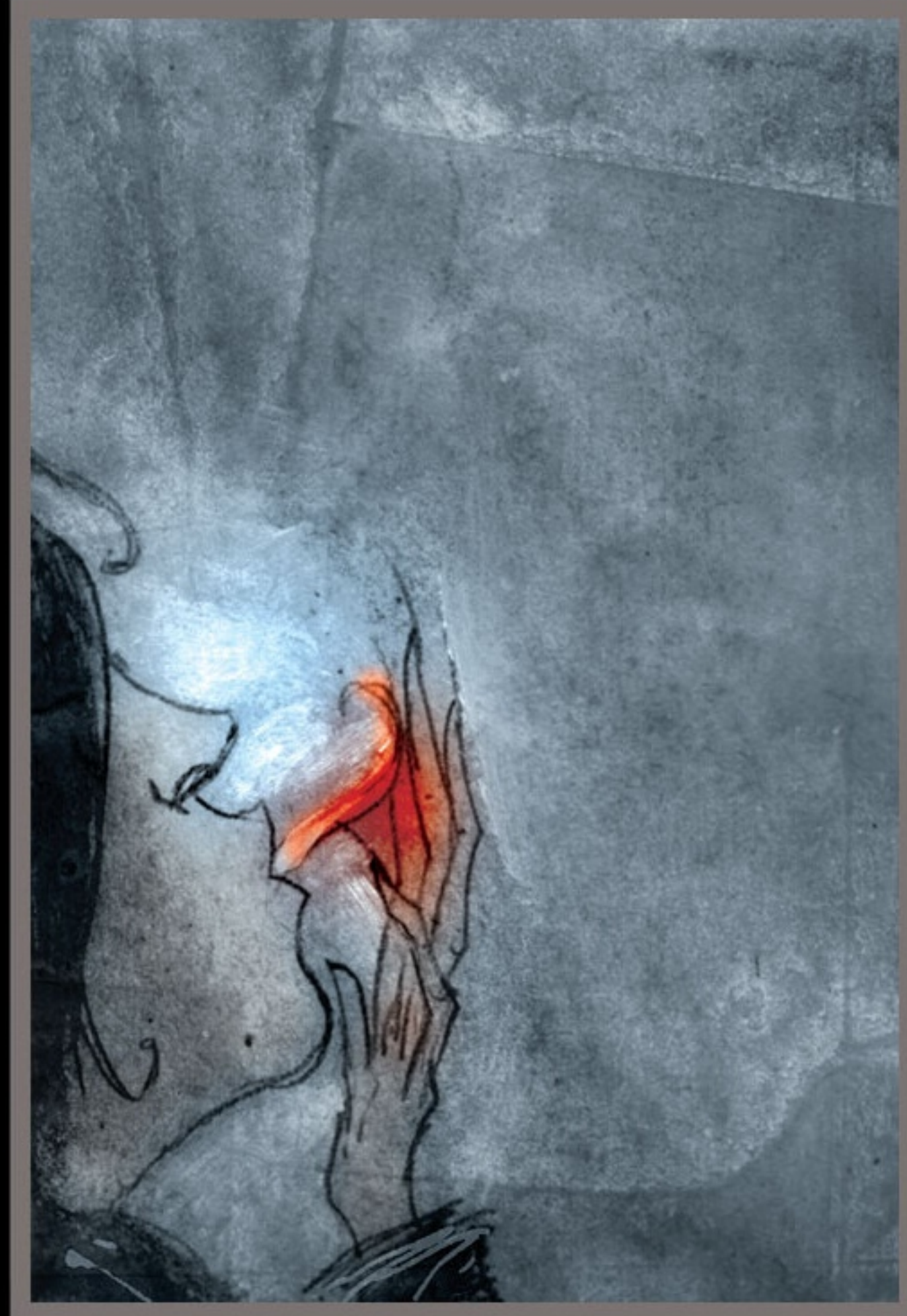
THE INVASION.



THE ATTACK.



THE MASSACRE.



IT COULDN'T HAVE
WORKED OUT BETTER.

THE HUMANS NEVER
SAW THEM COMING, AND
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO
DO ONCE THEY ARRIVED.

IT WAS EVERYTHING
MARLOW DREAMED.

EVERYTHING HE
HAD PLANNED...

...A SMALL, REMOTE
TOWN WHERE THE
SUN DOESN'T RISE
FOR WEEKS ON END.



SO THEY GATHERED
AND TRAVELED ACROSS
THE EARTH TO ATTEND
A FEEDING FRENZY.





IT WAS THE
PERFECT PLAN.



AND IT WAS ALL HIS.

LET'S FEED.

THE INVASION CAME SWIFTLY AND EASILY. SOME OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE--THE HUNTERS AND WHALERS, THE TOUGH AND STUBBORN--TRIED TO FIGHT, BUT IT WAS HOPELESS.

YEEEEE

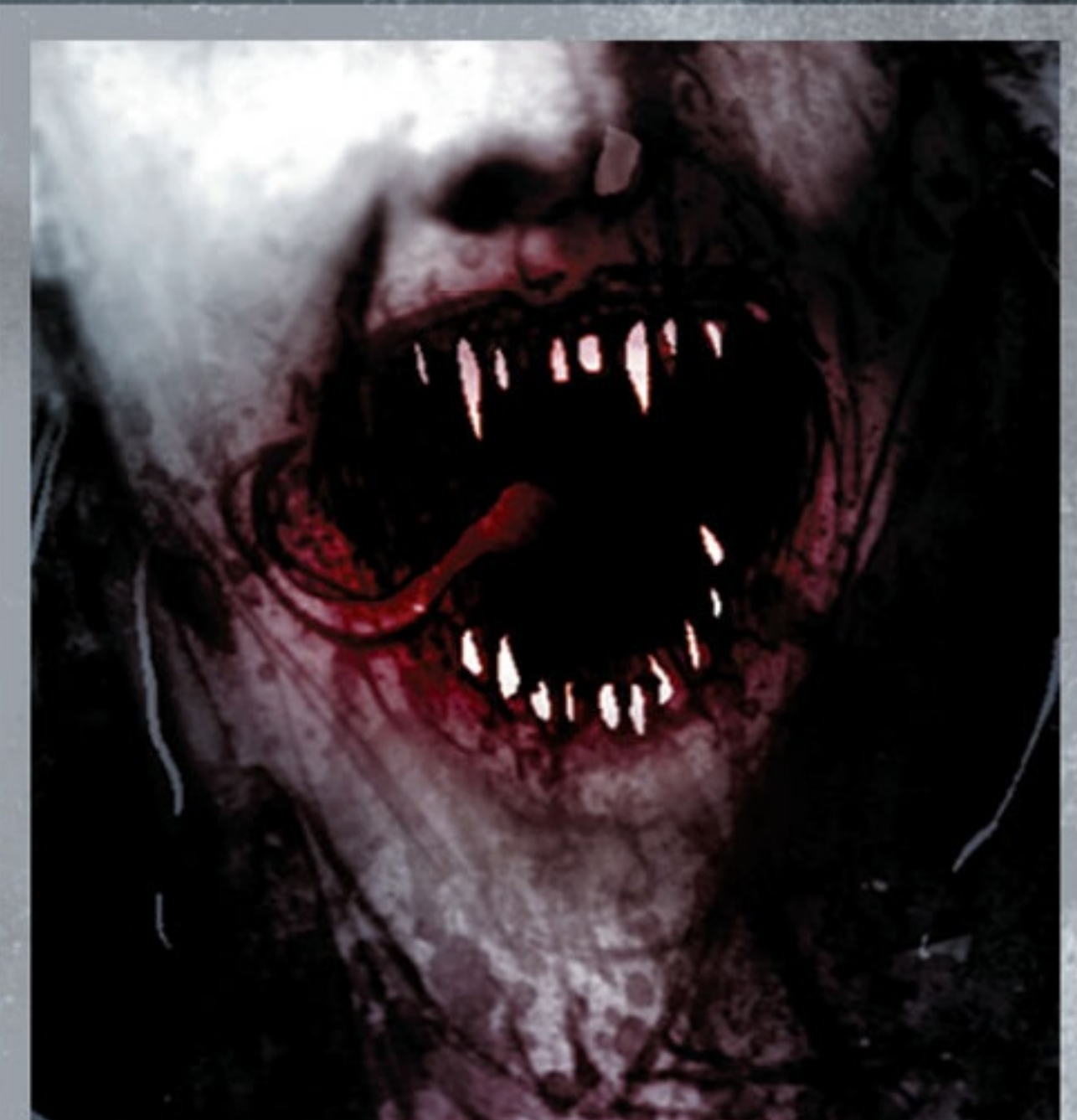
THE SUN WENT DOWN A LONG TIME AGO AND WILL NOT RETURN FOR A LONG TIME MORE.

THEY CAME QUICKLY, WALKING OVER THE FROZEN TUNDRA, CUTTING OFF COMMUNICATION AND ESCAPE ROUTES AS THEY MARCHED.

THEY HAVE FEASTED ON THE
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF
BARROW WITHOUT MERCY AND
WITHOUT PAUSE.

THIS IS
FAN-FUCKIN'-
TASTIC!

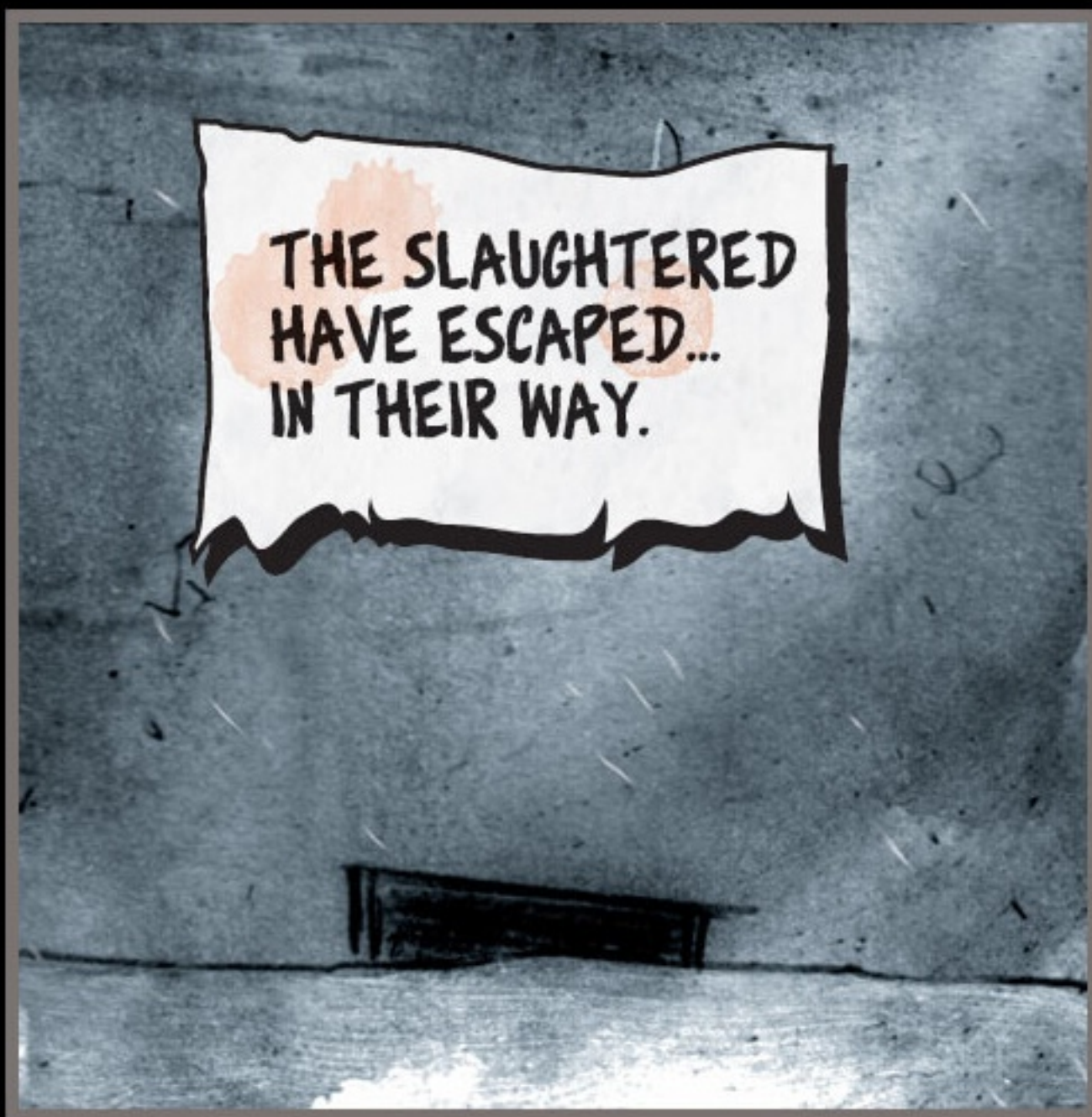
THIS IS THE WORLD
OF WHICH THEY HAVE
ONLY DREAMED.



ENDLESS NIGHT, AND
AN ENDLESS SUPPLY
OF BLOOD AND MEAT.

THIS IS HOW IT IS MEANT
TO BE: HUMANS, LIKE
BOTTLES, WAITING FOR
THEIR CAPS TO BE POPPED.





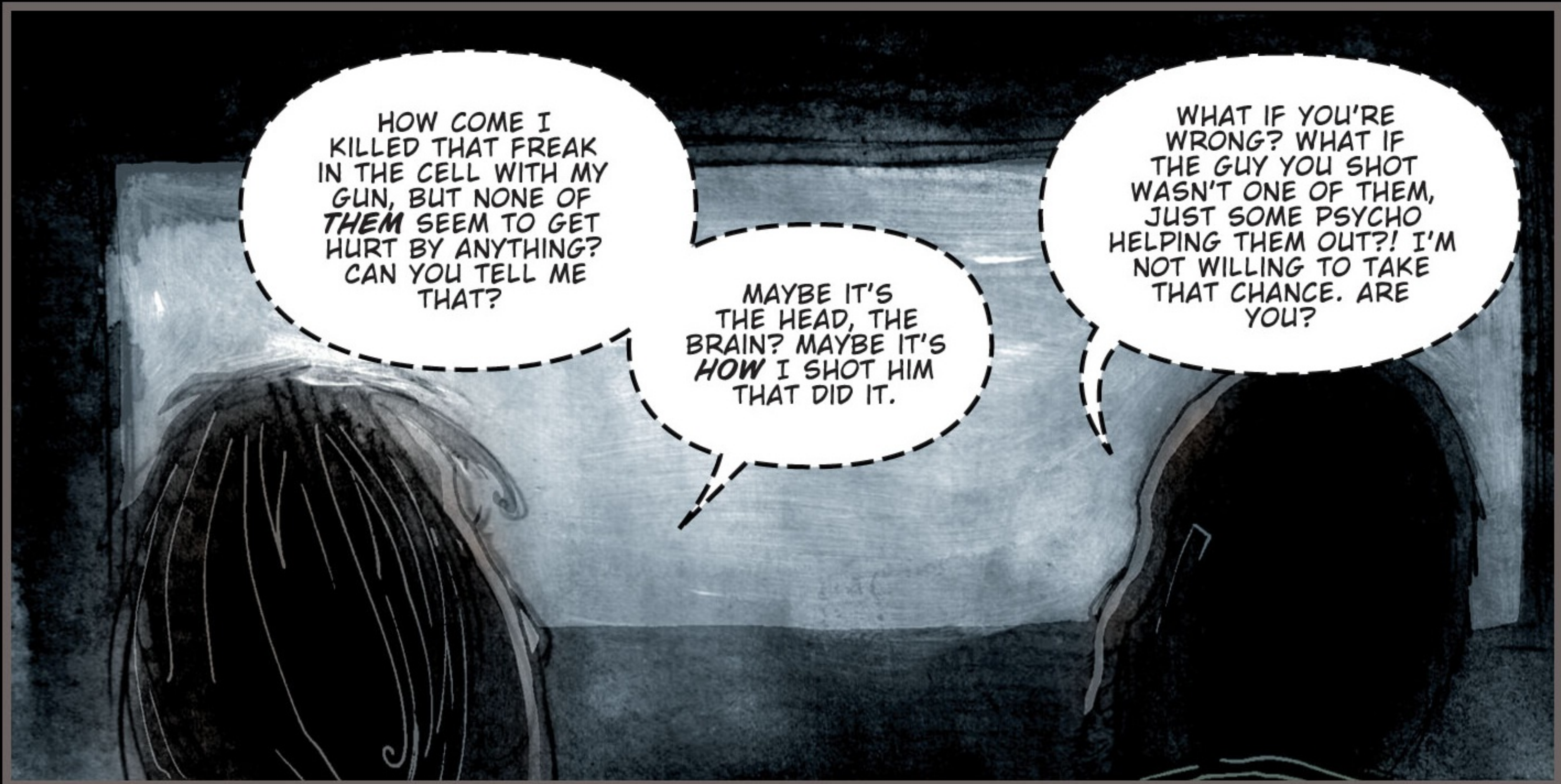


IT'S NOT A ROOM.
FAR FROM IT. IT'S
AN OLD INDUSTRIAL
FURNACE. AT ONE
TIME, IT KEPT MOST
OF BARROW WARM.

WE HAVE
TO GET OUT
THERE!

STELLA, WE
CAN'T. THEY'D
ONLY KILL US
TOO! GOD HELP
ME... WE HAVE
TO LEAVE
THEM.

NOW IT KEEPS A
FEW DESPERATE
SURVIVORS ALIVE.



HOW COME I
KILLED THAT FREAK
IN THE CELL WITH MY
GUN, BUT NONE OF
THEM SEEM TO GET
HURT BY ANYTHING?
CAN YOU TELL ME
THAT?

MAYBE IT'S
THE HEAD, THE
BRAIN? MAYBE IT'S
HOW I SHOT HIM
THAT DID IT.

WHAT IF YOU'RE
WRONG? WHAT IF
THE GUY YOU SHOT
WASN'T ONE OF THEM,
JUST SOME PSYCHO
HELPING THEM OUT?! I'M
NOT WILLING TO TAKE
THAT CHANCE. ARE
YOU?

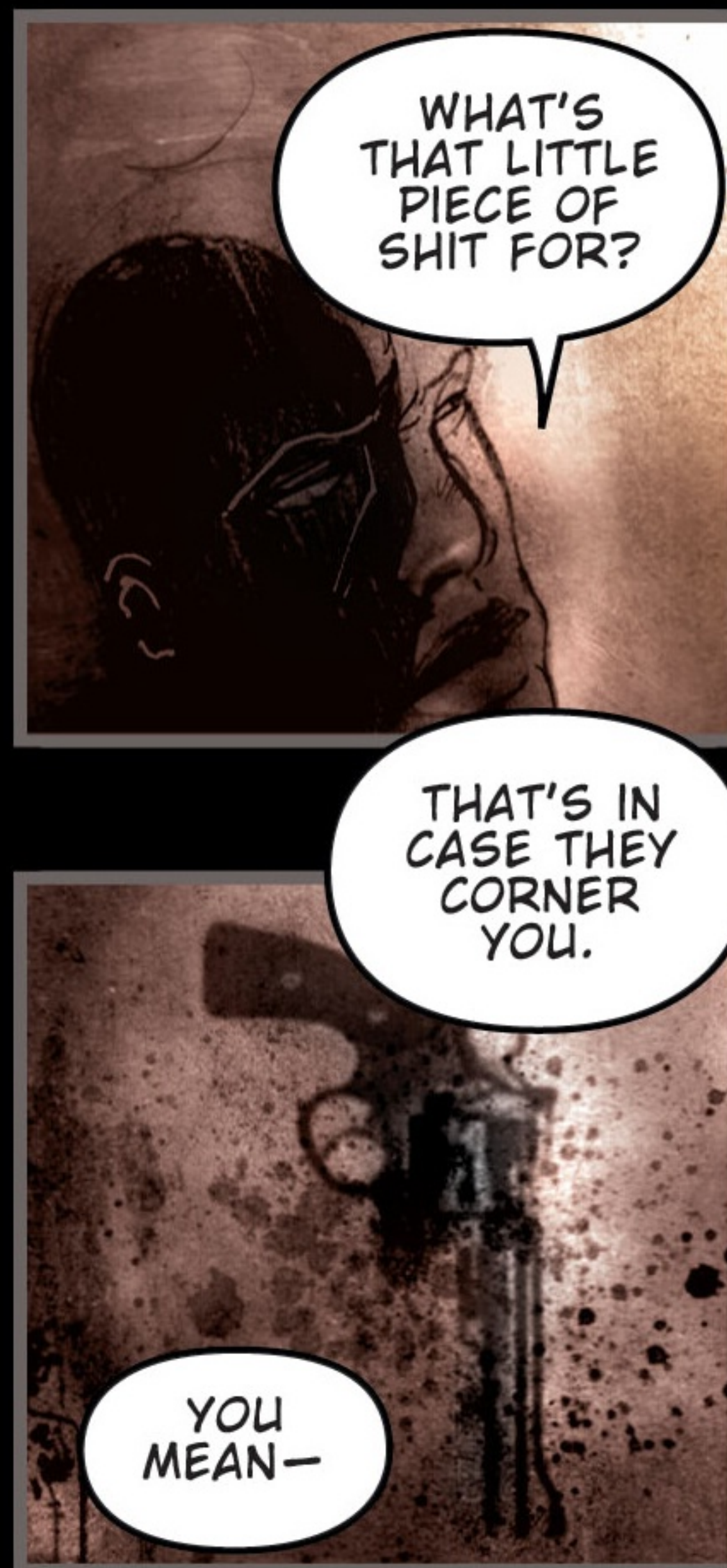
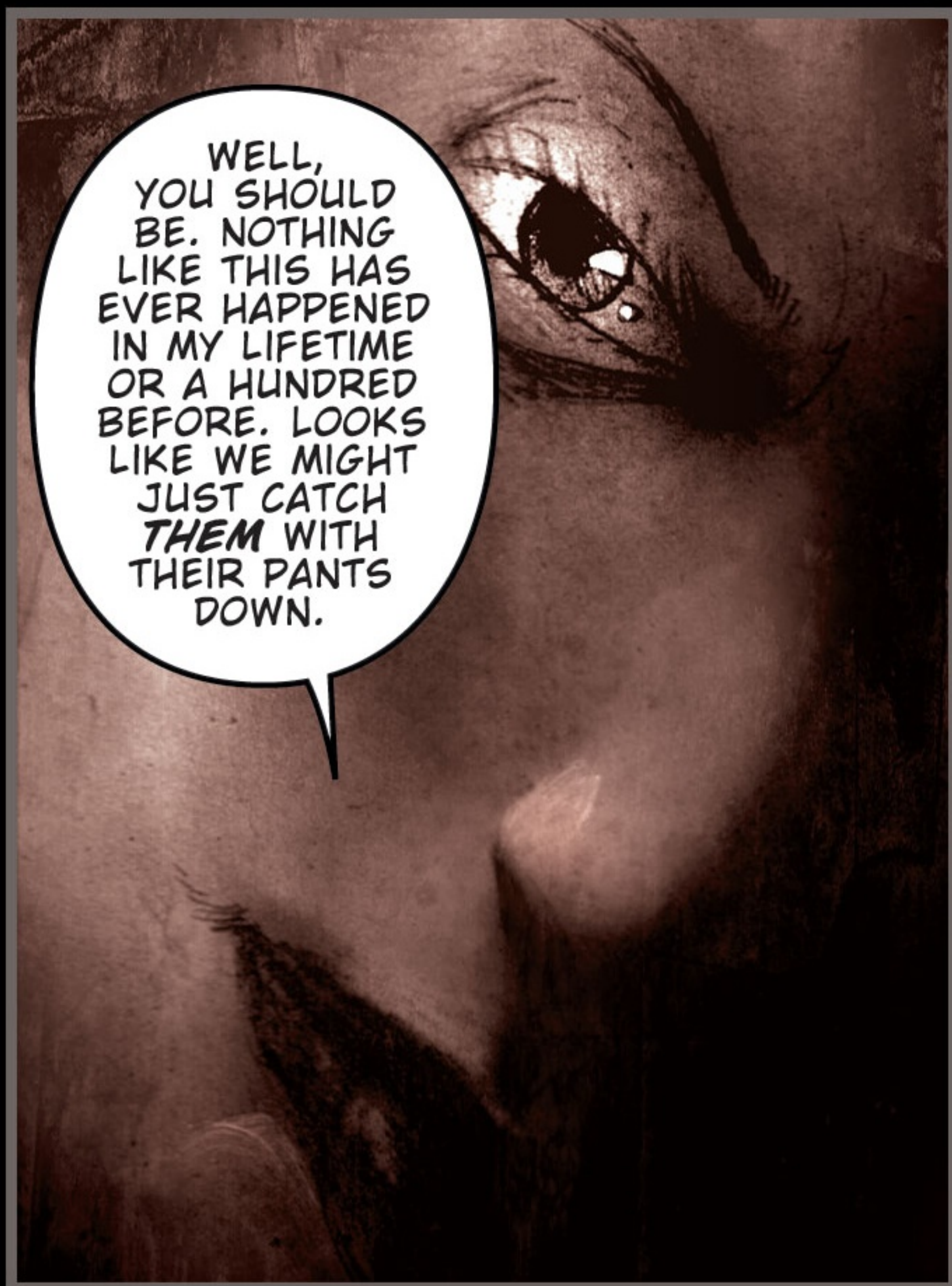
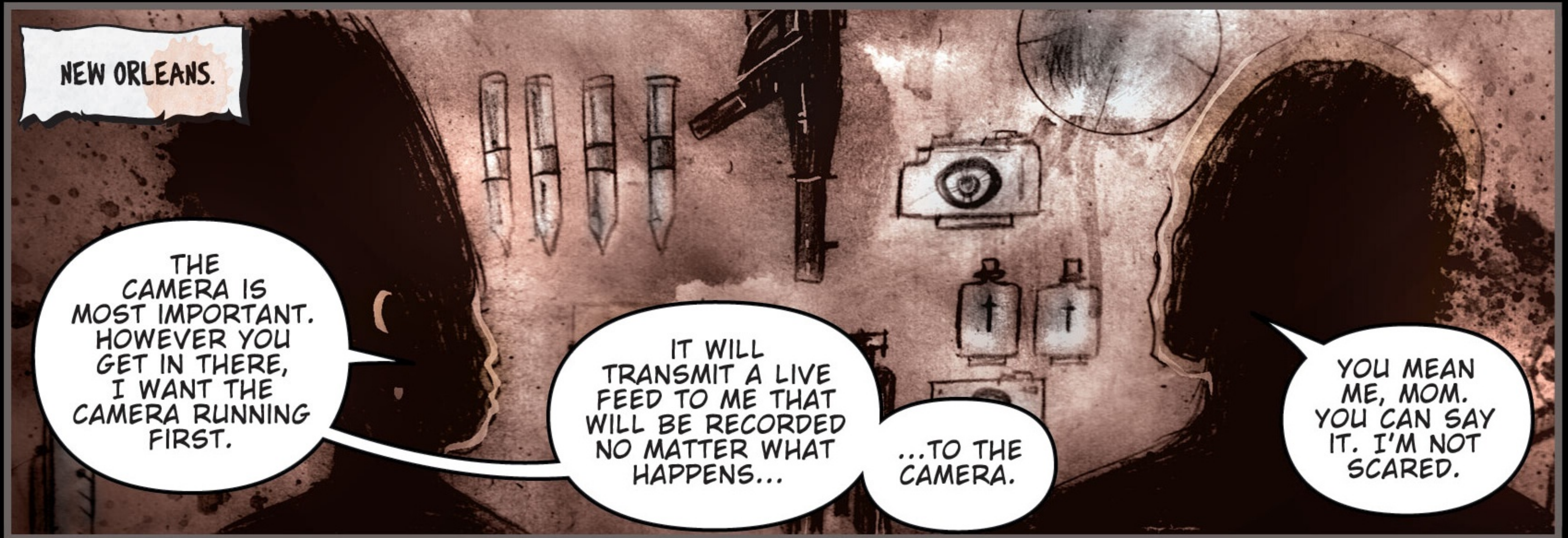


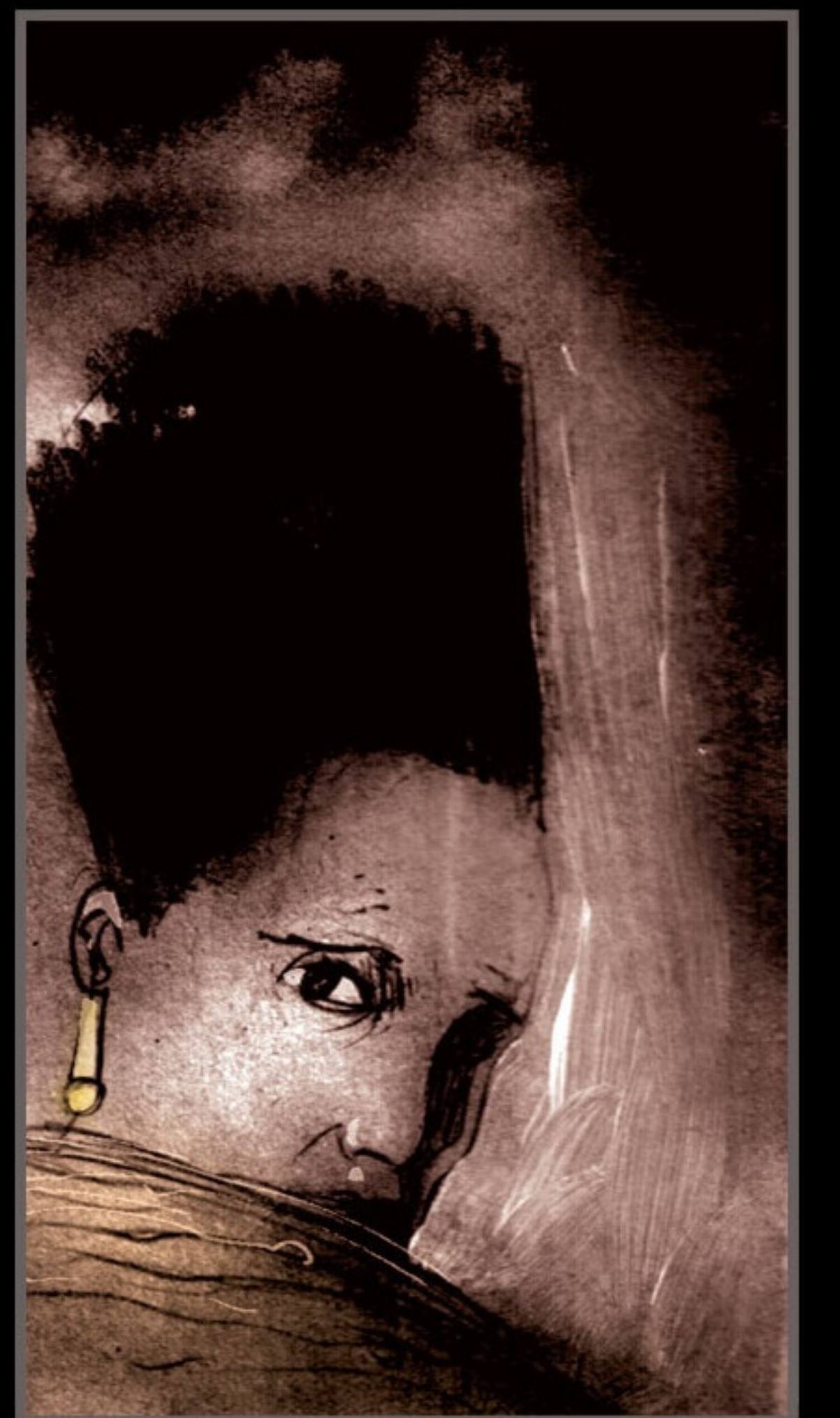
I FEEL SO
HELPLESS.

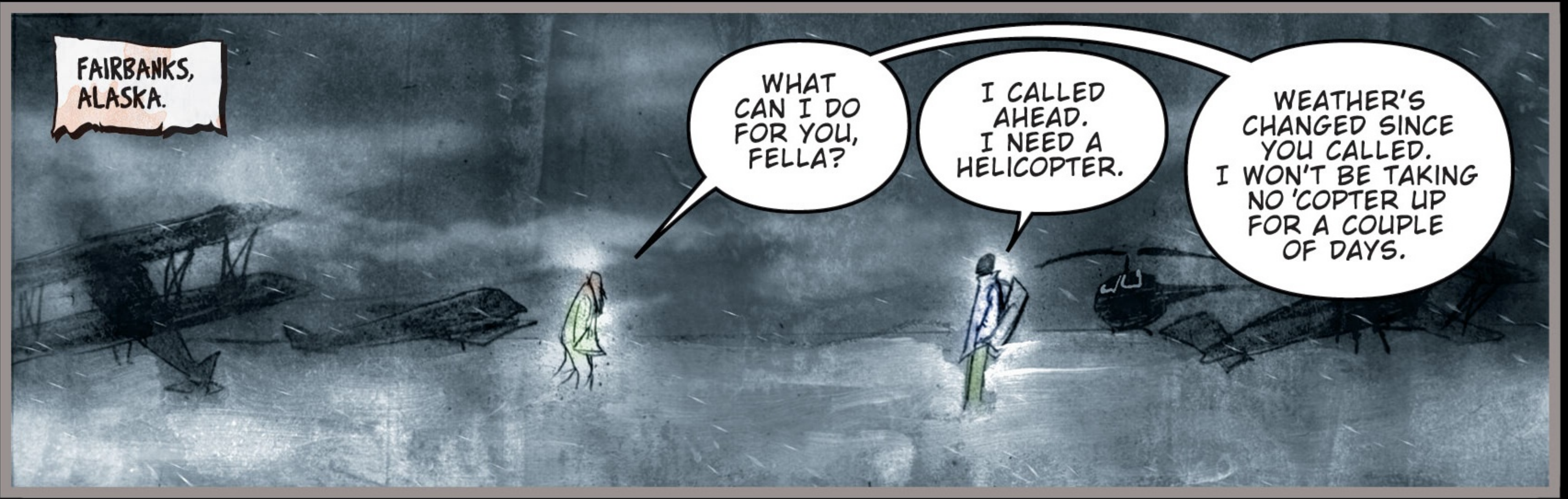
I KNOW,
HONEY.
I KNOW.



AND I'M
HUNGRY.







SHERIFF EBEN OLEMAUN
MAKES THE RUN FOR FOOD
AND SUPPLIES LIKE A
MACHINE PROGRAMMED
FOR SURVIVAL.

MOVE.
STOP.
LOOK.
LISTEN.
REPEAT.

WHEN THE
ATTACKS FIRST
HAPPENED, THEY
TRIED TO FIGHT.

THEY TRIED EVERYTHING:
BULLETS, KNIVES, WOODEN
STAKES. STELLA EVEN
TRIED A CROSS.

THE THING JUST
LAUGHED AT HER.
IT WOULD HAVE KILLED
HER IF EBEN HADN'T
BEEN THERE TO HELP.

AFTER THAT,
THEY DECIDED
HIDING WAS THE
BEST COURSE OF
ACTION.

WAIT, WATCH
AND HOPE.

WAIT FOR THEM TO
FINISH AND LEAVE.
WATCH FOR A WAY TO
KILL THEM OR ESCAPE.
HOPE FOR HELP TO COME.

THAT'S ALL THEY
HAD LEFT: A SMALL
HANDFUL OF OPTIONS...

...AND AN EVEN
SMALLER AMOUNT
OF FOOD.

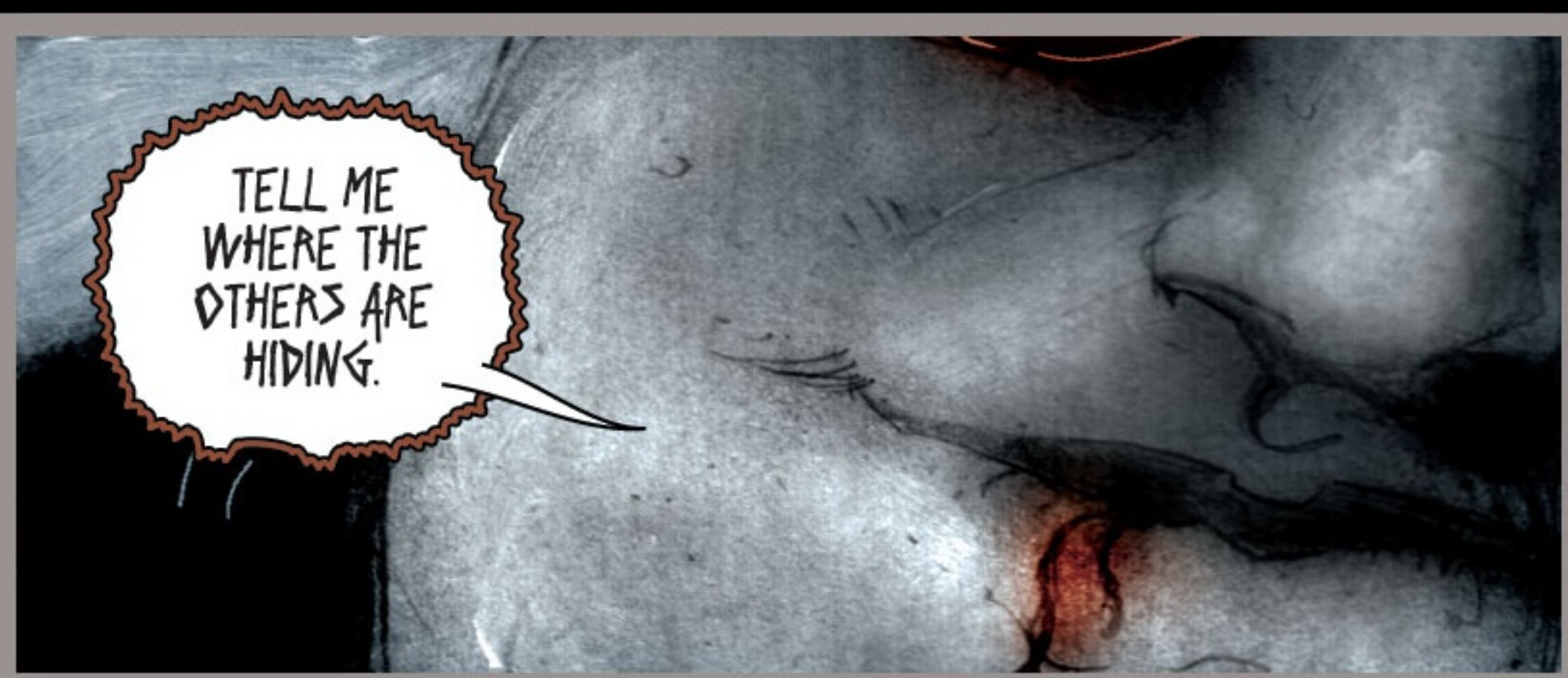


DOING A
LITTLE SHOPPING,
SHERIFF?

I SURMISED
THERE WERE MORE
OF YOU SOMEWHERE.
THIS COLD WREAKS
HAVOC ON OUR SENSE
OF SMELL.

I...
I JUST WANT
TO GET THIS
FOOD... PEOPLE
ARE HUNGRY...
I WON'T STAND
IN YOUR
WAY.

NOR I IN
YOURS. I HAVE
JUST ONE FAVOR
TO ASK.



TELL ME
WHERE THE
OTHERS ARE
HIDING.



I DON'T
KNOW. THEY LEFT
BEFORE YOU GOT
HERE.

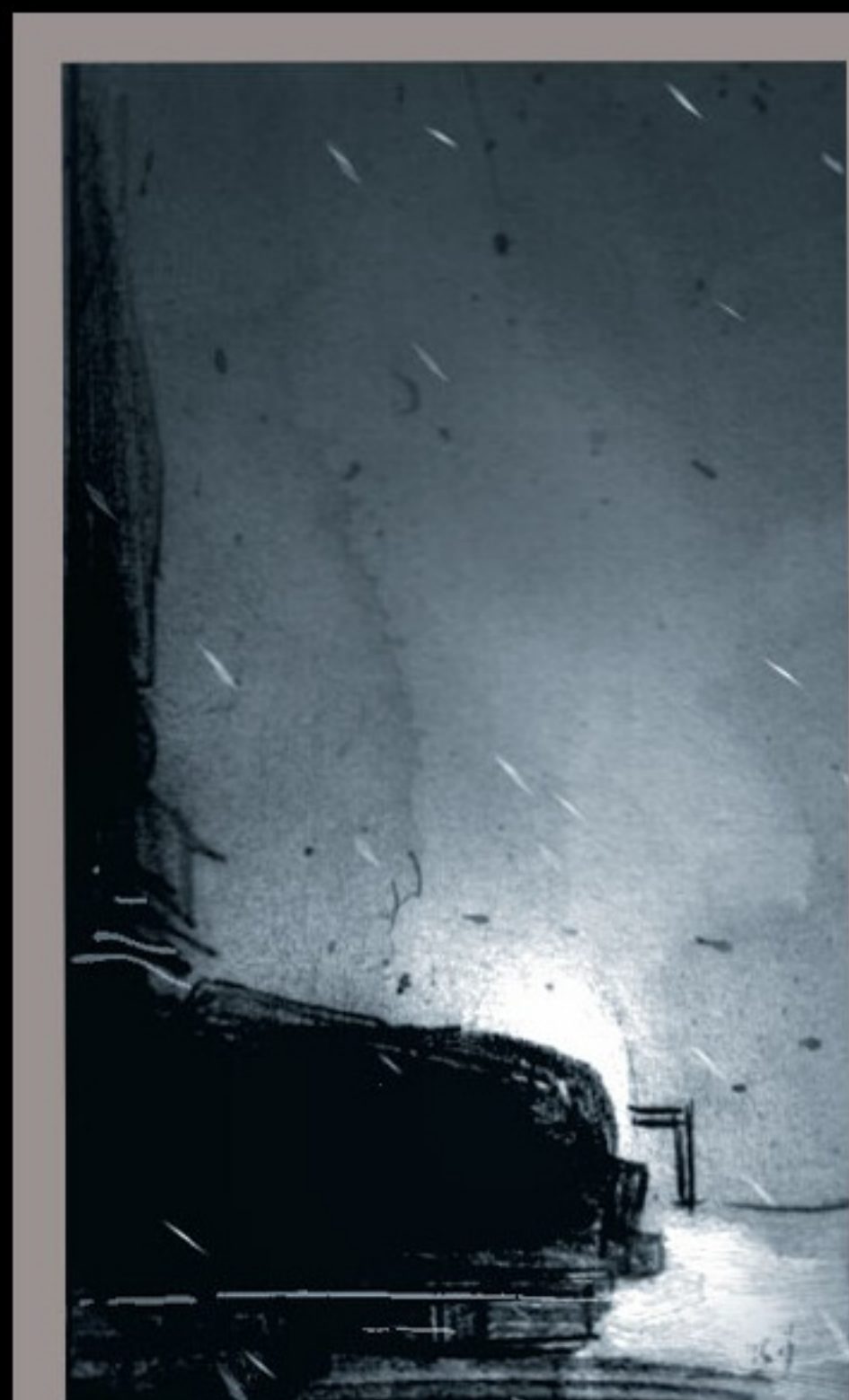
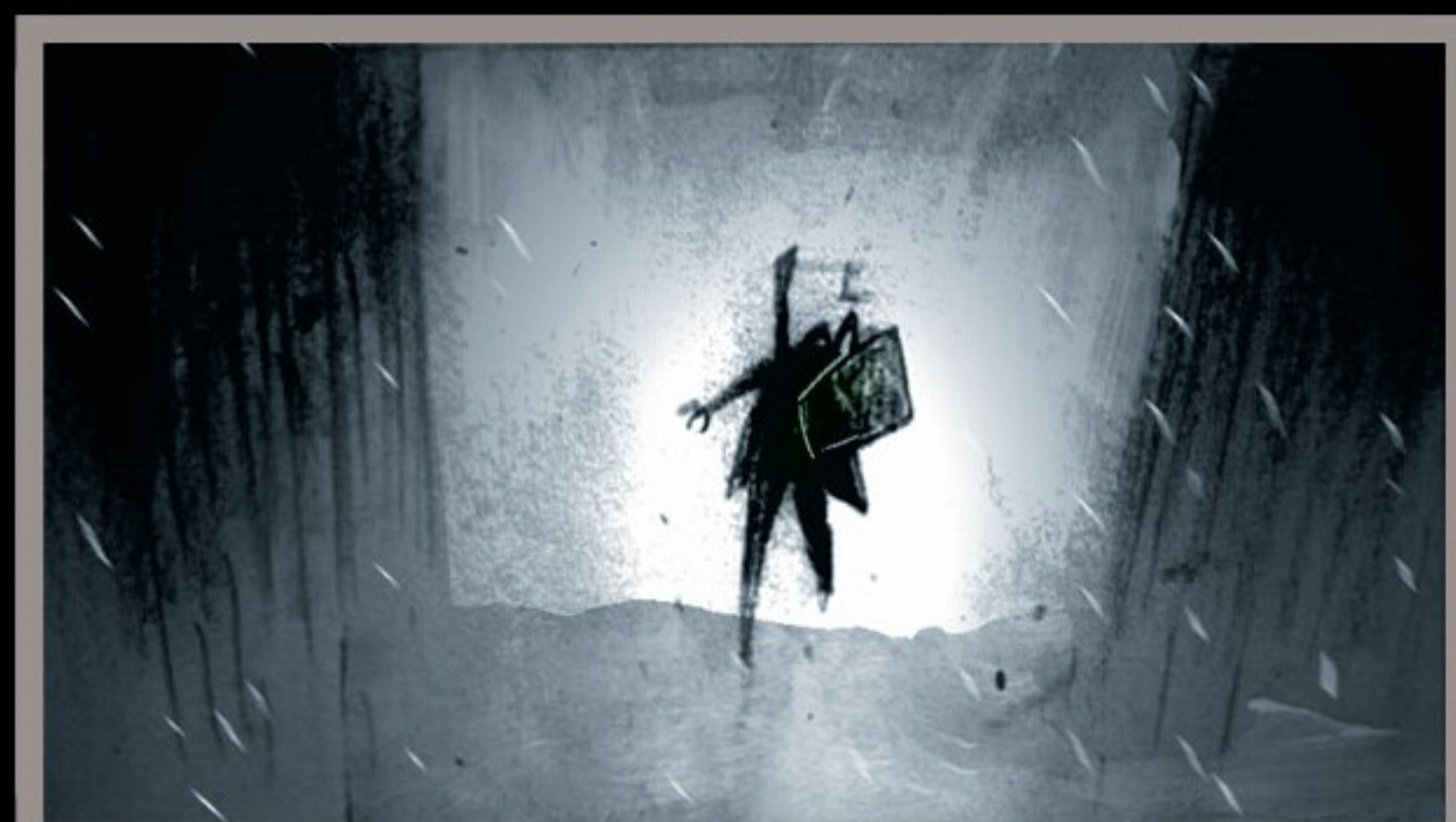
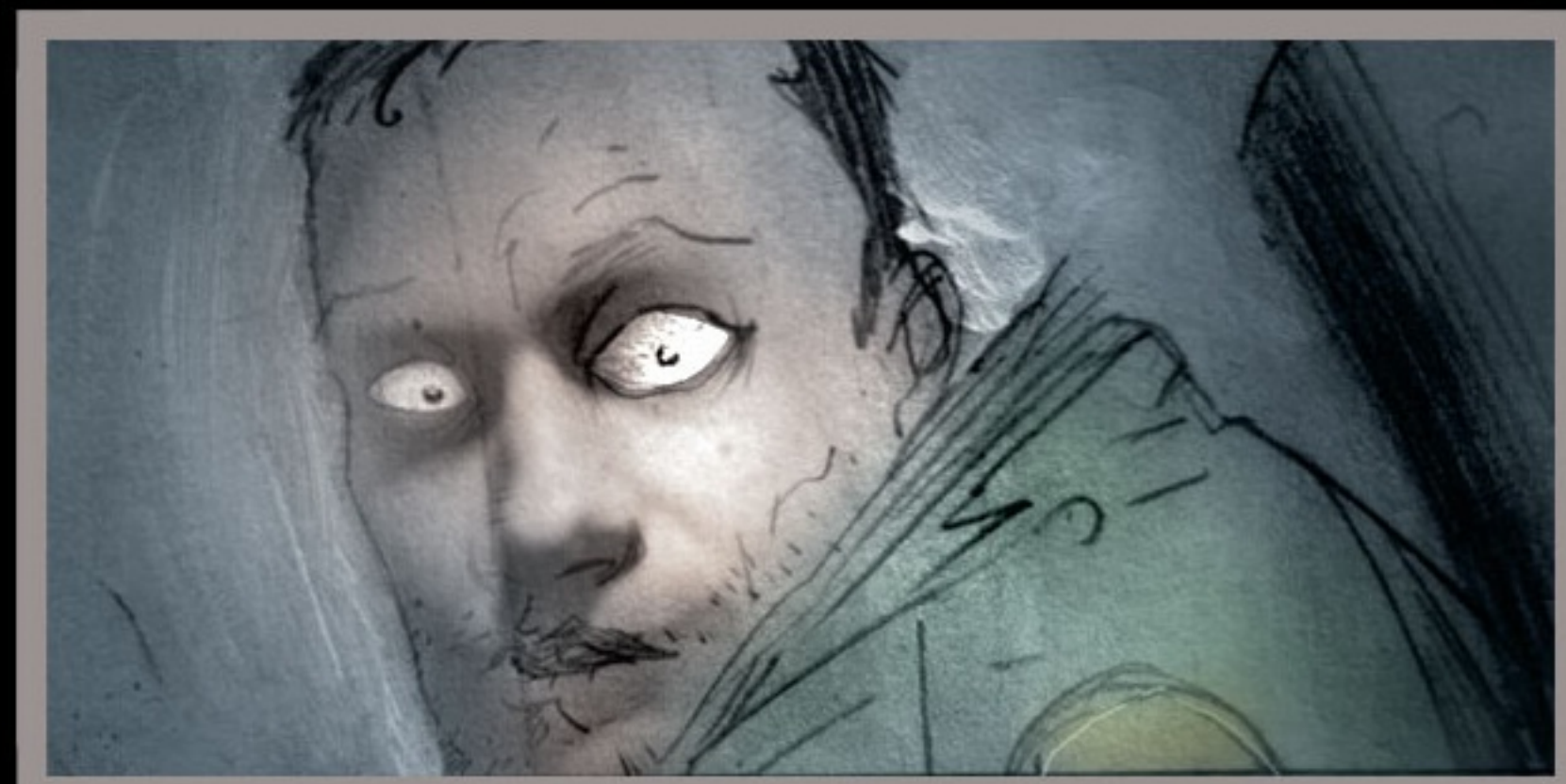
LIE. NOBODY
GOT AWAY.



WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
SHERIFF? YOU
THINK YOU CAN
OUTMANEUVER
ME?











T...
THEY CAN'T
BE STOPPED.
THEY...
THEY...

TAKE
IT EASY.
BREATHE.
DON'T TALK
RIGHT NOW.



MAYBE IF WE
TRY TOGETHER,
SHERIFF? ALL OF
US. MAYBE WE
CAN OVERPOWER
THEM?

IMPOSSIBLE,
TED. I JUST SAW
ONE TAKE A SHOTGUN
BLAST TO THE HEAD.
IT... IT DIDN'T EVEN
SLOW HIM DOWN.



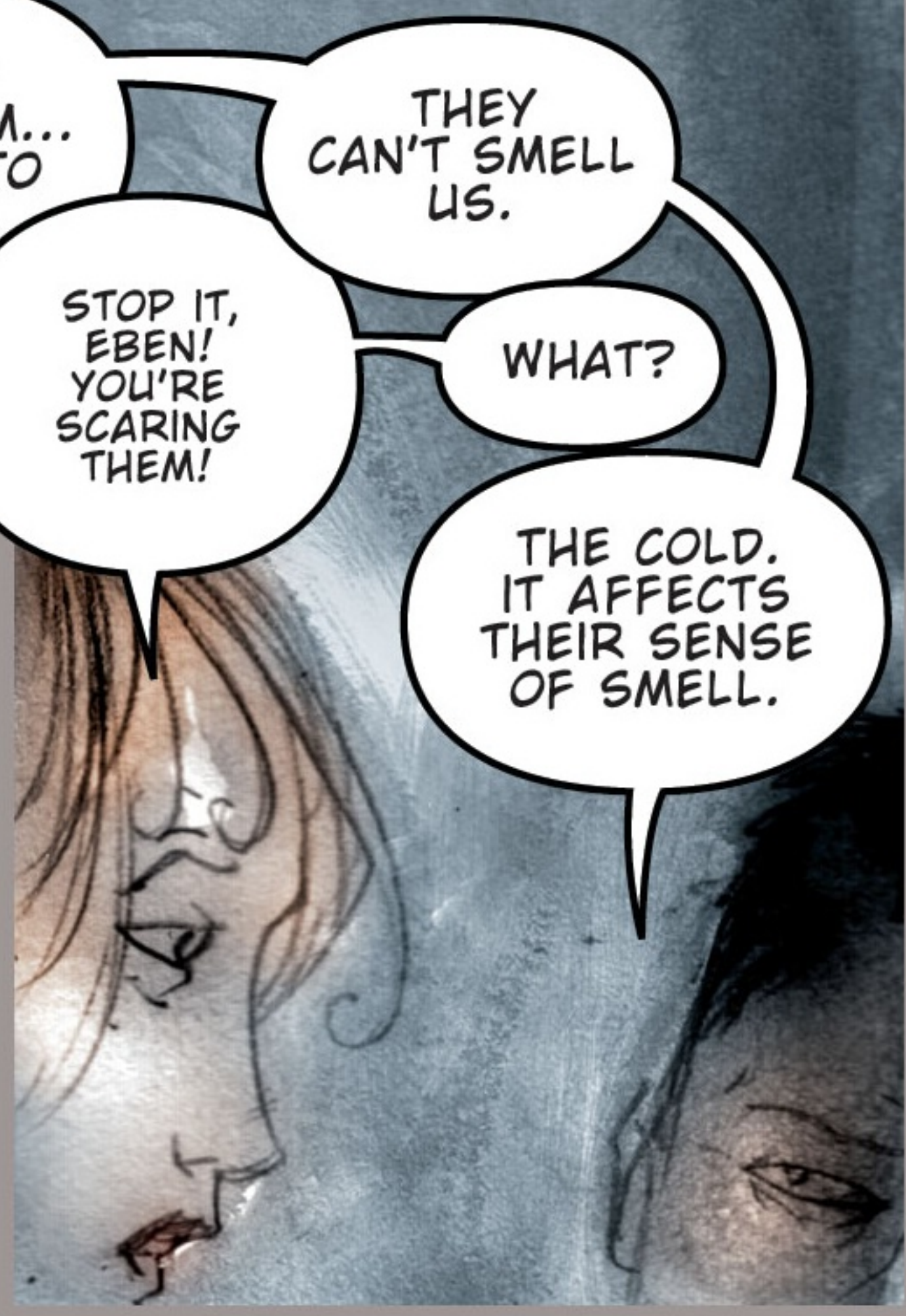
WE HAVE
TO WAIT FOR
THE SUN TO
COME BACK.
WE HAVE TO
WAIT.



IT'S TOO
LONG. WE'LL
ALL STARVE.

AND MY
GIRLFRIEND'S
OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE,
HIDING. WE CAN'T
LEAVE HER
THERE.

NOTHING
STOPS THEM...
WE HAVE TO
HIDE...



THEY
CAN'T SMELL
US.

WHAT?

STOP IT,
EBEN!
YOU'RE
SCARING
THEM!

THE COLD.
IT AFFECTS
THEIR SENSE
OF SMELL.



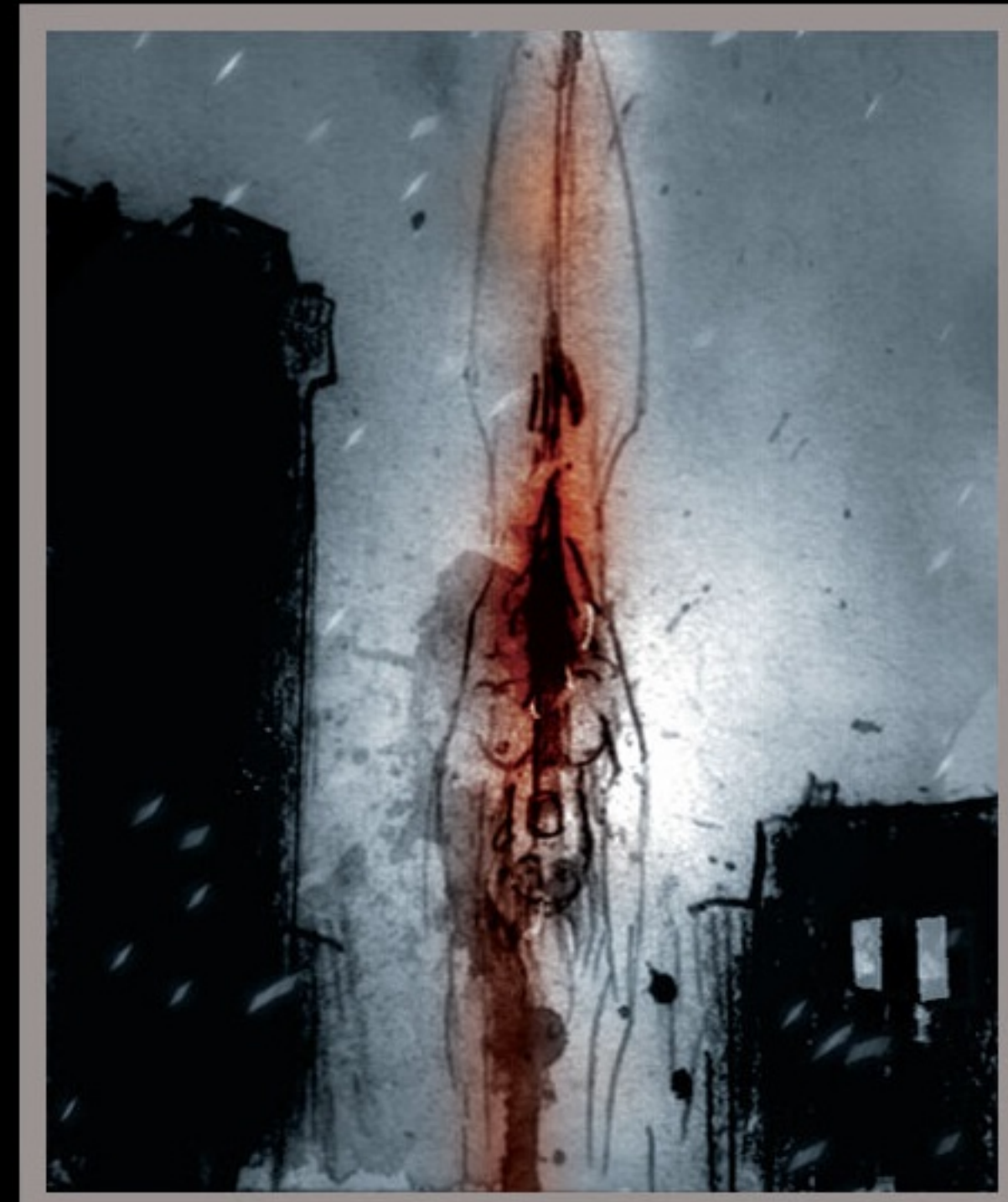
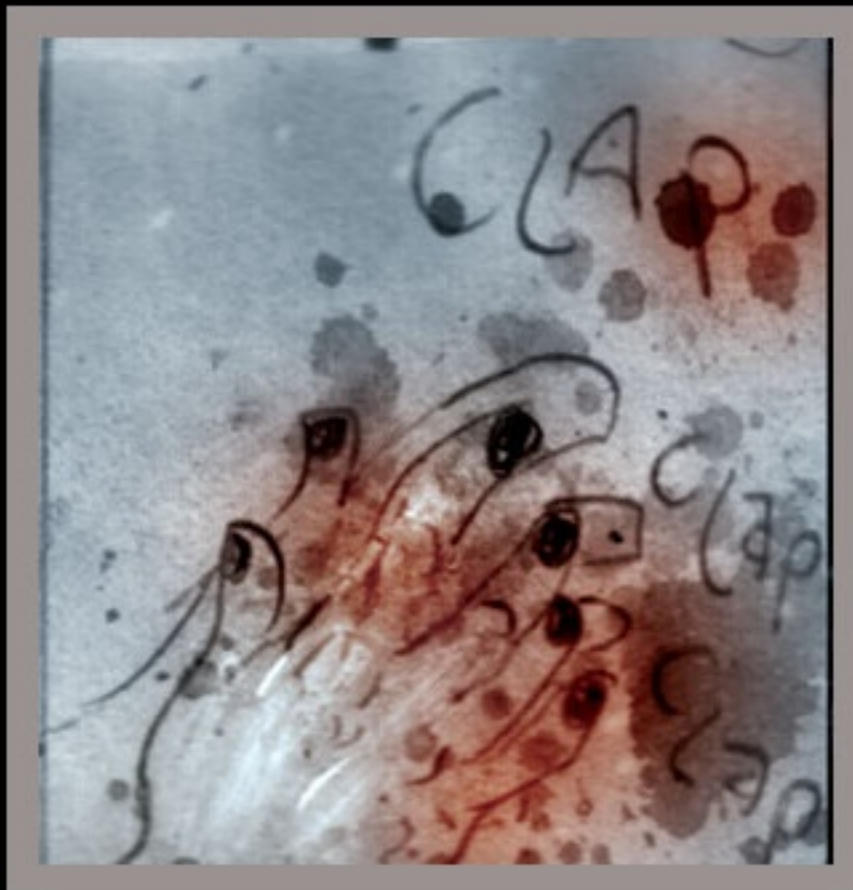
IF THEY
CAN'T SENSE
US, THEY CAN'T
FIND US. SO
THERE'S A LITTLE
HOPE?

WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?

SHHHH.
LISTEN!

ARE THEY
CLAPPING?







I DON'T KNOW WHY WE NEVER THOUGHT OF IT. NO SUNLIGHT FOR WEEKS ON END.

WE CAN FEED AS WE WISH AND NEVER SLEEP.

NO NEED TO HIDE DURING THE LIGHT HOURS WONDERING IF THEY'LL FIND OUR SLEEPING BODY!

IT IS JUST AS I DESCRIBED IN OUR COMMUNICATIONS. HERE, WE RULE. THE HUMANS HIDE AND WAIT FOR US TO FIND THEM. WE CAN FEAST ENOUGH TO MAKE US STRONG FOR A FULL YEAR!

AND NONE HAVE BEEN TURNED. I GAVE STRICT ORDERS THAT ALL VICTIMS SHOULD BE DECAPITATED AFTER BLEEDING AND FEEDING.

IT'S PARADISE!



YOU CERTAINLY HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING HERE, MARLOW.

THANK YOU. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY.

I WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY I'M HAPPY...



...AS MUCH AS I AM COMPLETELY STUNNED BY YOUR ABSOLUTE STUPIDITY.



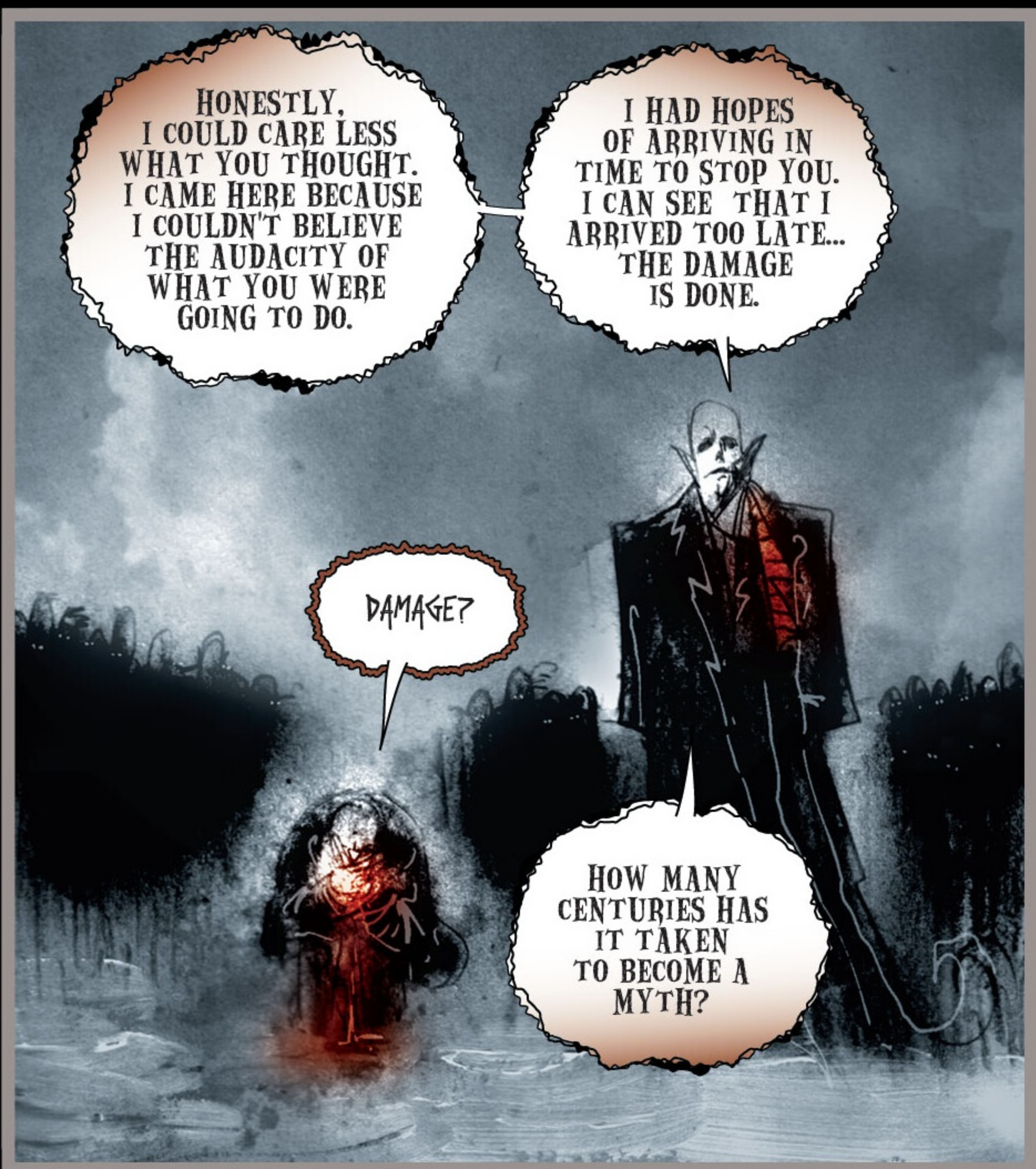
WELL, THANK YOU—

WHAT?

SWORK

**YOU
FUCKING
ARROGANT
IDIOT!!!**







NOW IN A
SINGLE, GREEDY,
STUPID ACT, YOU
HAVE GIVEN
THEM REASON TO
SUSPECT!

SUSPICION
AND FEAR ARE
THE SEED OF OUR
EXTINCTION! IT KILLED
MY BROTHERS AND MY
FATHERS. AND IF THIS
GETS OUT IT WILL
DESTROY US
AGAIN!



AGAIN WE
WILL BE THE
HUNTED!



WHO... DO...
YOU... THINK...
YOU... ARE?



I'LL KILL
YOU!



I'LL-ERK



YOU
WILL DO
NOTHING.

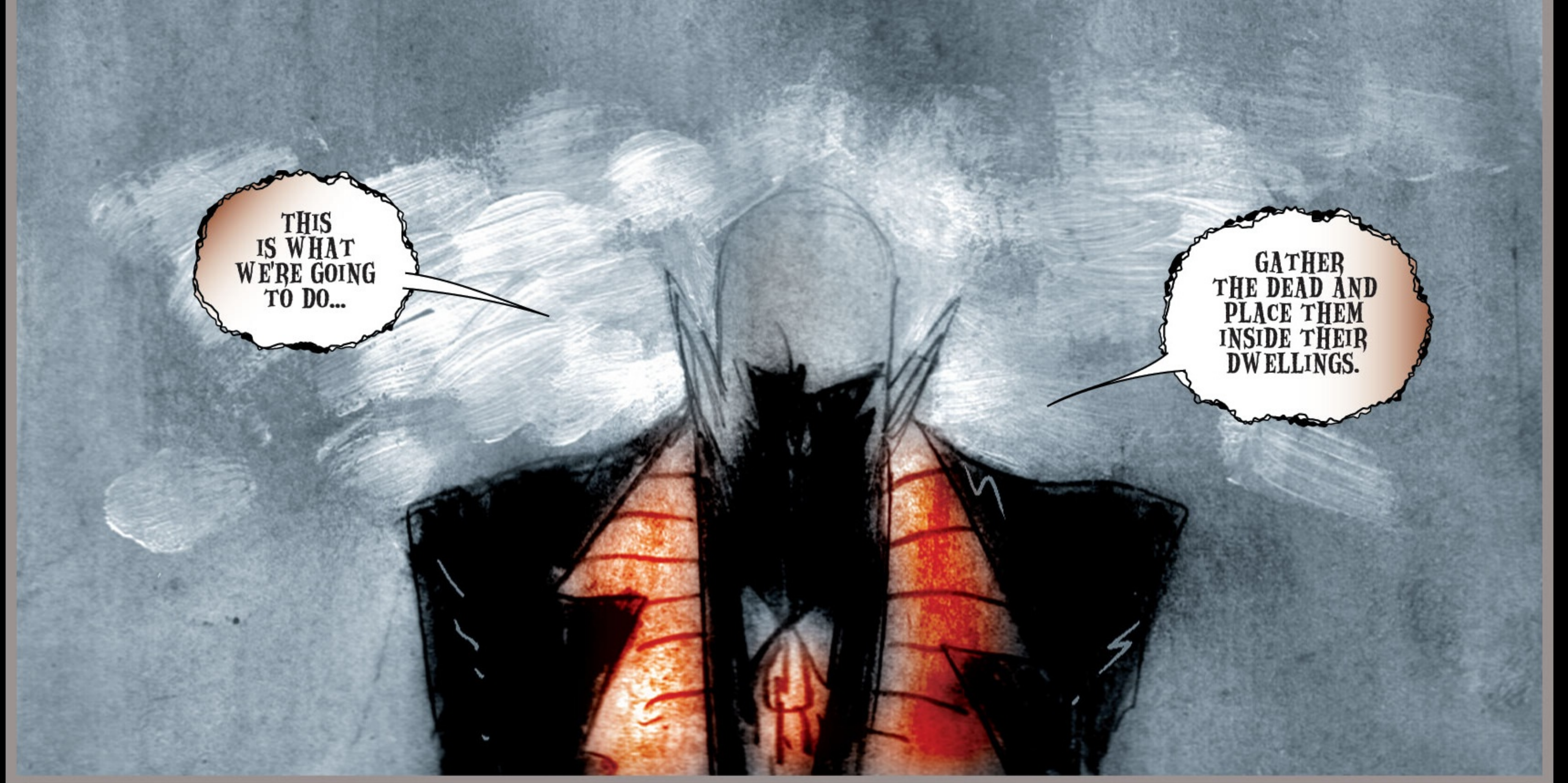


YOU
WILL DIE.

AAAAGGHHPPHHH!

R I I I I P





THIS
IS WHAT
WE'RE GOING
TO DO...

GATHER
THE DEAD AND
PLACE THEM
INSIDE THEIR
DWELLINGS.



HUNT DOWN
ANY AND ALL
SURVIVORS. I WANT
THEM KILLED. FEED ON
THEM IF YOU LIKE, OR
JUST KILL THEM. I
DON'T CARE. JUST
DON'T TURN
THEM.

ONCE
EVERYONE IN
TOWN IS DEAD,
PLACE THEM
INSIDE WITH THE
REST OF THE
DECEASED.



SPLIT THE
PIPELINE. FLOOD
THE STREETS WITH
OIL AND SET THE
ENTIRE TOWN
ABLAZE.

I WANT THIS
PLACE DESTROYED.
I WANT EVERY
STRUCTURE BURNED,
EVERY CARCASS
INCINERATED.

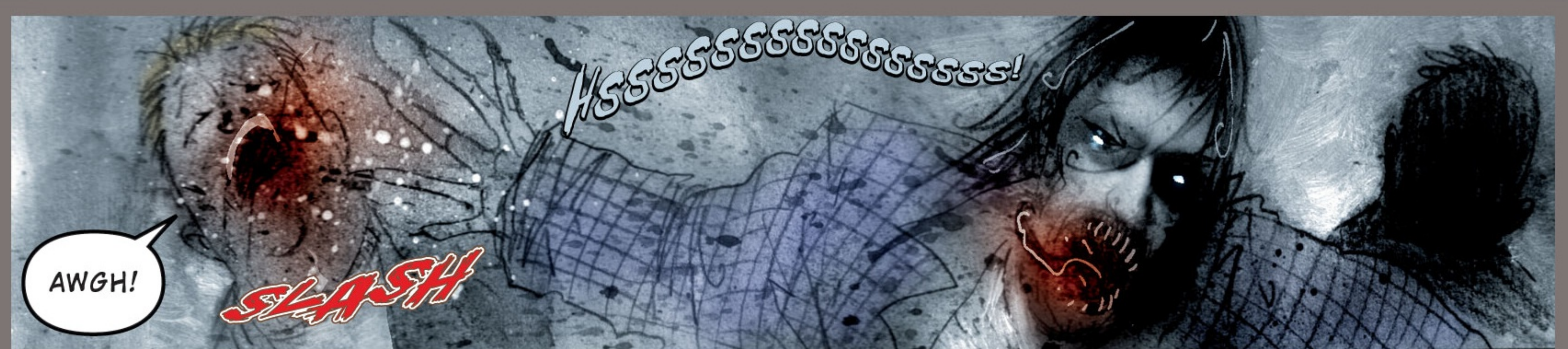
BY THIS
TIME TOMORROW,
I WANT THIS
TOWN WIPED OFF
THE MAP!

BARROW, ALASKA.

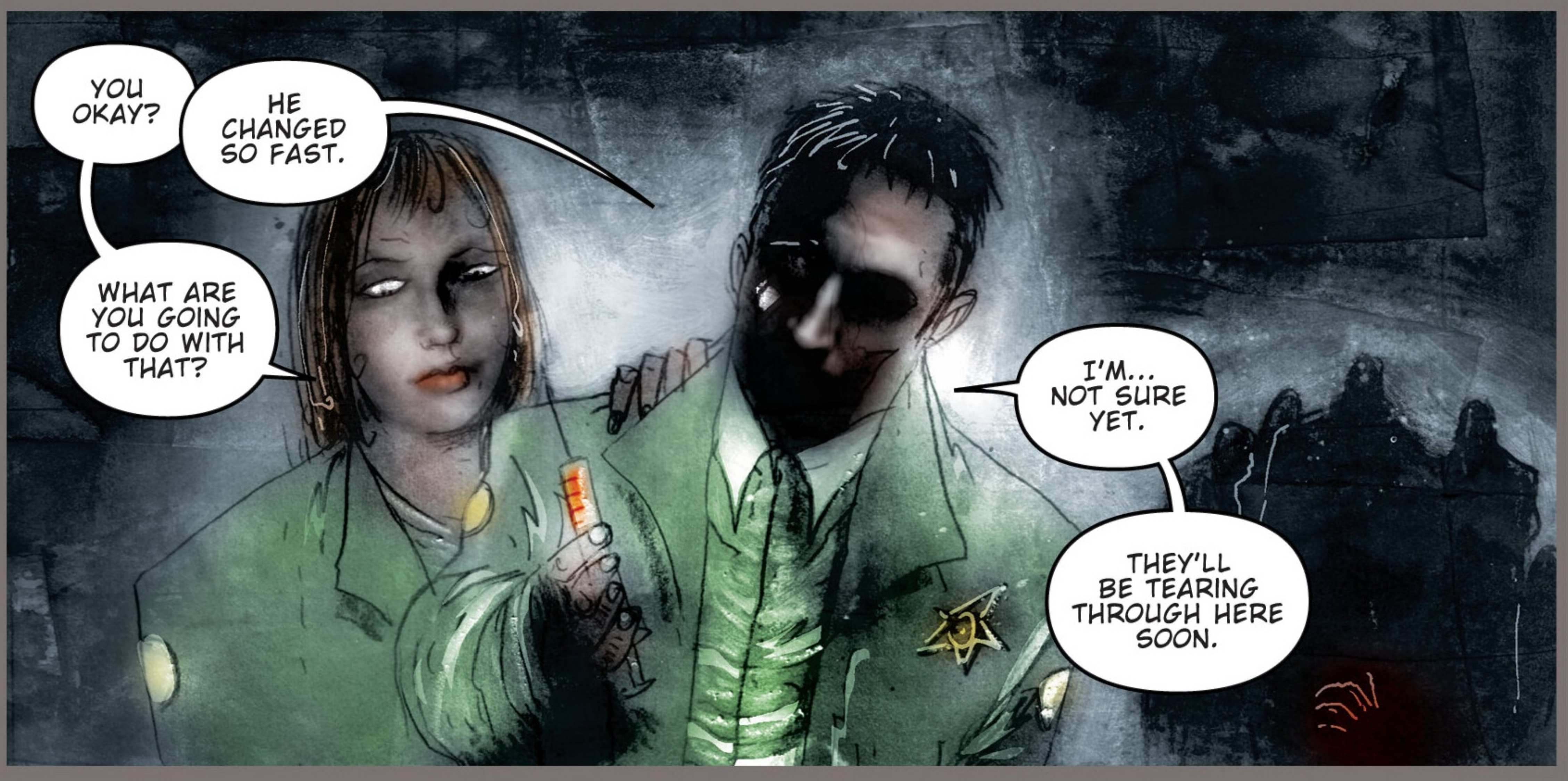
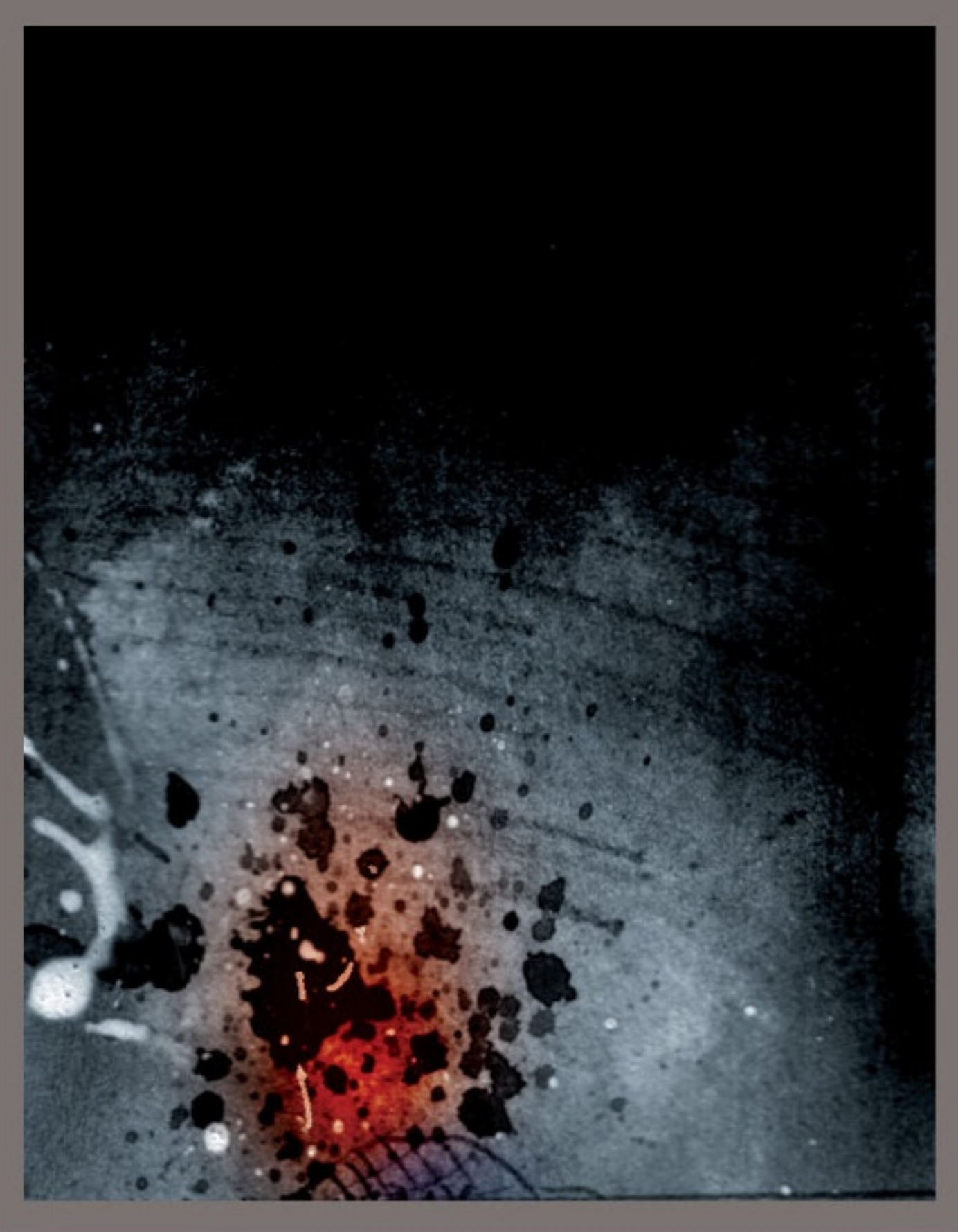
IT WAS A SMALL
GLIMMER OF HOPE.

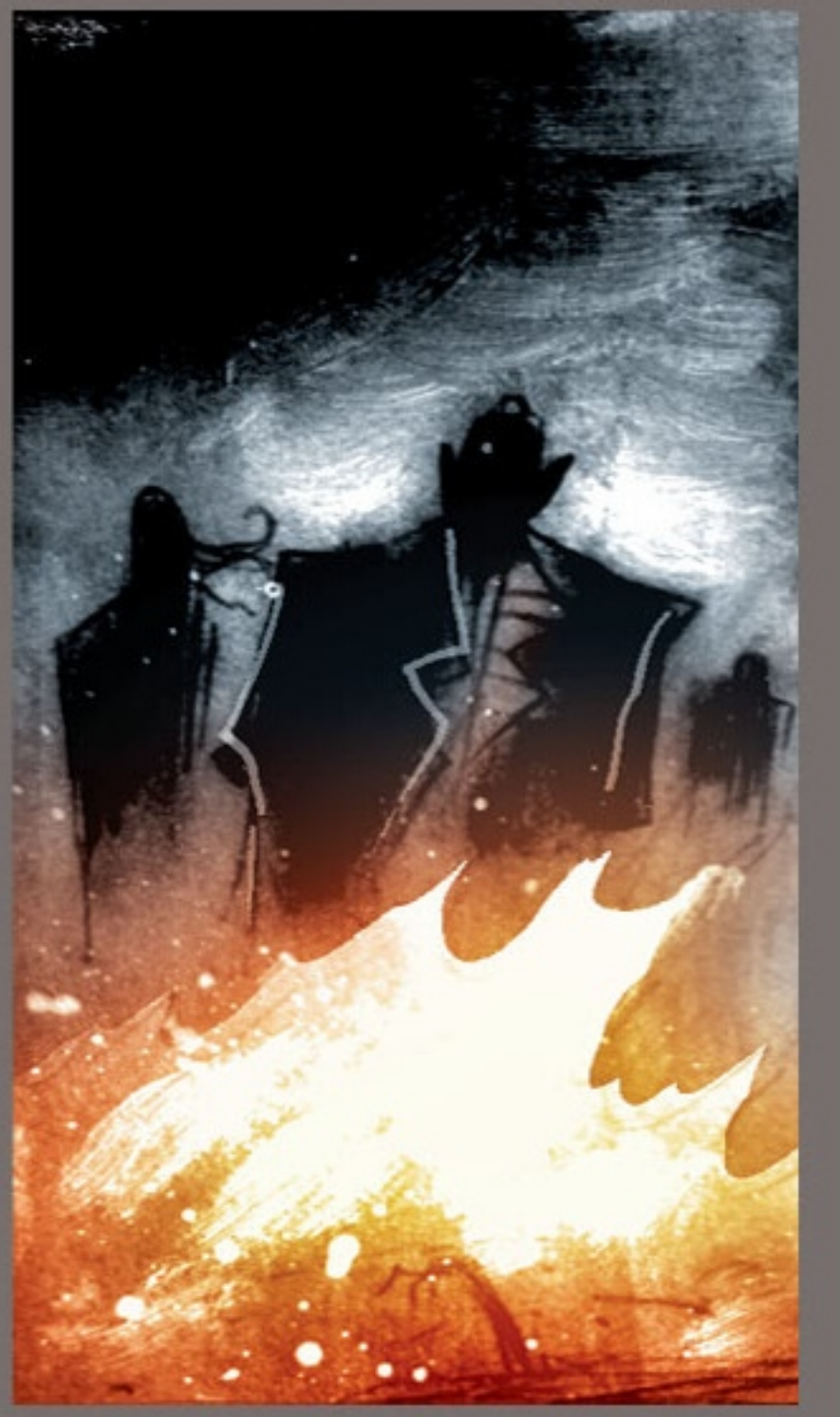
BUT WITH ALMOST EVERYONE
IN BARROW MISSING, DEAD, OR
LOST, EVEN A GLIMMER FELT
LIKE SOMETHING.











ALL OF THE DEAD HAVE BEEN GATHERED.

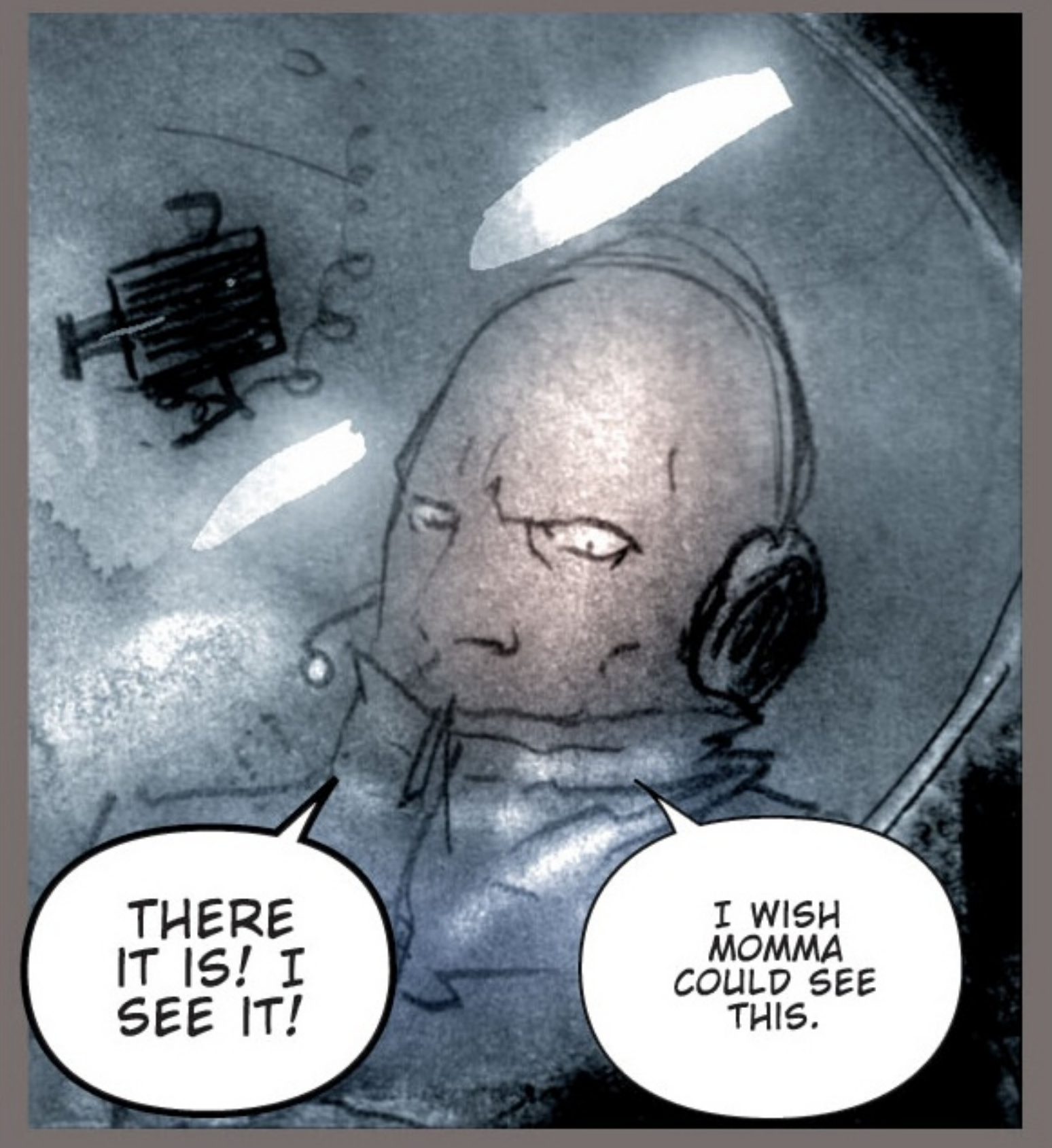
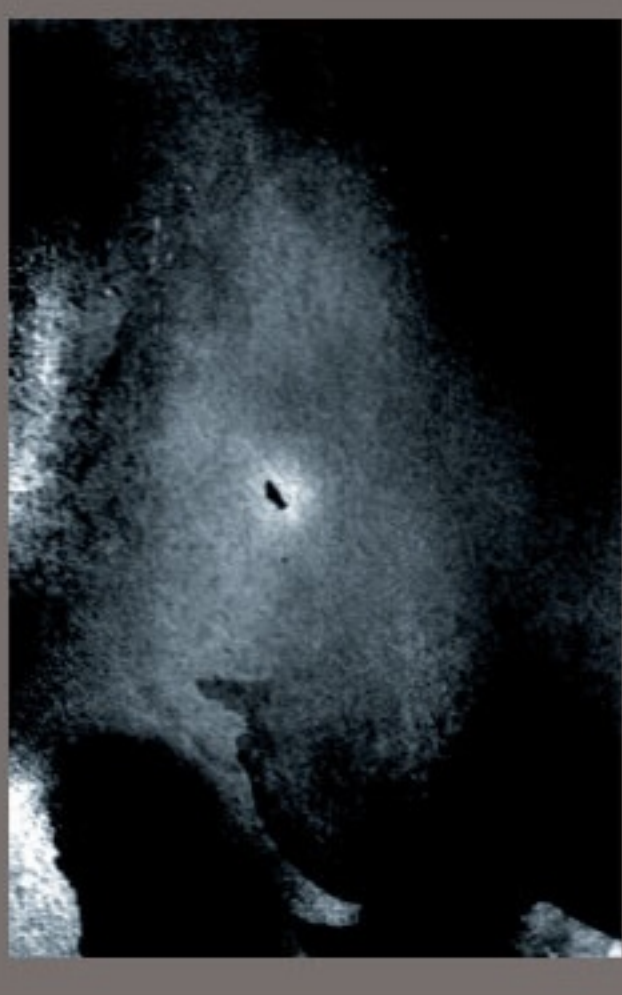
IT'S NOT THE DEAD I'M WORRIED ABOUT. WHERE ARE THE SURVIVORS? WHERE ARE THEY HIDING?

WE ARE COMBING EVERY INCH OF THIS WRETCHED TOWN AND TAKING IT APART AS WE MOVE. WE'LL FIND THEM.

YOU HAD BETTER. I DON'T WANT ANY...

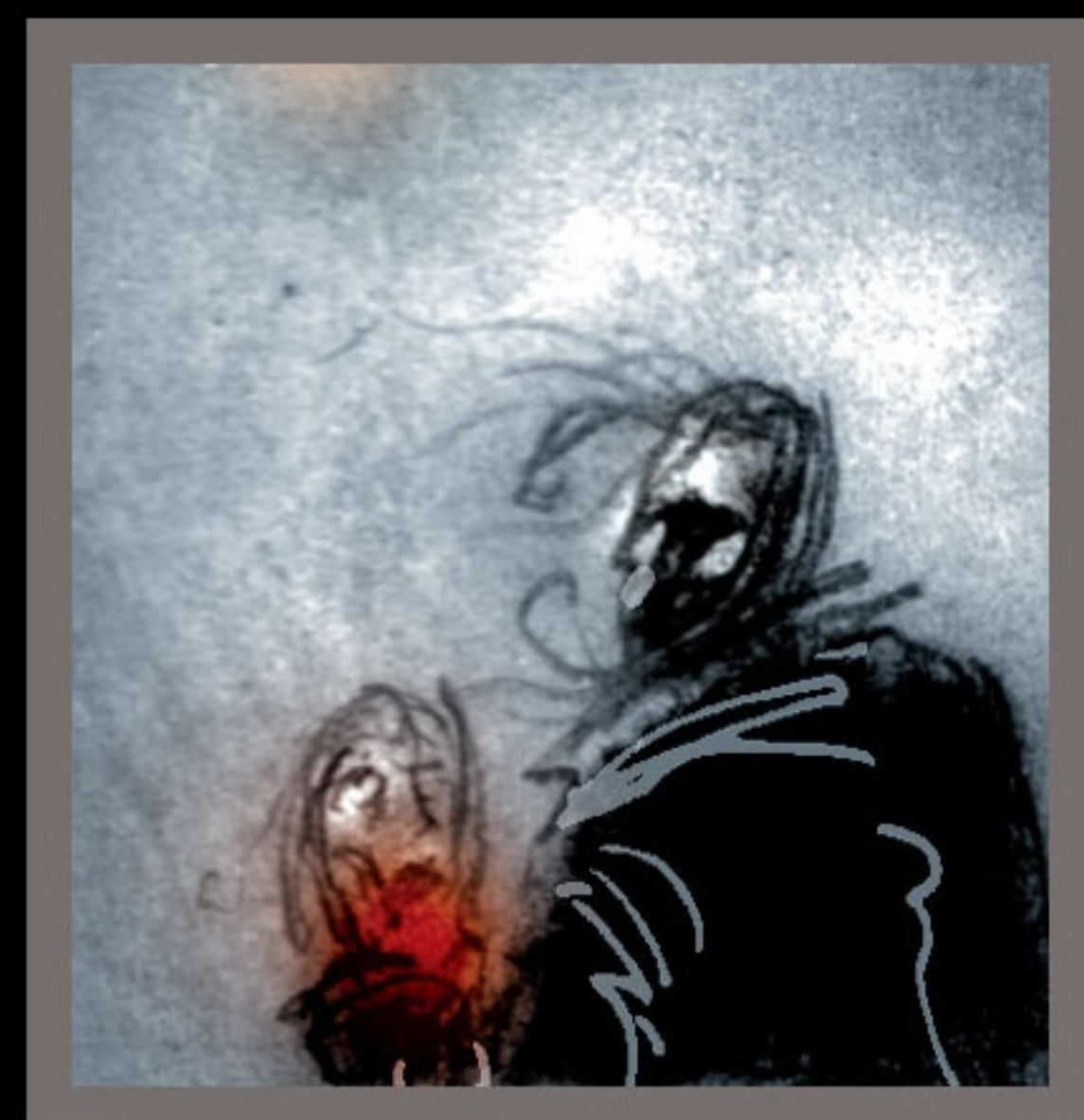
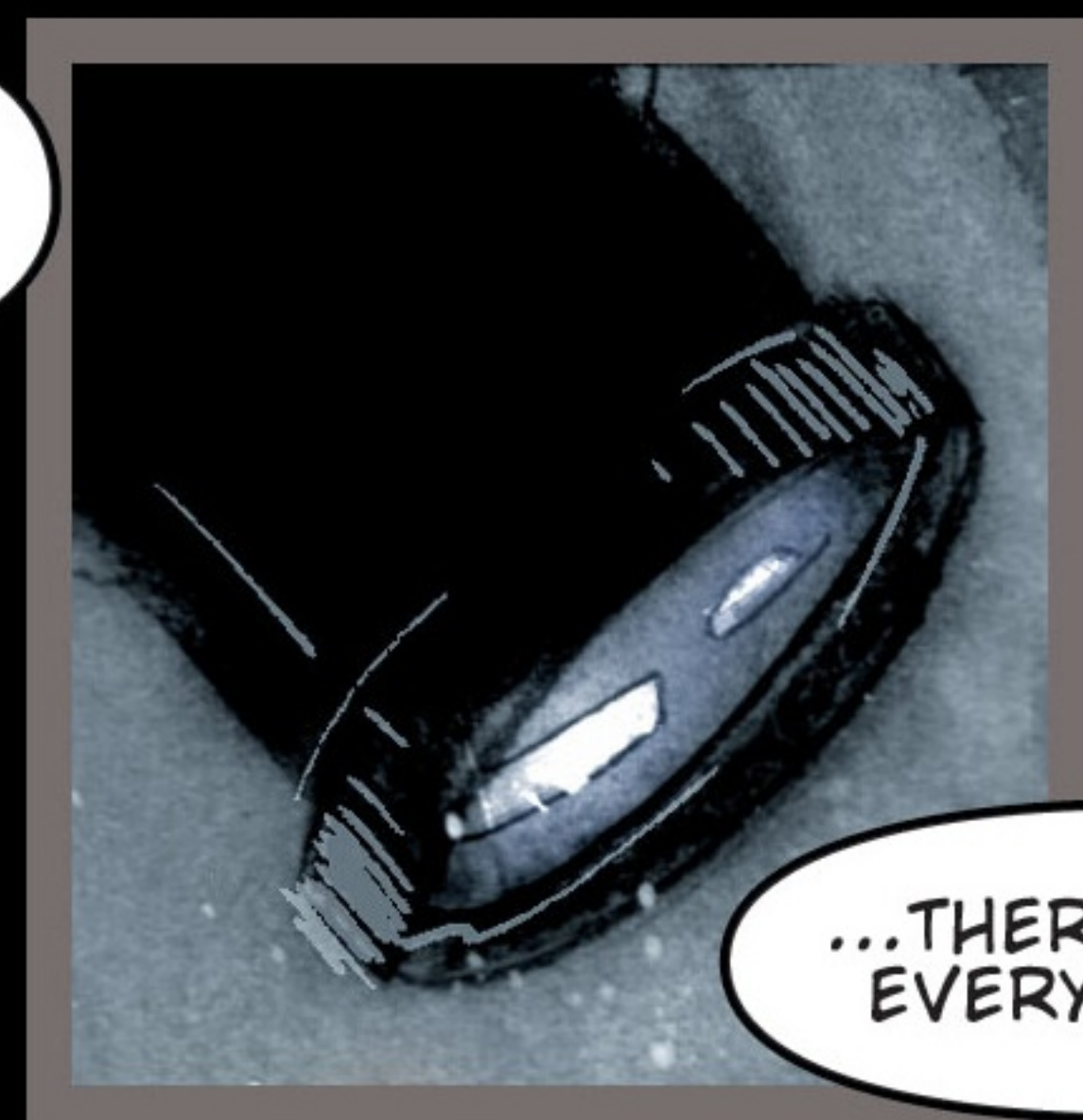
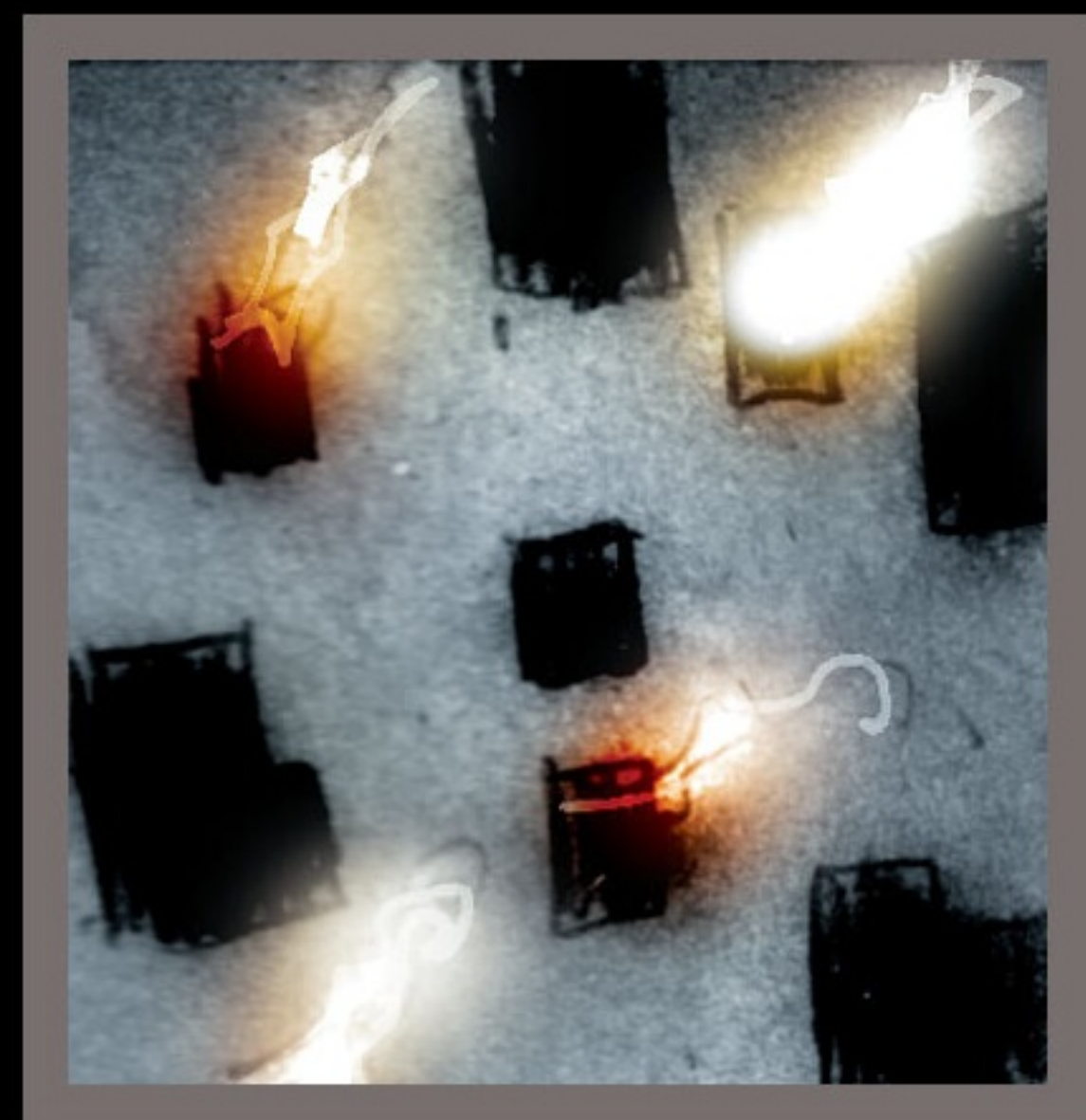


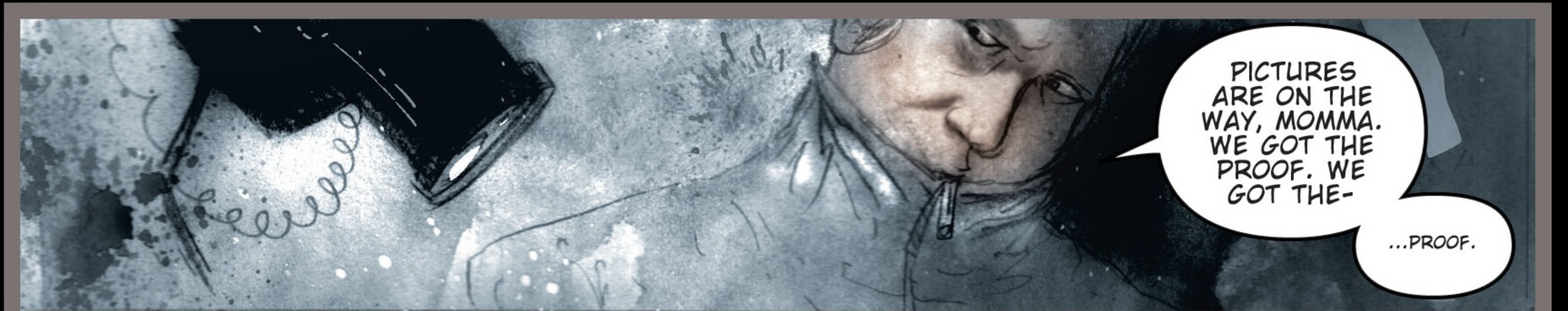
...SURPRISES.

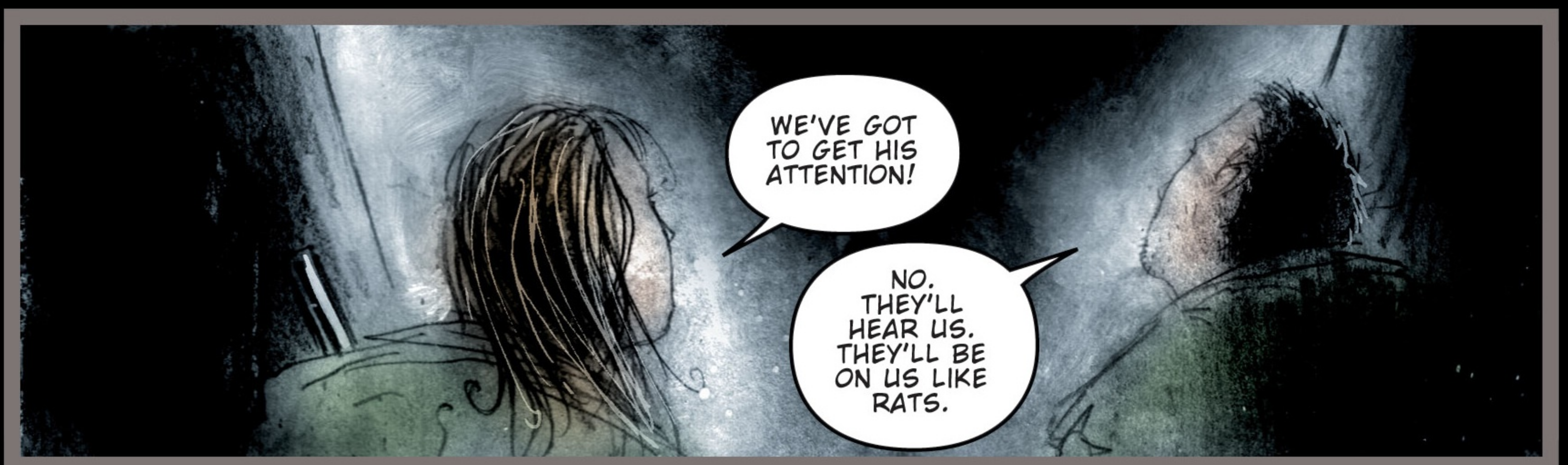
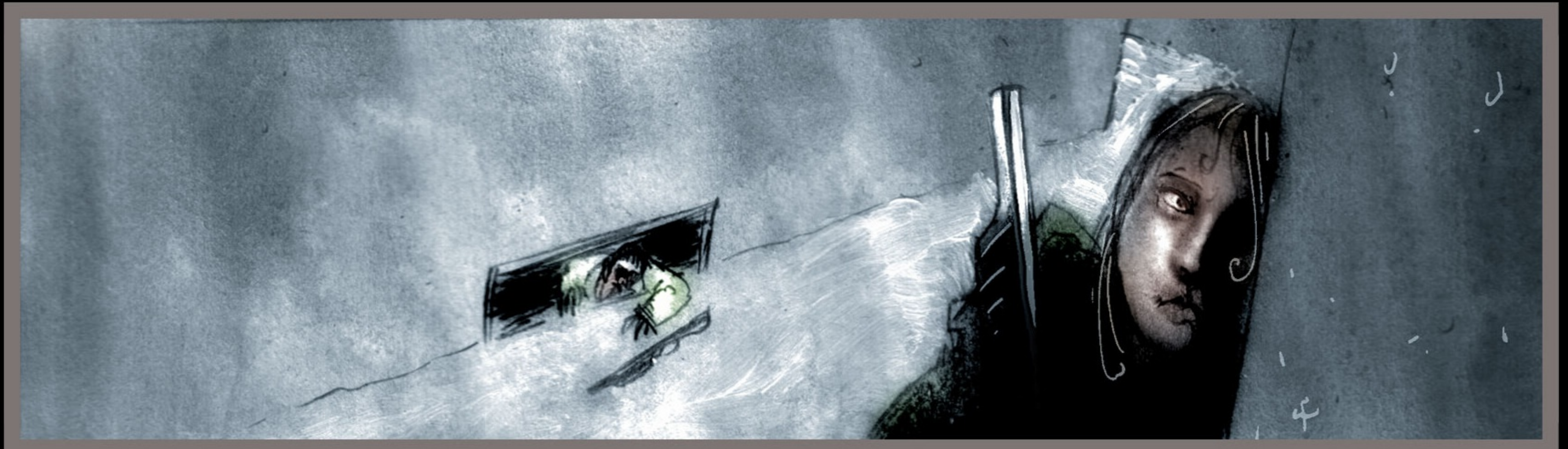


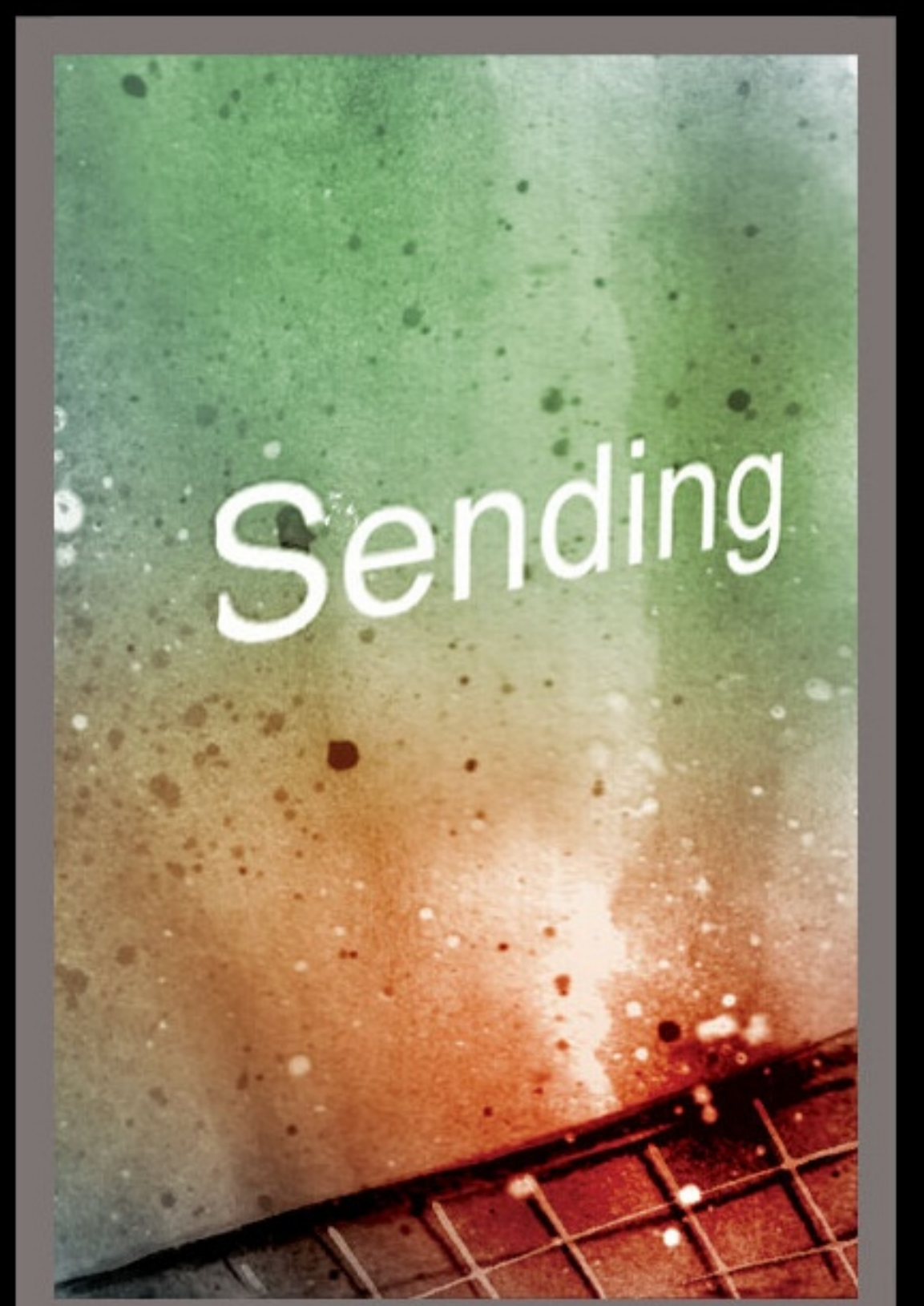
THERE IT IS! I SEE IT!

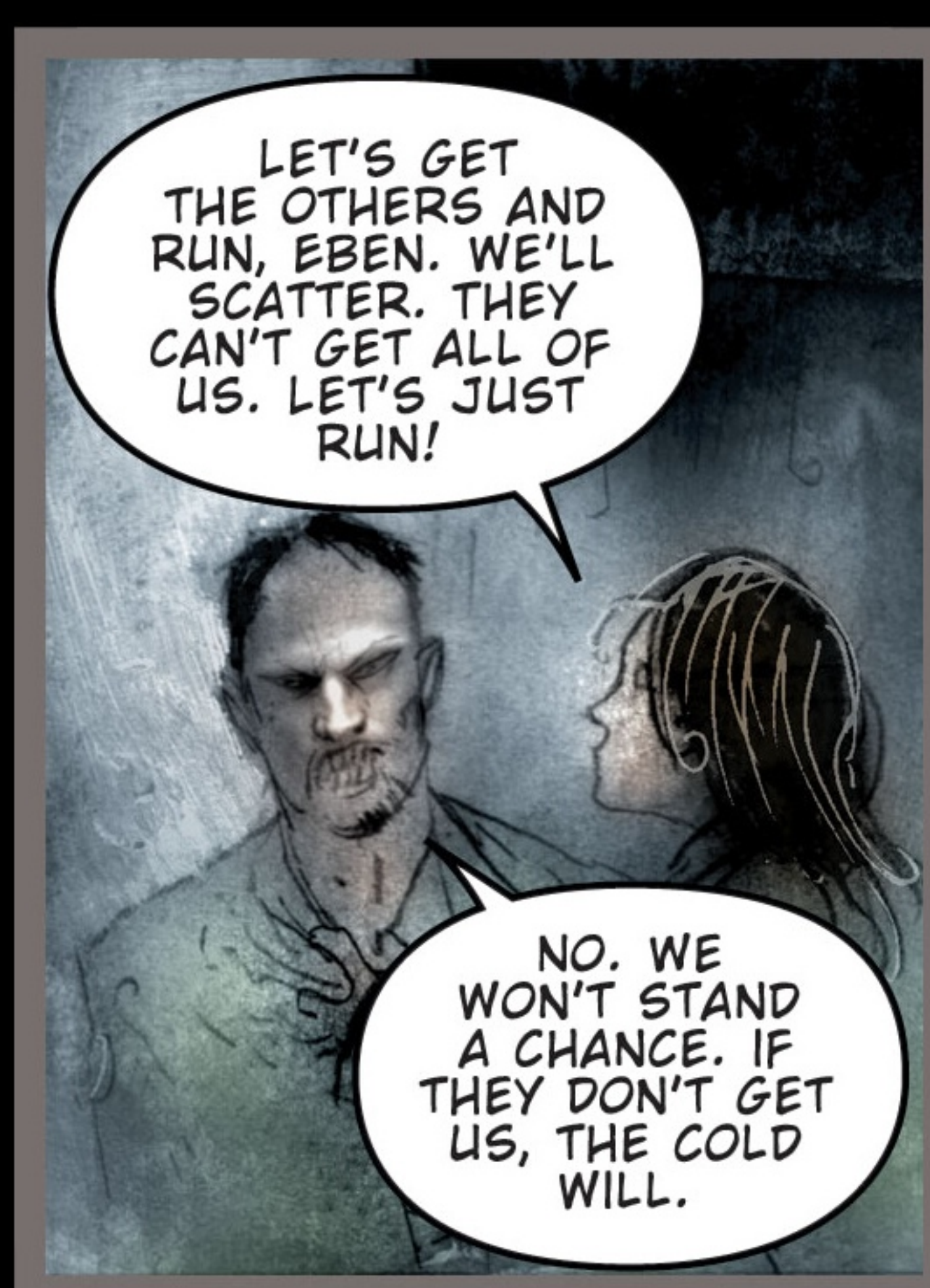
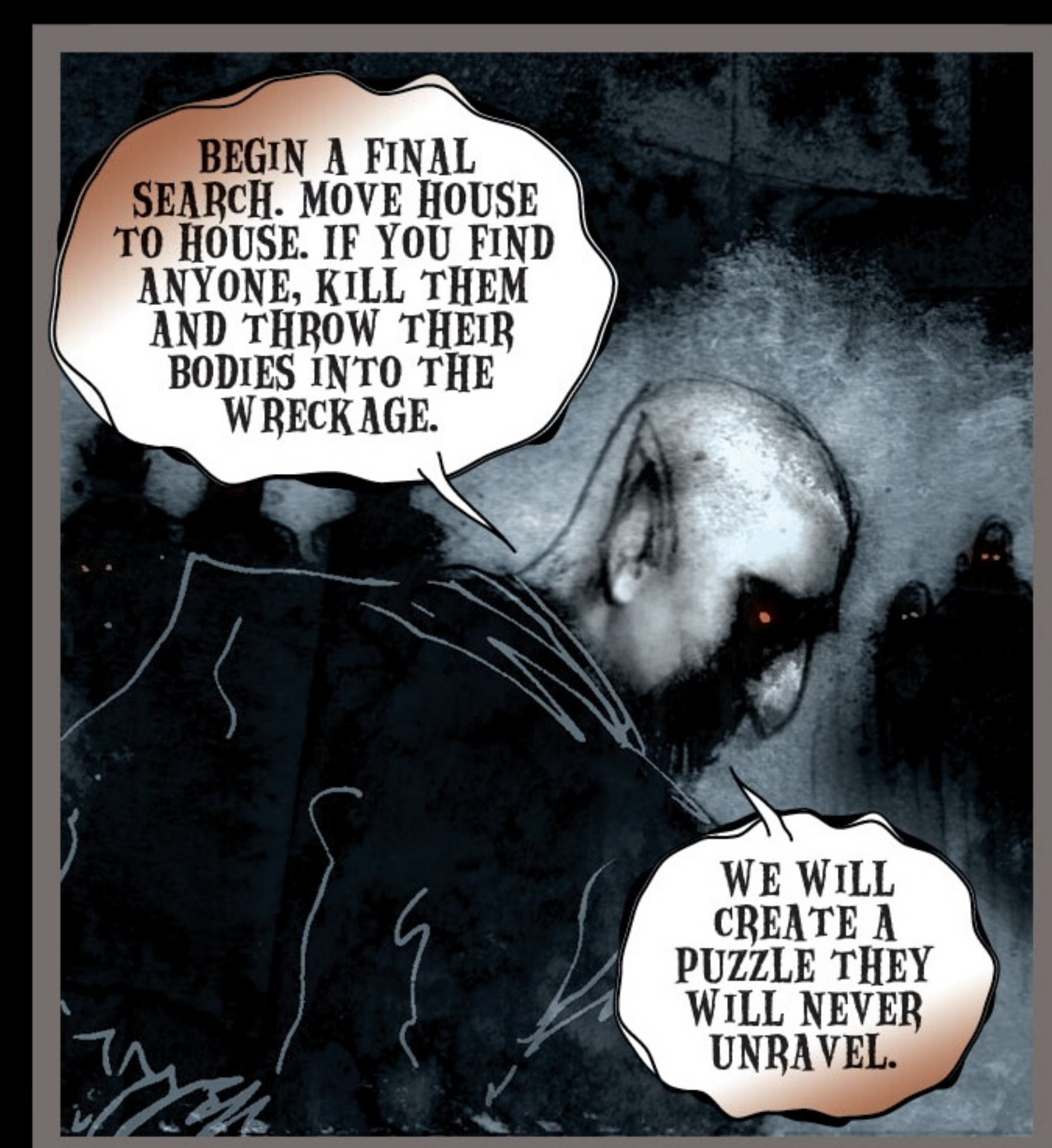
I WISH MOMMA COULD SEE THIS.











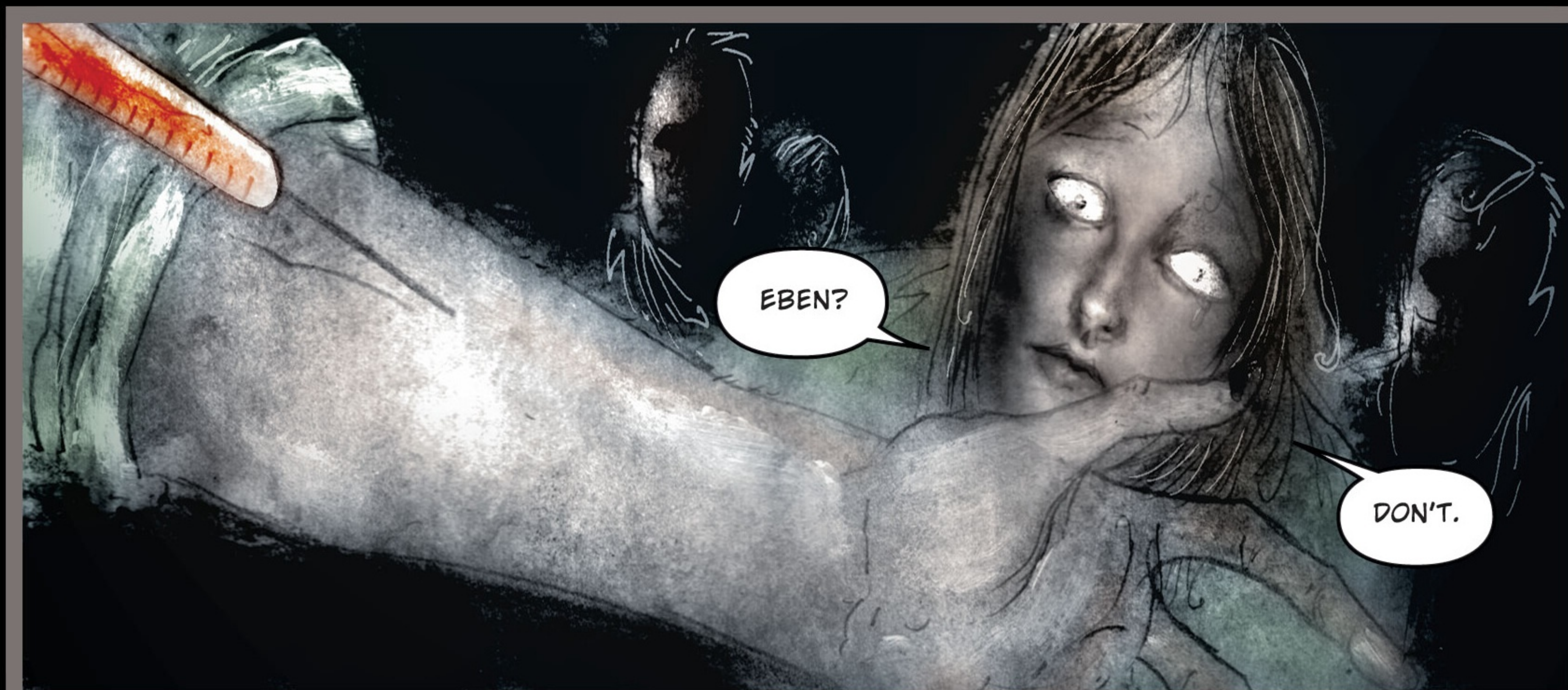


PLEASE,
DON'T DO IT!
THERE'S GOT TO
BE ANOTHER
WAY.



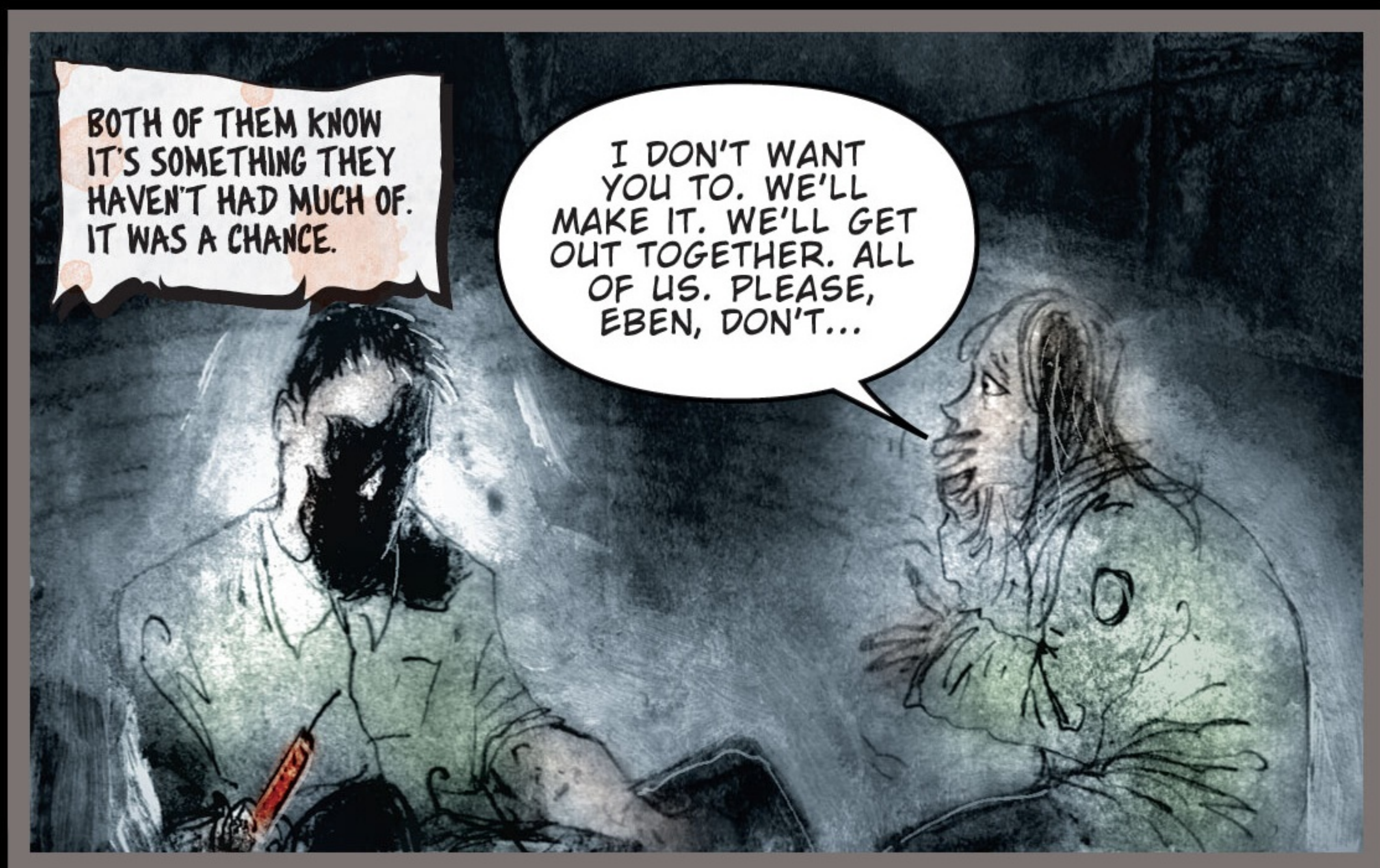
IF THERE IS,
WE HAVEN'T FOUND
IT. I'VE ONLY SEEN
ONE THING KILL THEM
AND IT WAS ONE OF
THEIR OWN. IF I DON'T
DO IT, ALL OF US
WILL DIE.

YOU DON'T
KNOW IF IT WILL
WORK! IT'S
CRAZY! IT'S
SOMEONE ELSE'S
BLOOD!



EBEN?

DON'T.



BOTH OF THEM KNOW
IT'S SOMETHING THEY
HAVEN'T HAD MUCH OF.
IT WAS A CHANCE.

I DON'T WANT
YOU TO. WE'LL
MAKE IT. WE'LL GET
OUT TOGETHER. ALL
OF US. PLEASE,
EBEN, DON'T...



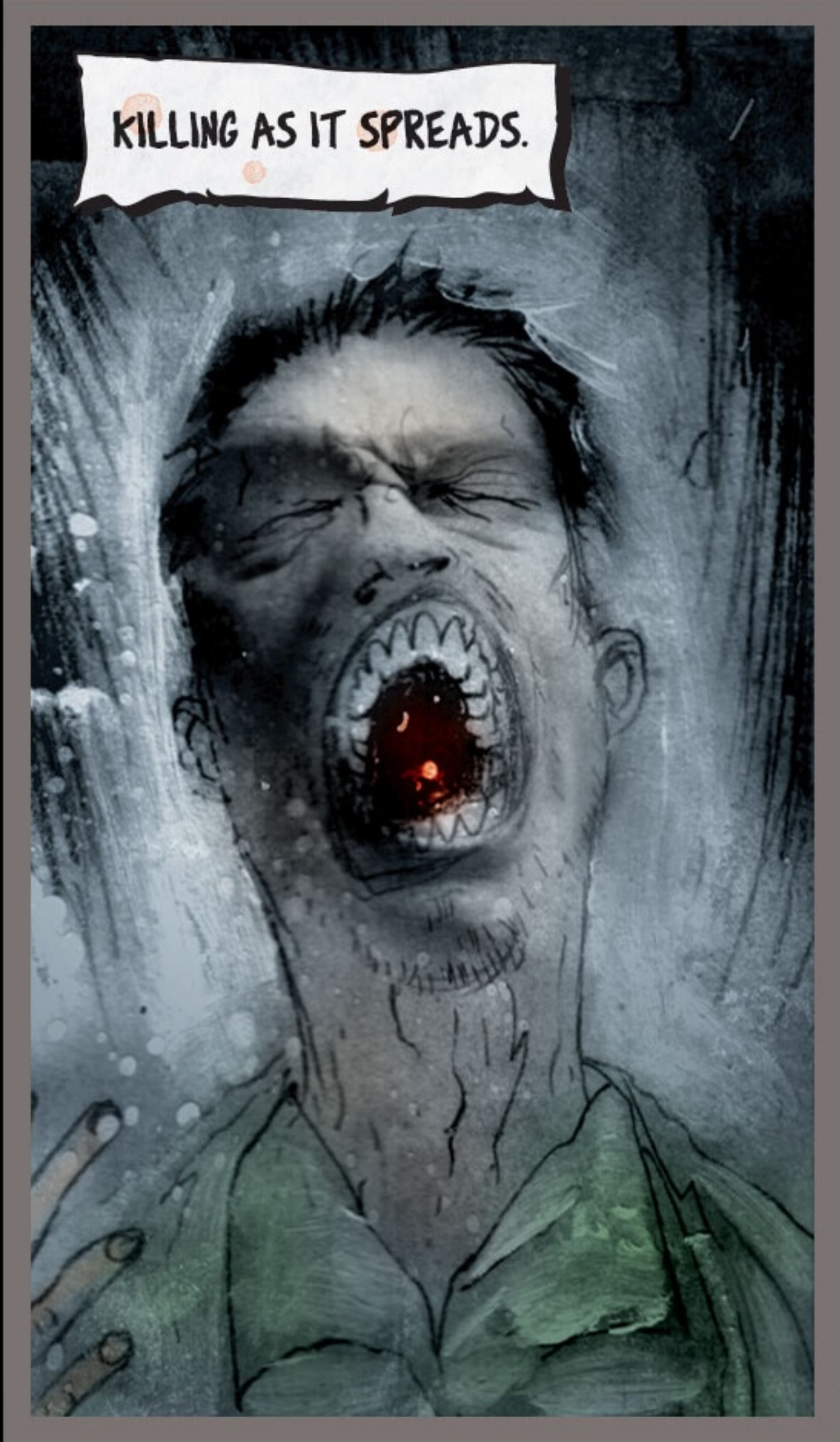
HOWEVER SLIM, HOWEVER REMOTE...
IT'S A CHANCE TO LIVE, OR DIE,
STANDING ON THEIR FEET.

I LOVE
YOU.



IT FEELS LIKE FIRE.

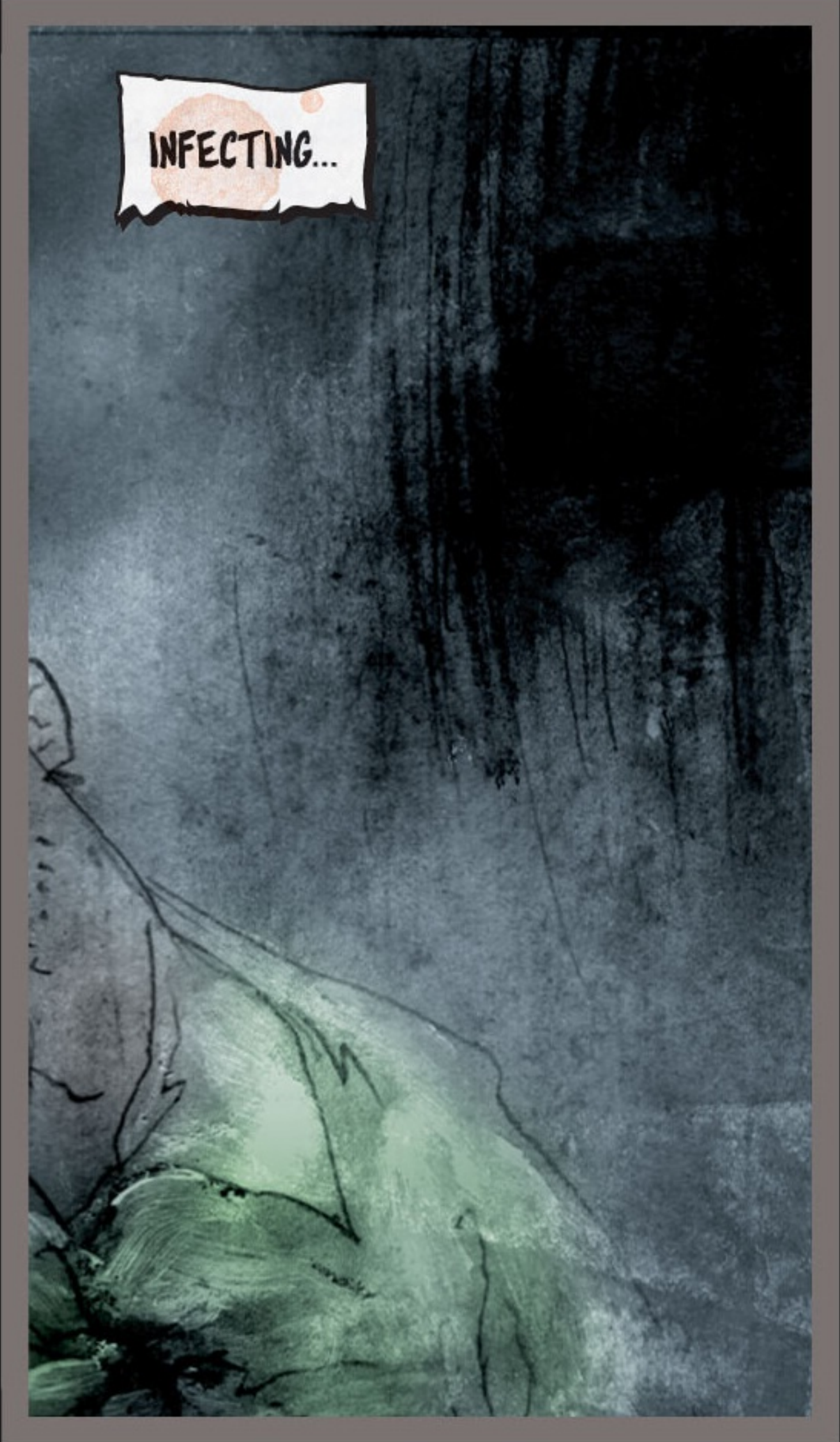
A FIRE THAT SPREADS
MERCILESSLY THROUGH
HIS VEINS IN SECONDS.



KILLING AS IT SPREADS.



BURNING...



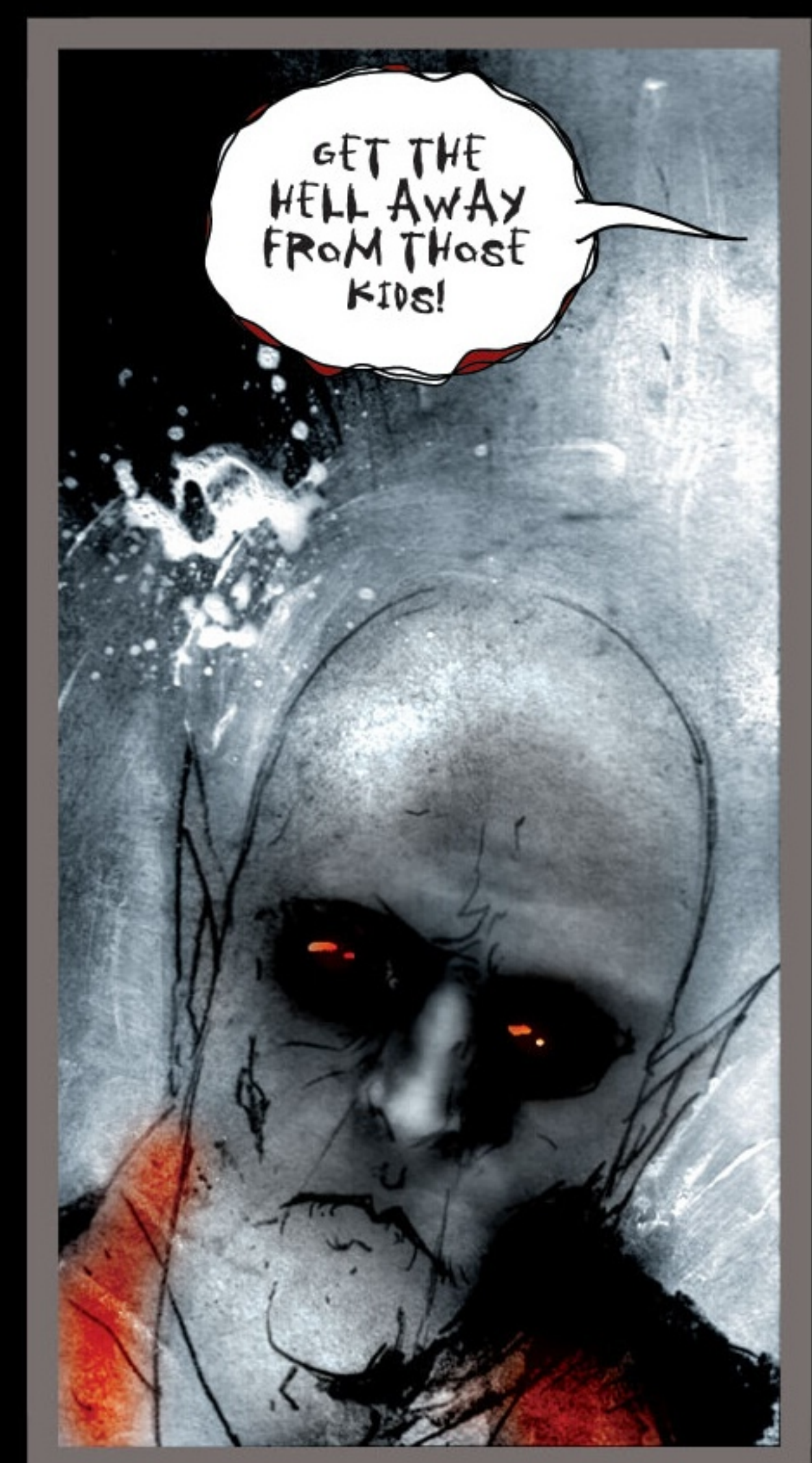
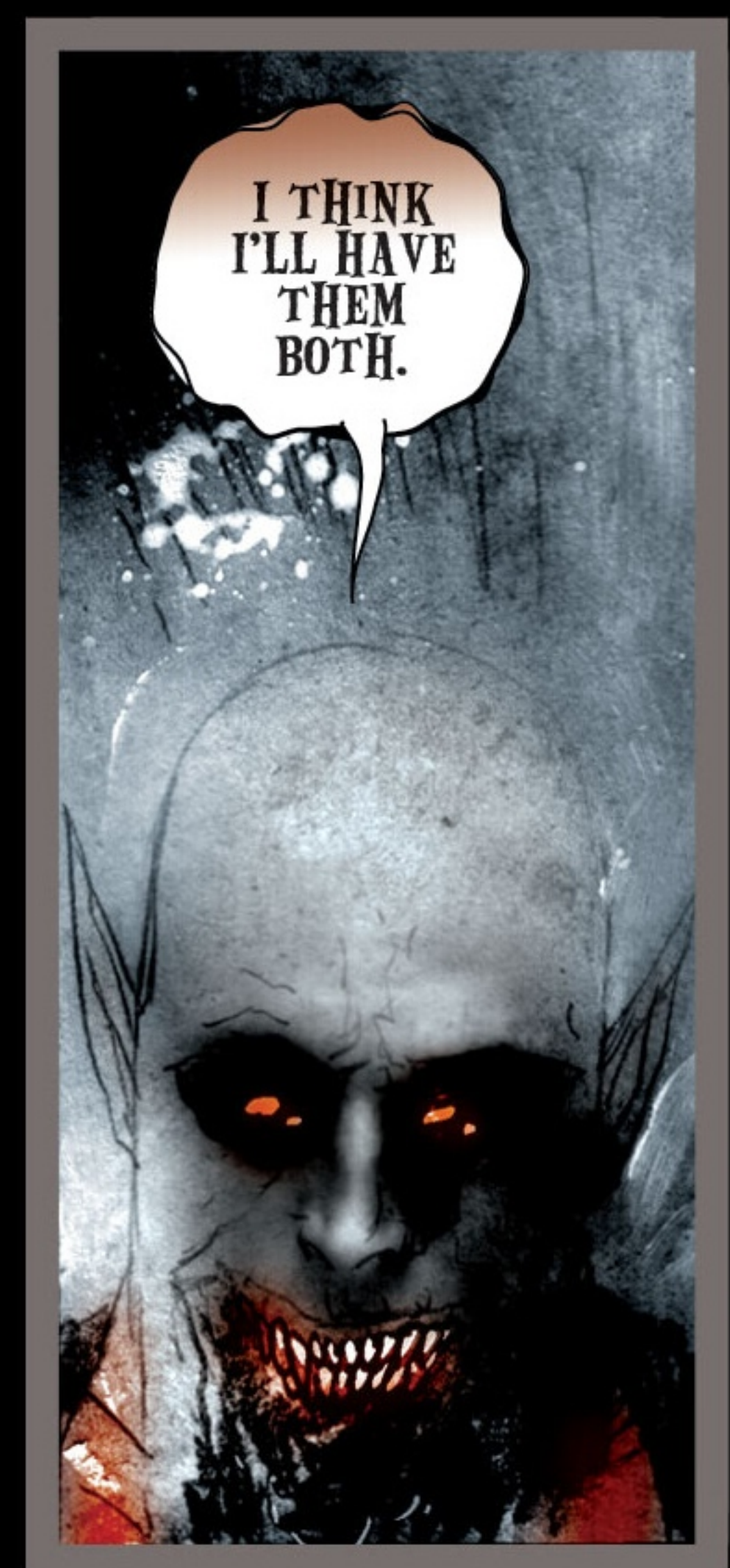
INFECTING...

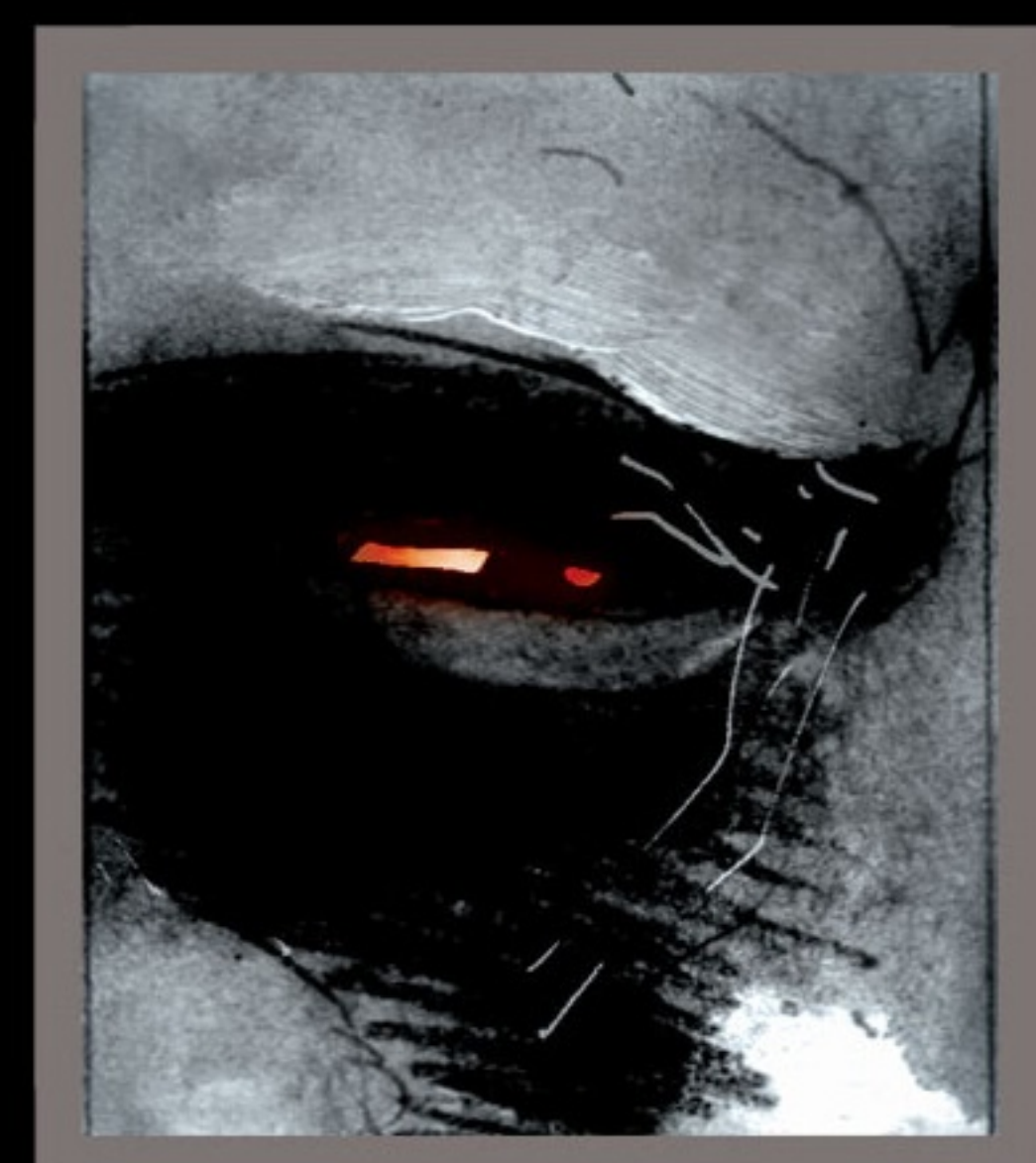
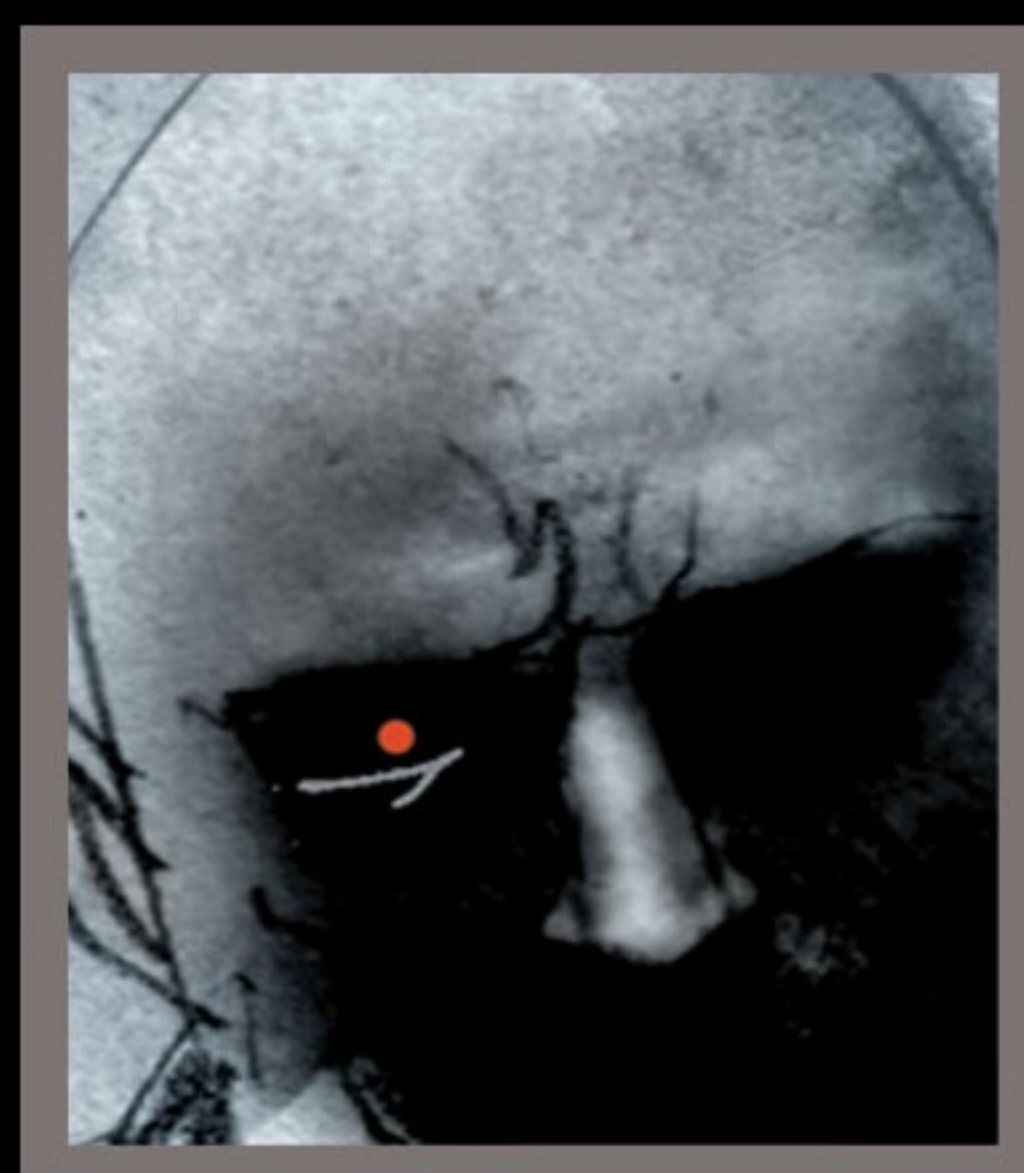
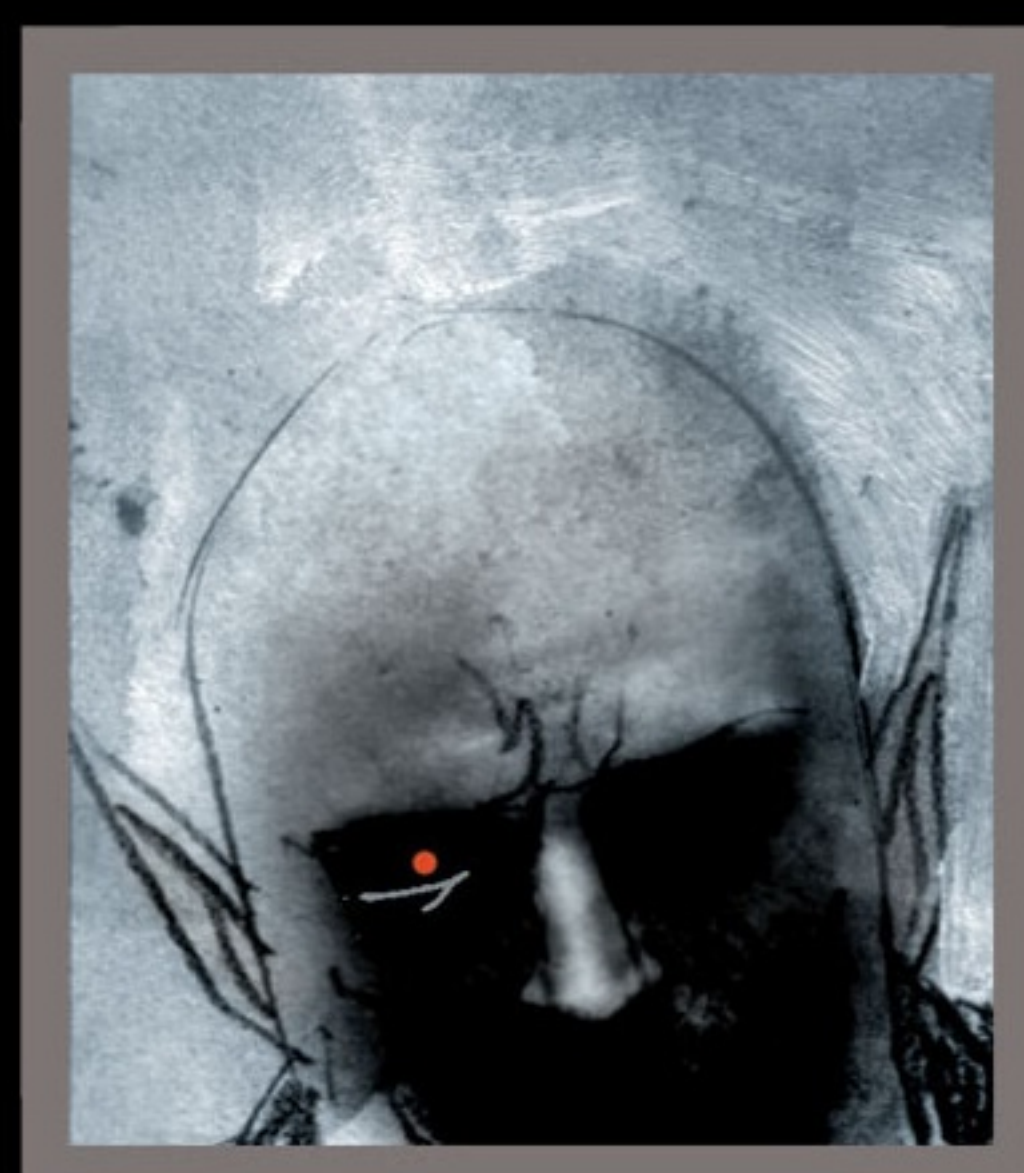


EBEN!

TRANSFORMING.



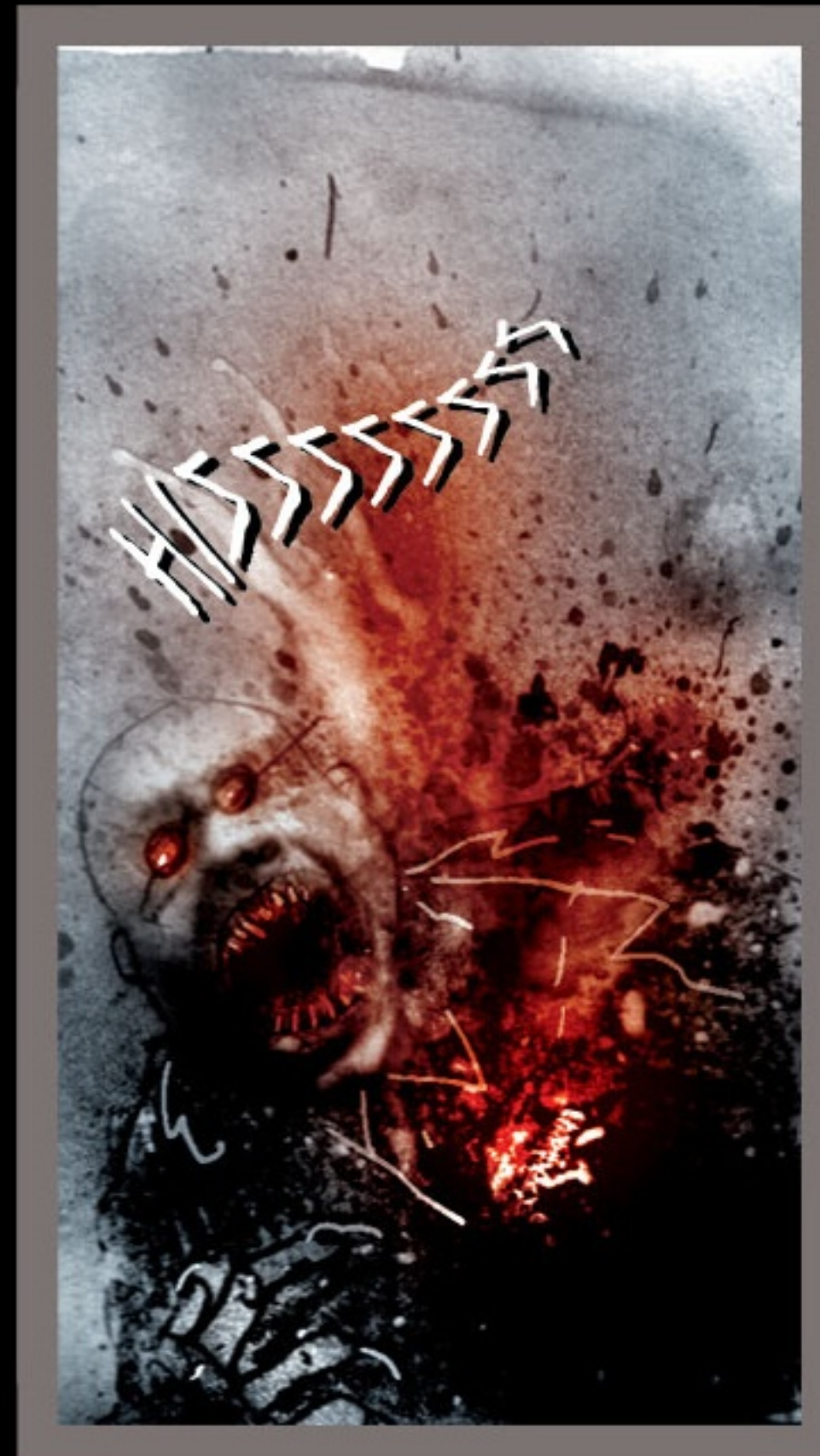














AND THEY KNOW IT.

THIS HUMAN-TURNED-UNDEAD CATCHES ON FAST. FRIGHTENINGLY FAST. ENOUGH TO PLANT A SEED OF DOUBT.



ENOUGH TO LURE THE TRAPPED FROM HIDING.



CRUNKCH



KRAK



THE CURIOUS AND THE FEARFUL EMERGE; SOME WHO HAVEN'T BREATHED FRESH AIR SINCE THE FIRST WAVE.



KRAK

BUT THIS... THIS DRAWS THEM OUT.



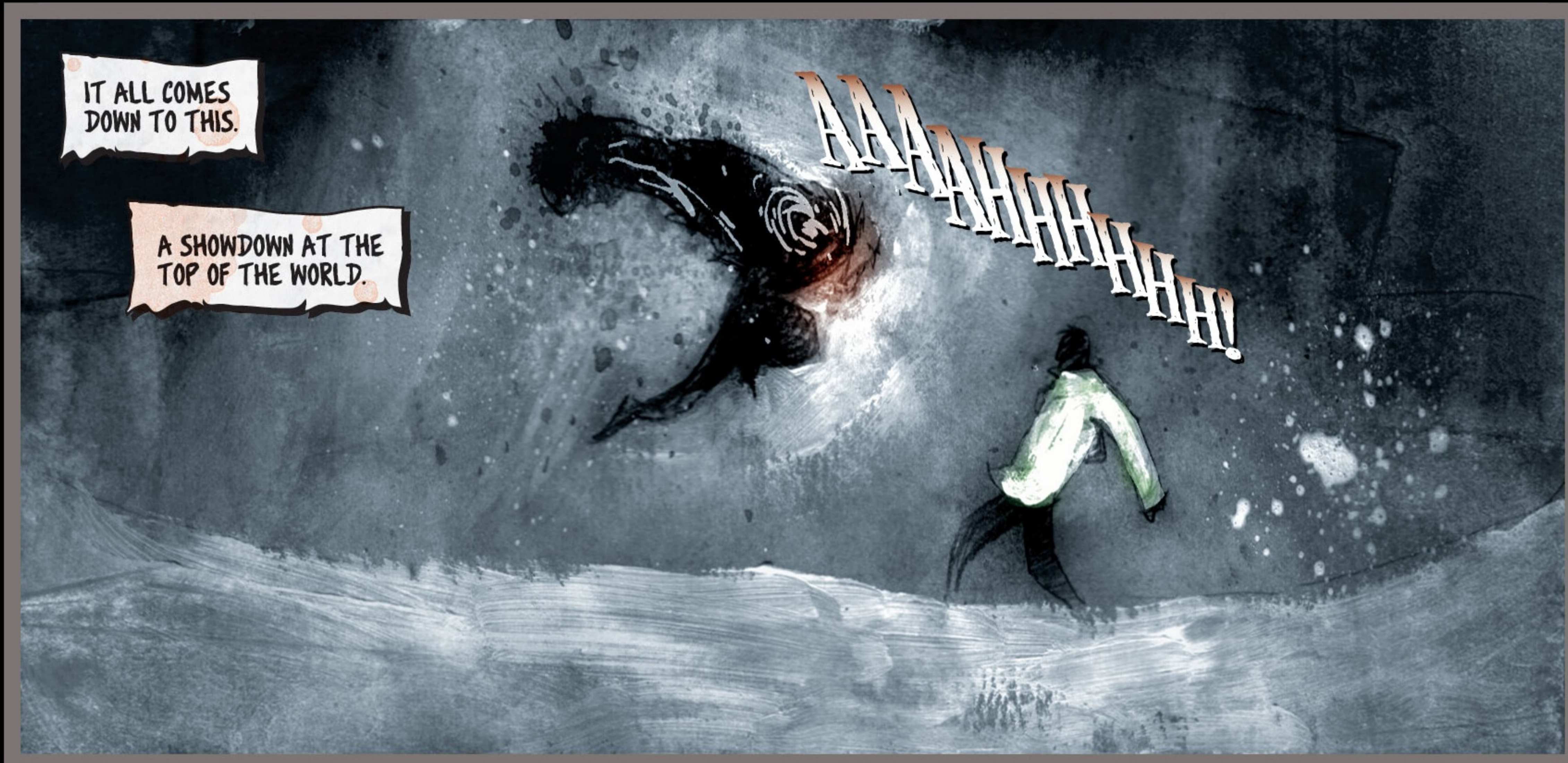
THOK

SHERIFF EBEN OLEMAUN. AMONG THE UNDEAD.

KILLING THEM WITH EASE AND GRACE.



INSPIRING THE LIVING.

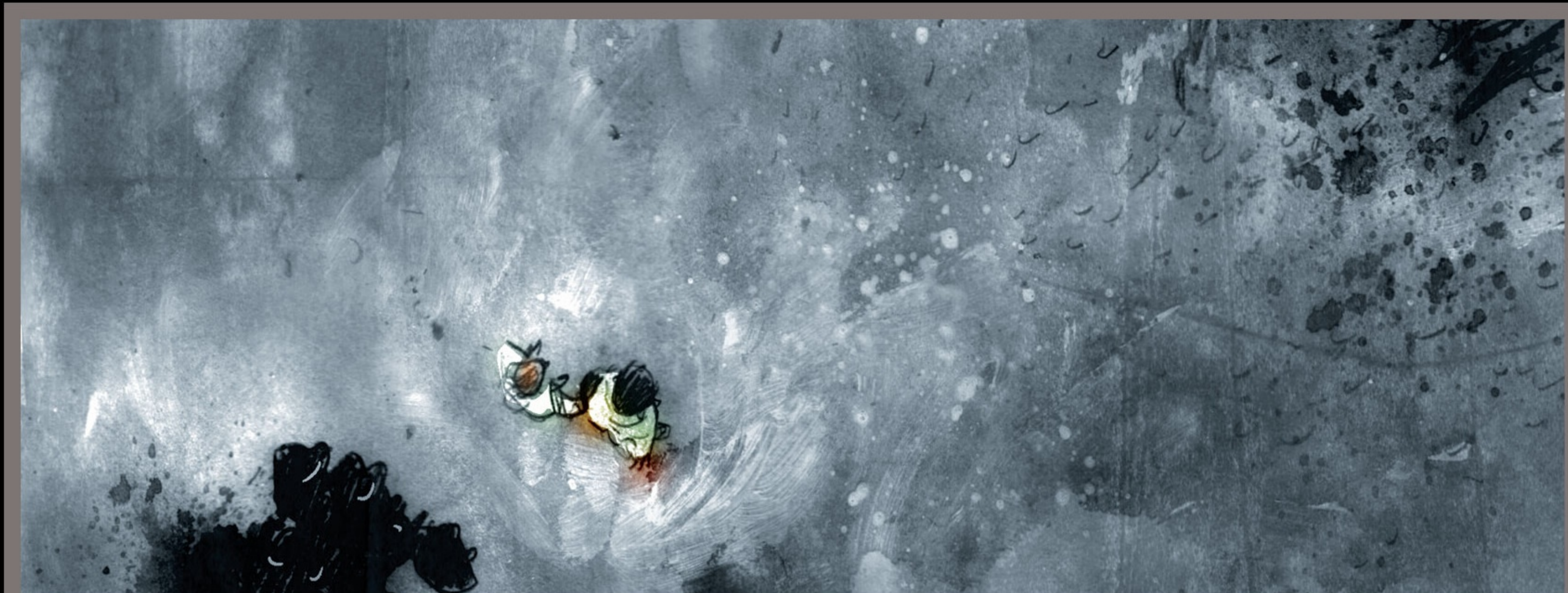
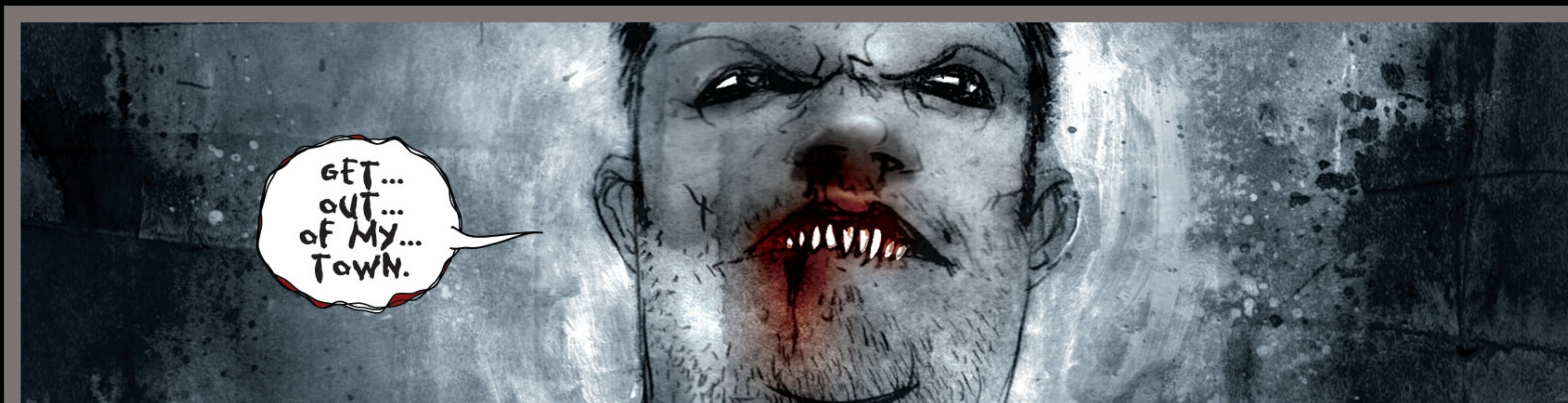


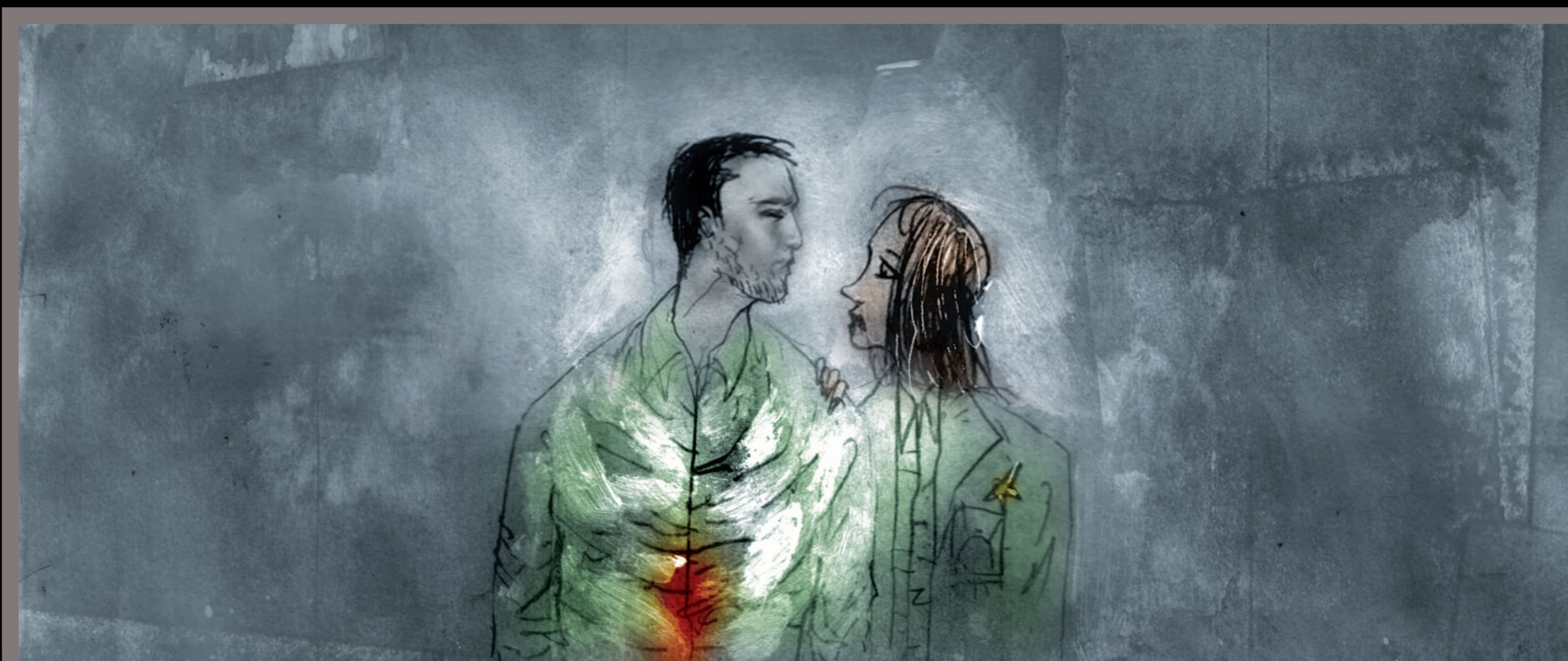
IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS.

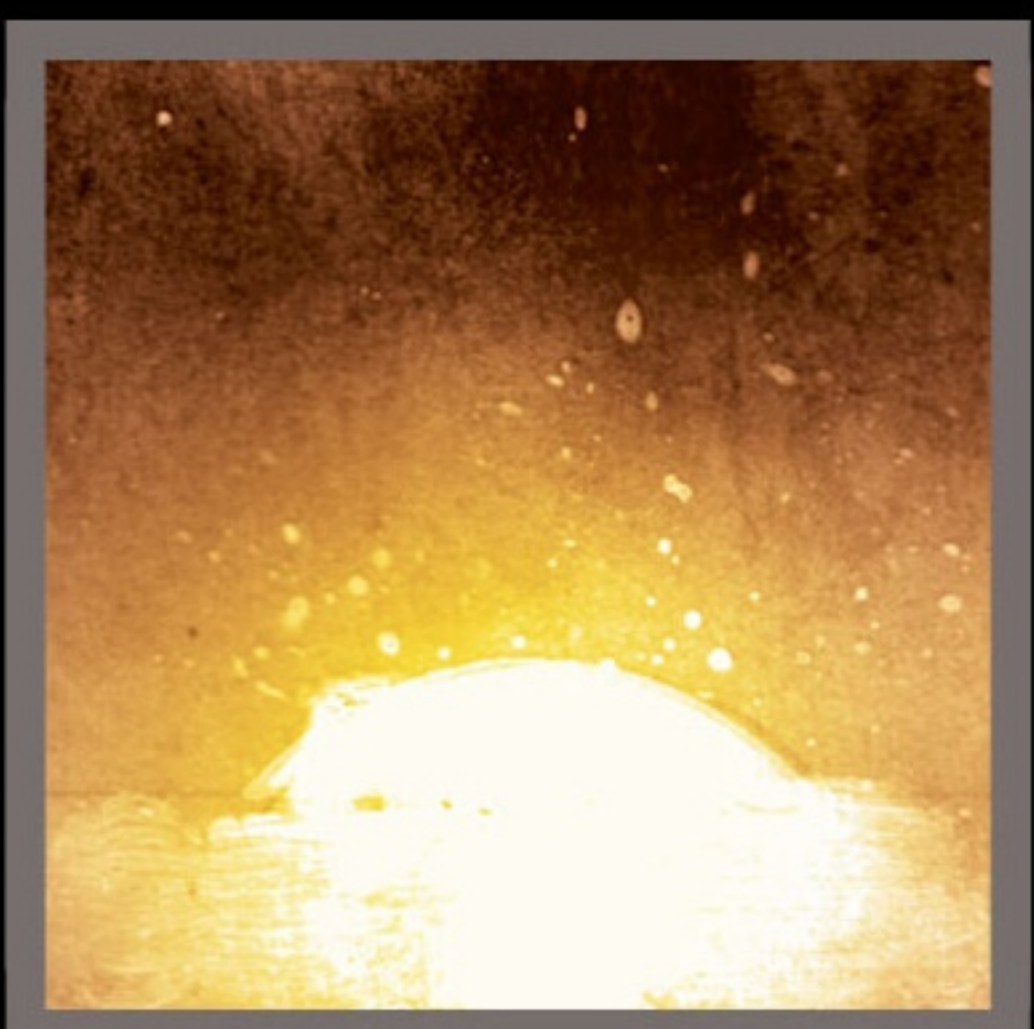
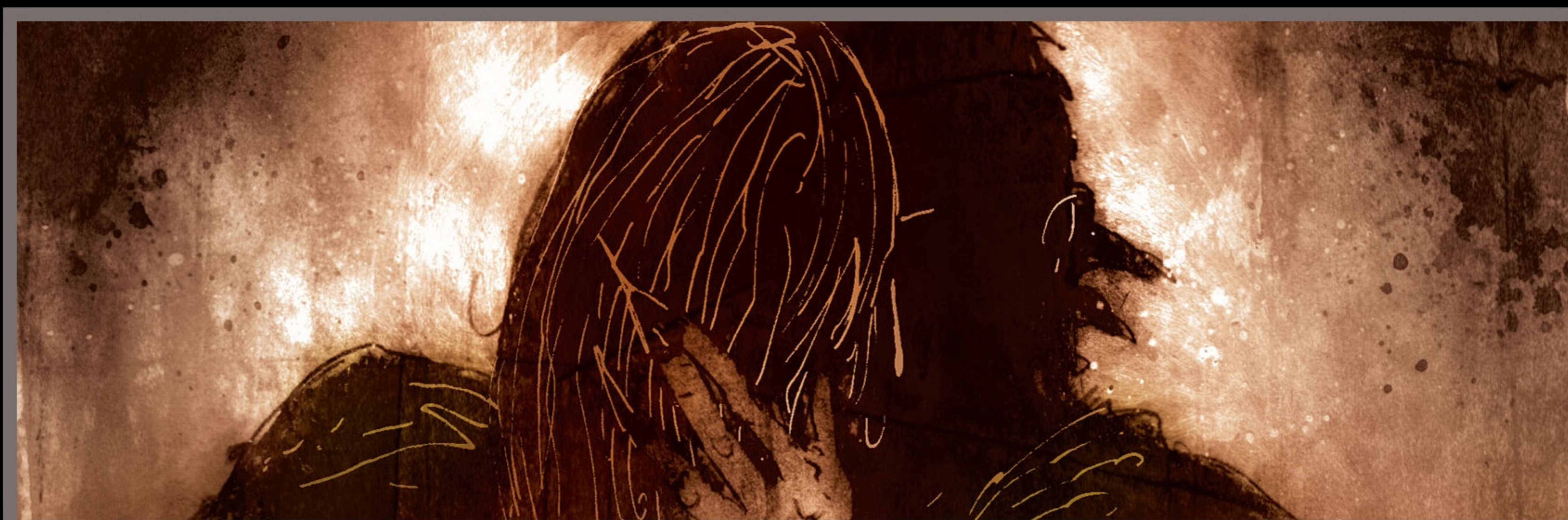
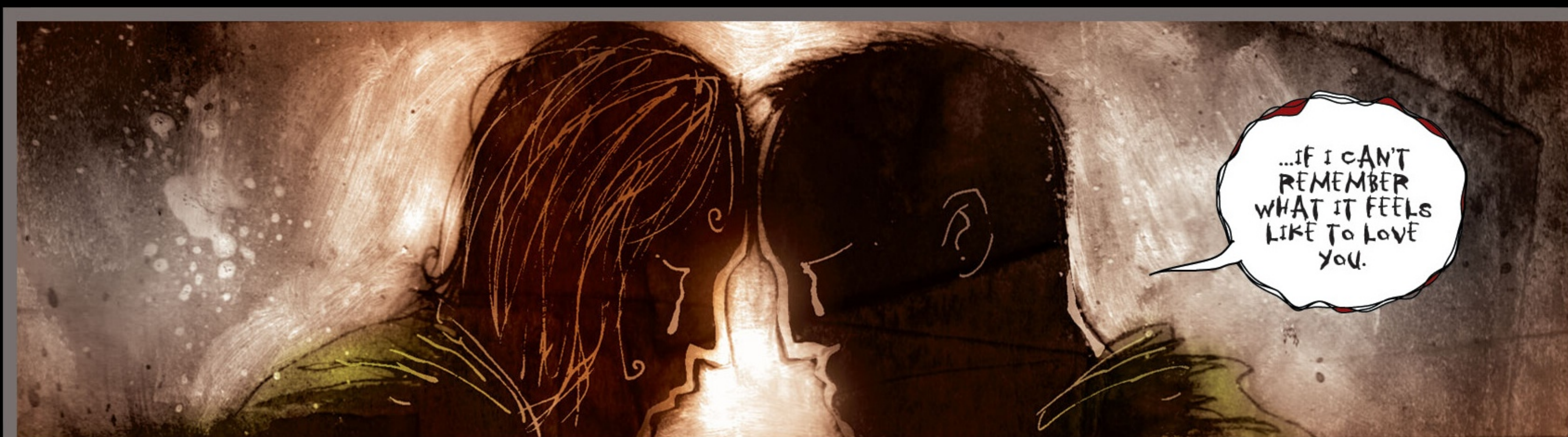
A SHOWDOWN AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD.

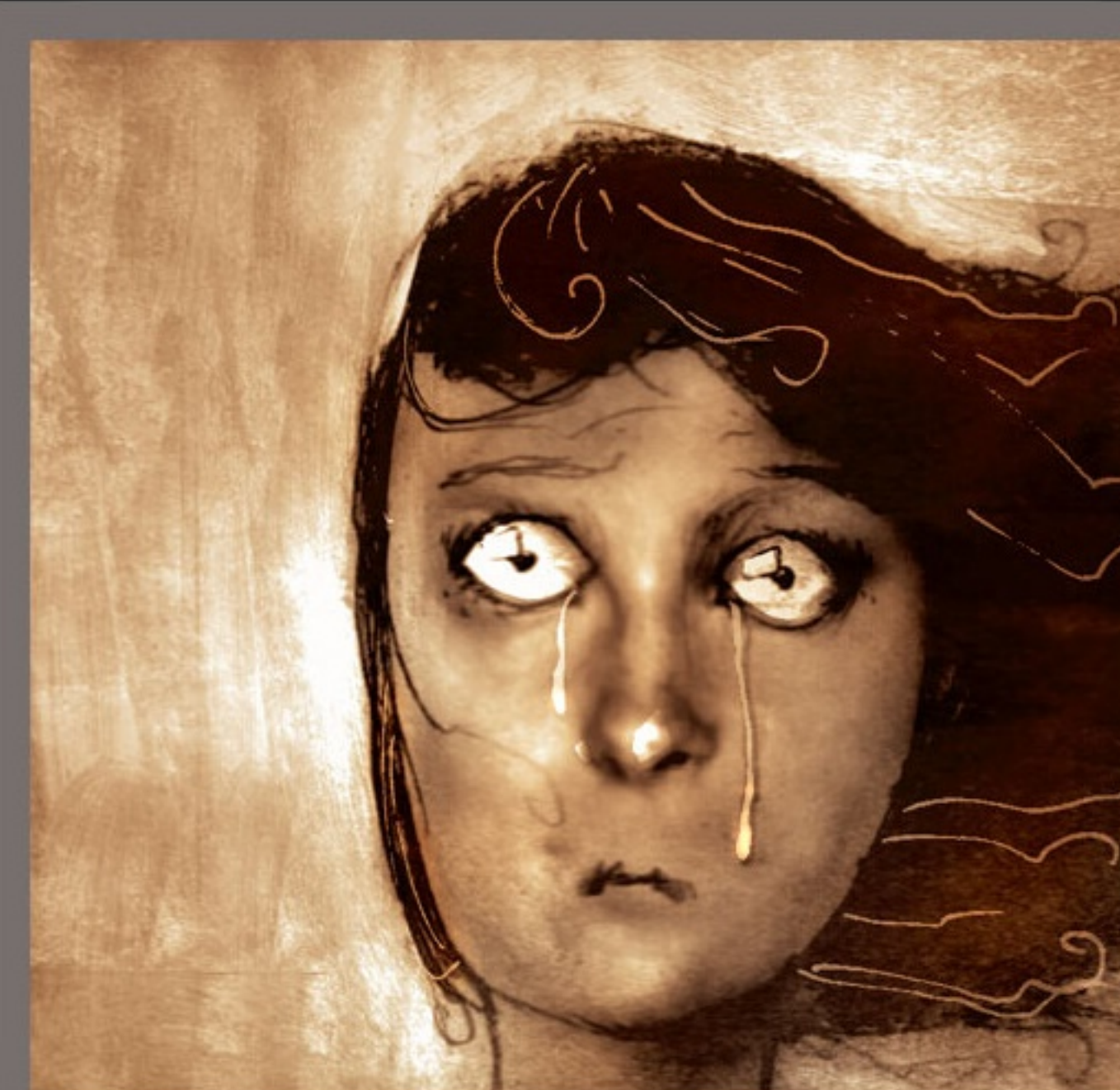
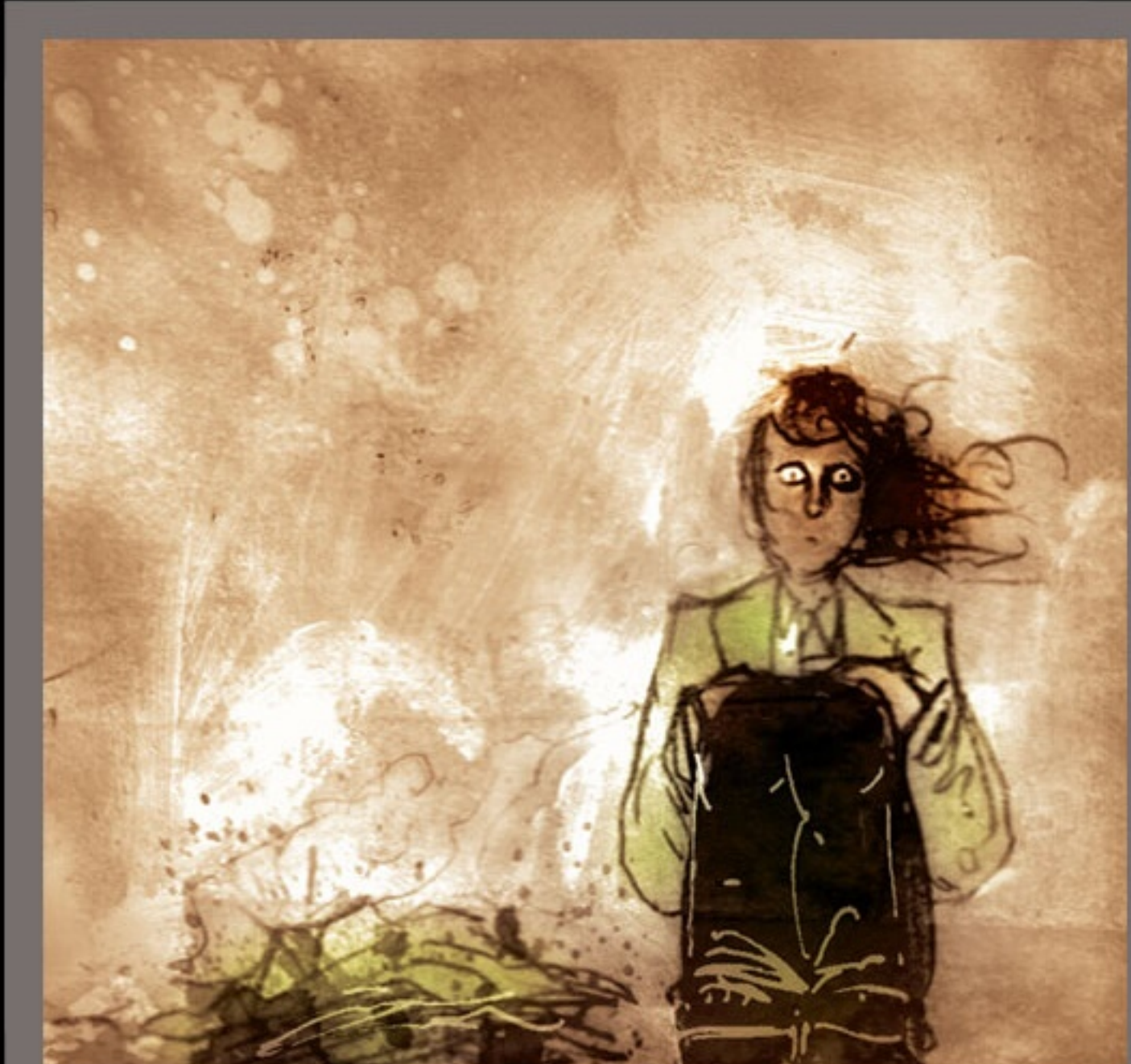
AAAAHHHHHHHHHH



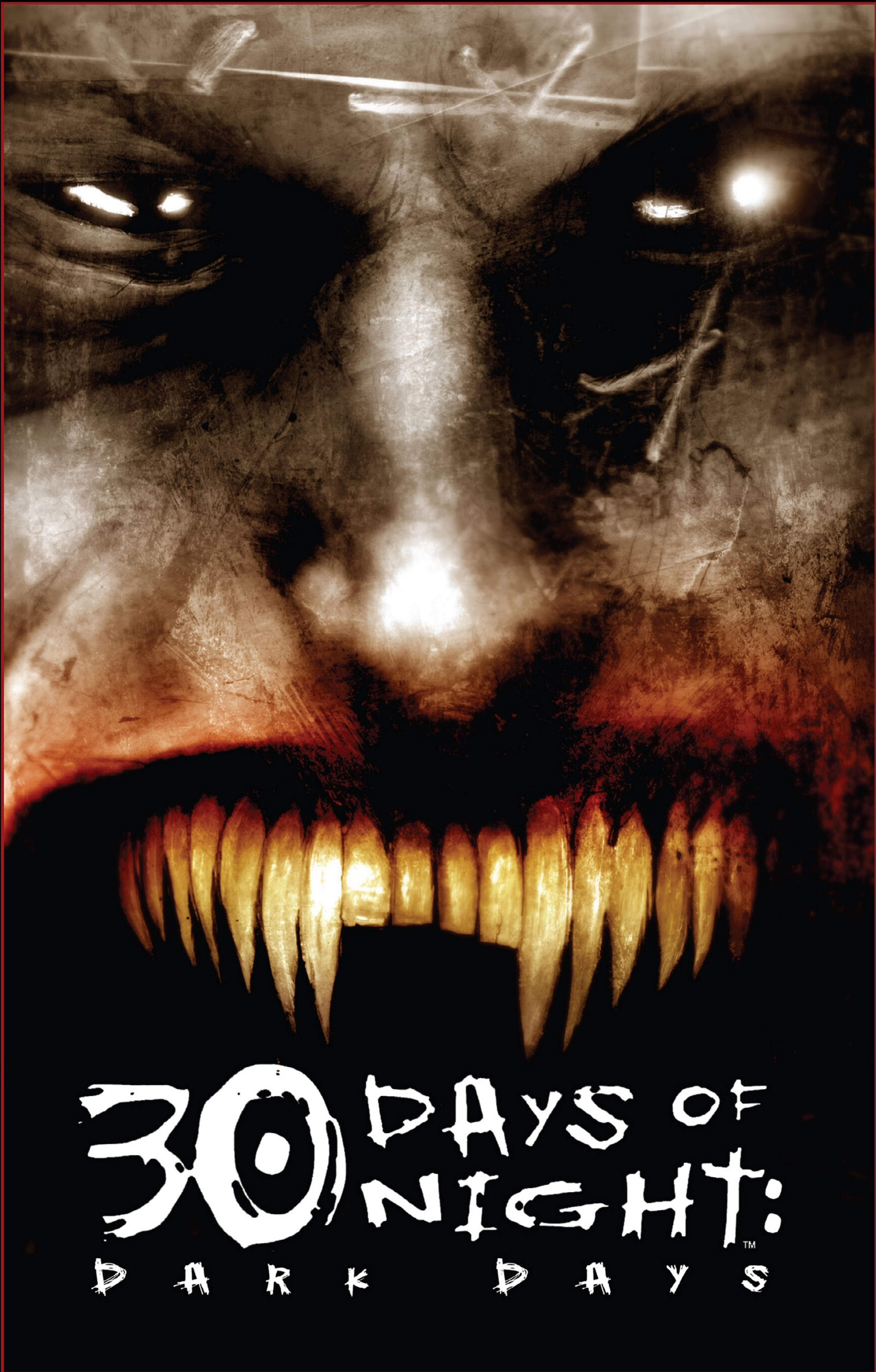












30 DAYS OF NIGHT:

D A R K D A Y S



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH



IT'S
GETTING
HARD TO
FIGHT.

I FORGET
SOMETIMES...
WHO I AM...
AND I FEEL
THIS PAIN.

YOU
COULD
HIDE.

LIVE...
LIKE THEY
DO. YOU
COULD—



SHHH.
THAT'S NOT
WHAT I
MEAN.

I KNOW.

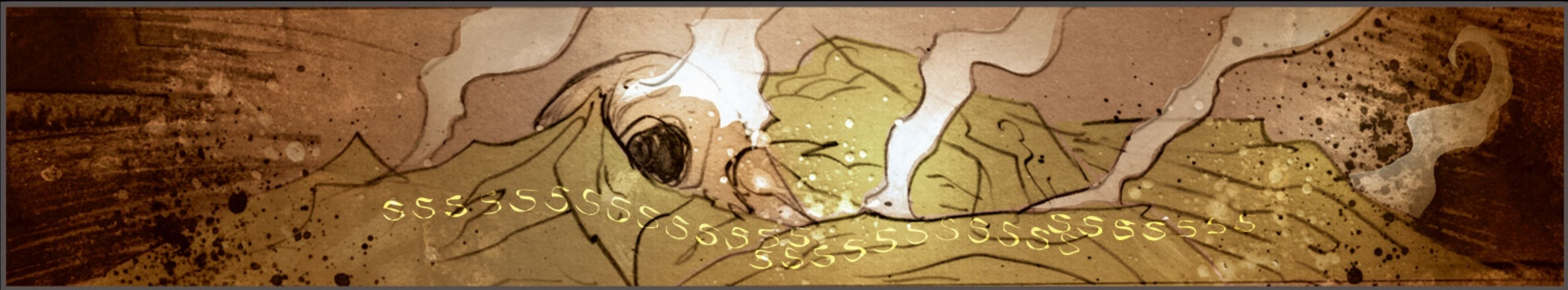
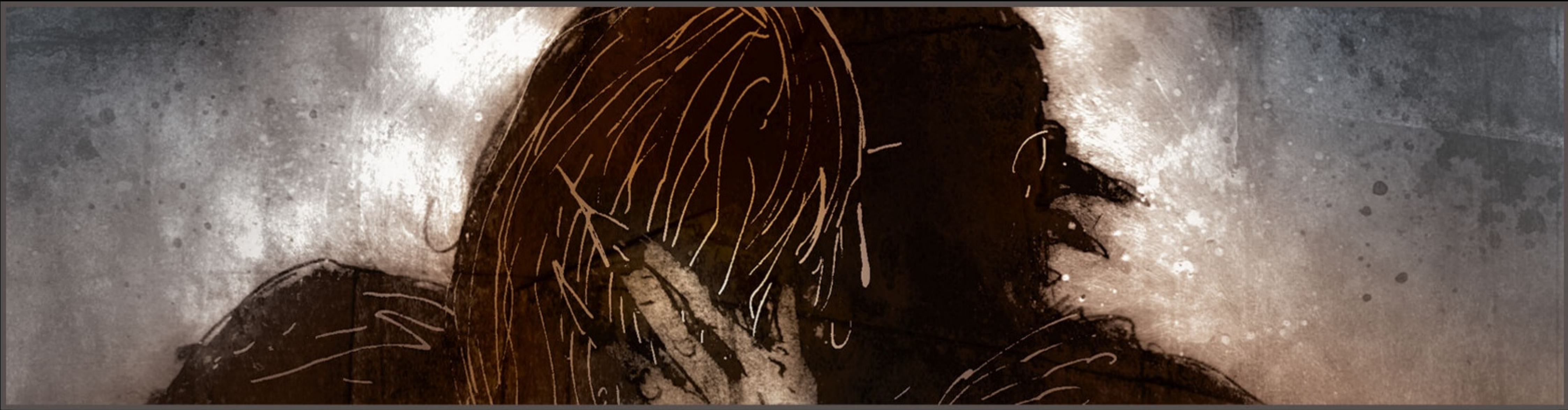


I COULD LIVE
FOREVER, SURE,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
BREATHE ANOTHER
SECOND...



...IF I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE TO
LOVE YOU.

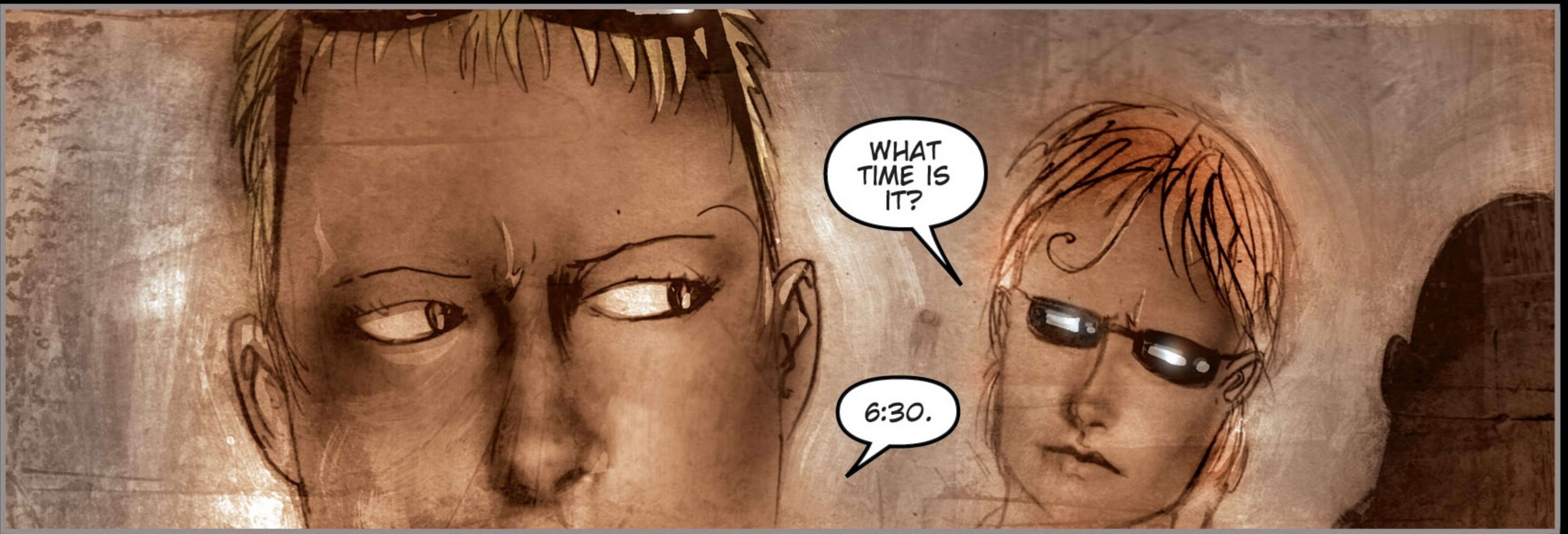
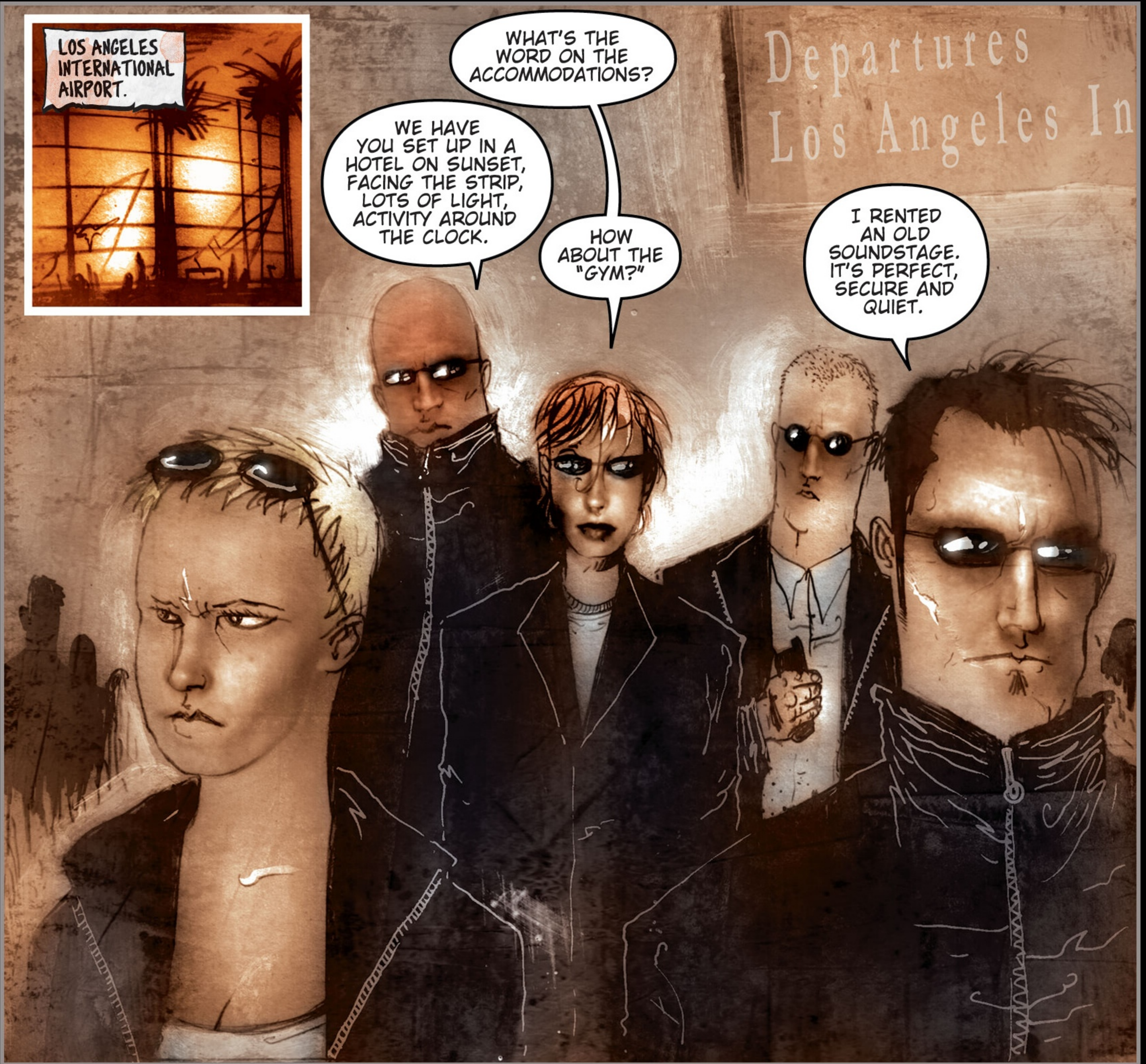


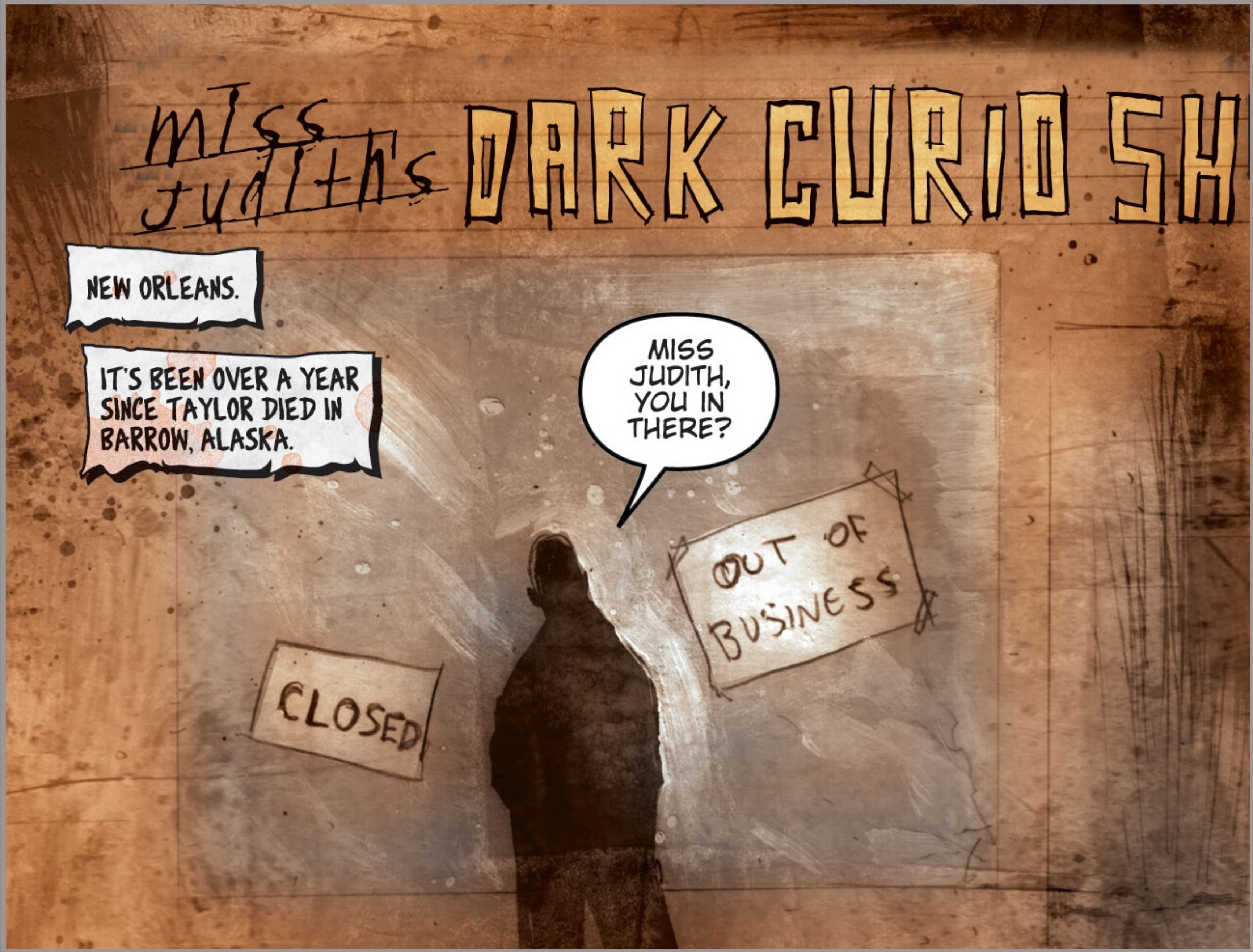












NEW ORLEANS.

IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE TAYLOR DIED IN BARROW, ALASKA.

MISS JUDITH, YOU IN THERE?

OUT OF BUSINESS

CLOSED



THIRTEEN MONTHS SINCE HER BOY DIED, ATTACKED BY CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, HIS HELICOPTER LITERALLY DRAGGED TO THE EARTH IN FLAMES.

HELLO?



HER SON WAS ONLY IN BARROW TO TAKE PICTURES.



IT'S ME, JUDITH... GEORGE. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

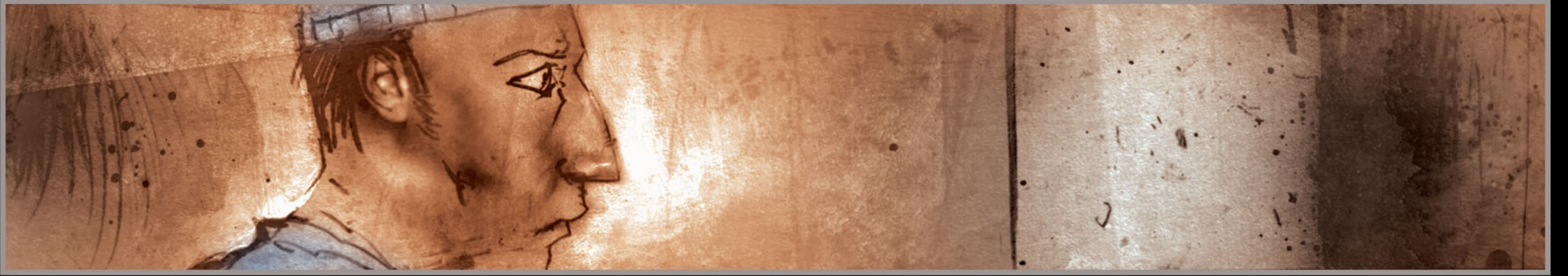
TAYLOR GOT THE PICTURES, A LIVE VAMPIRE ATTACK. THE ONLY ATTACK EVER CAUGHT ON TAPE.

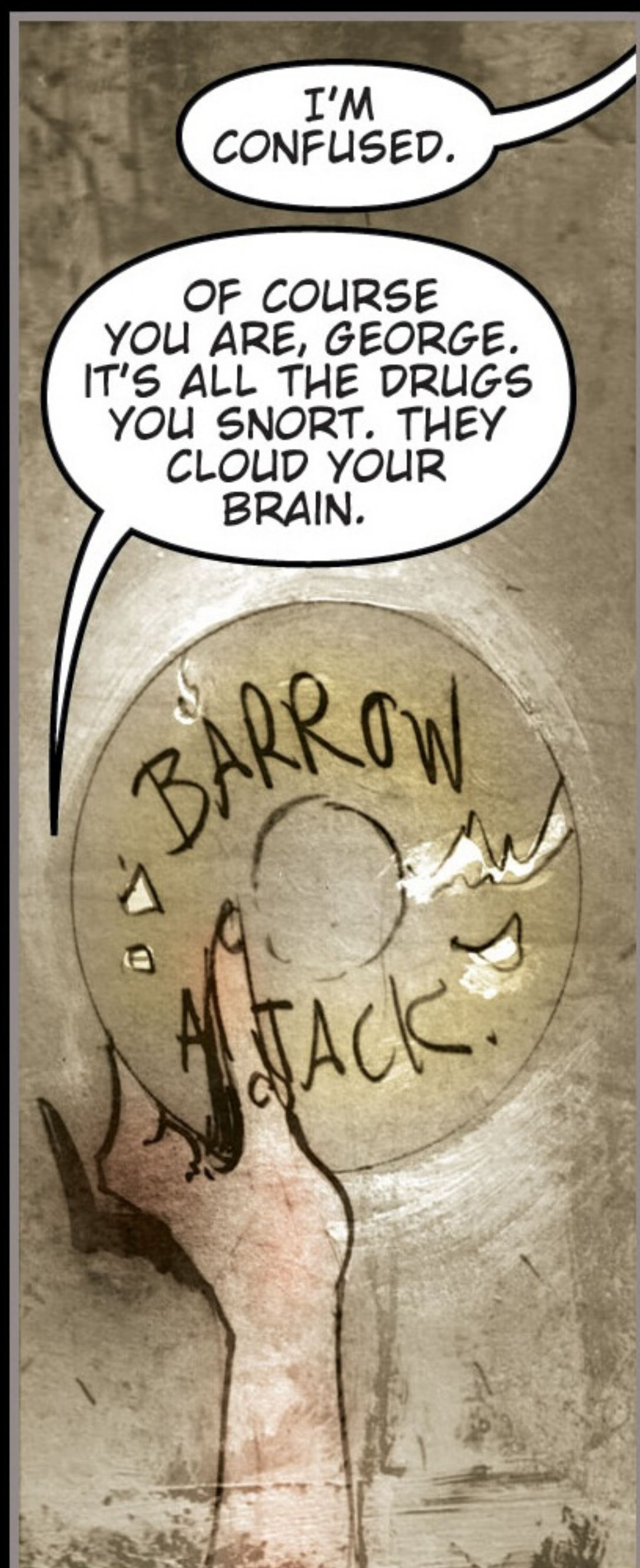
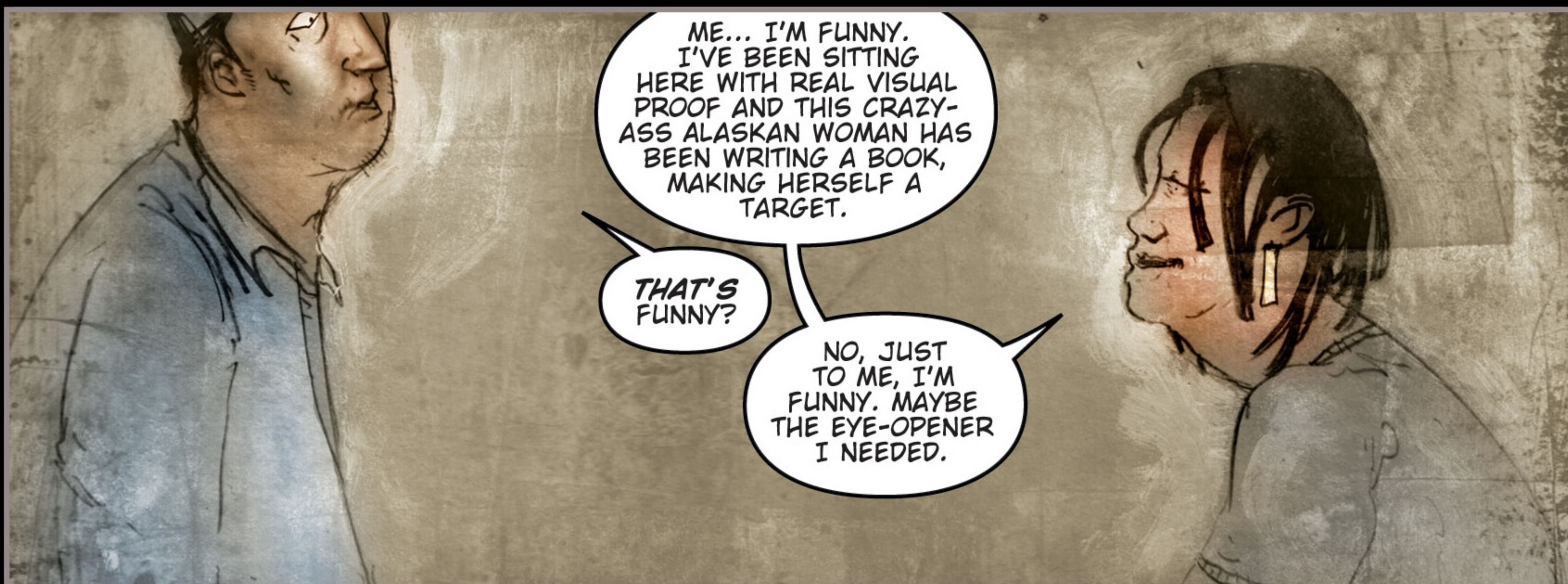


BUT FOR THE PROOF HIS MOTHER SOUGHT ALL HER LIFE, SHE SACRIFICED THE LIFE OF HER ONLY SON.



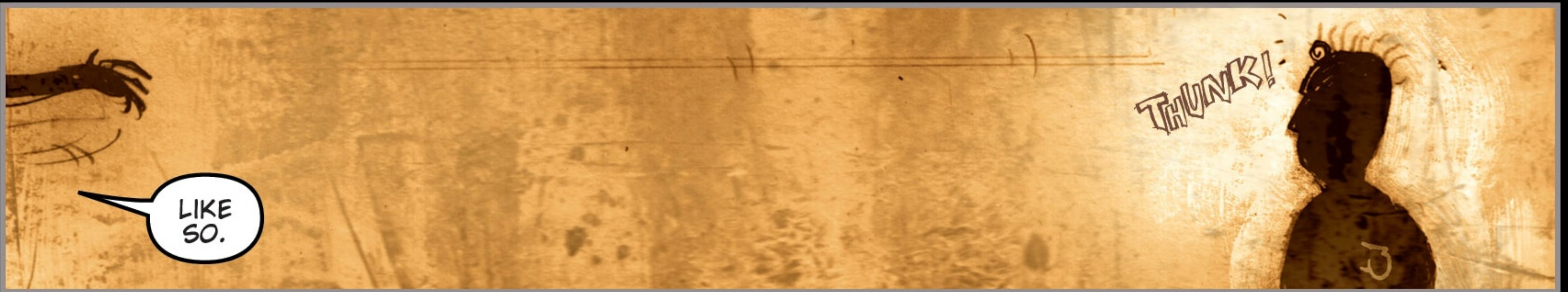
IT'S ABOUT BARROW... AND STELLA OLEMAUN.

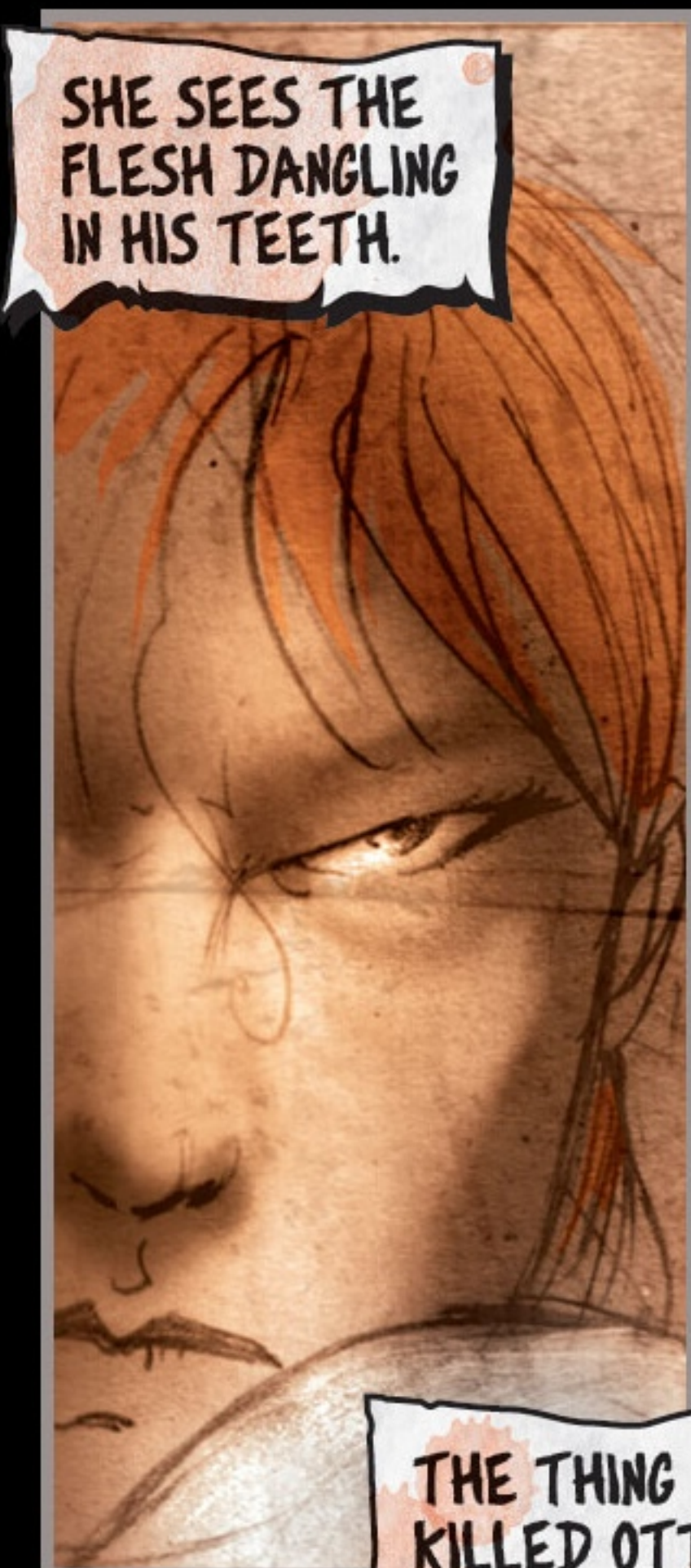
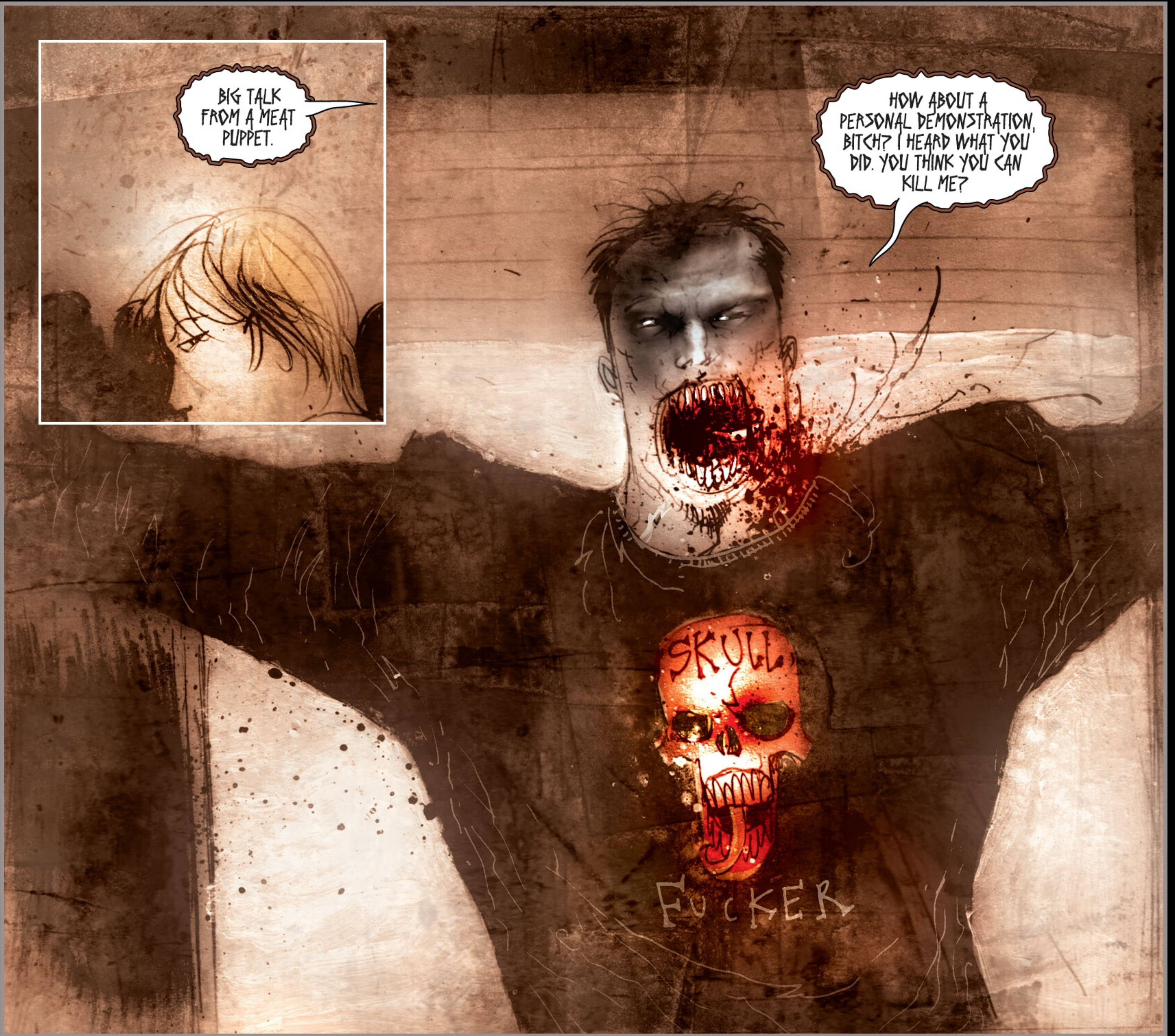














PUT IT OUT OF YOUR MIND. IT'S ALL FOR SHOW. IT'S MEANT TO BOTHER YOU. ALL A DISTRACTION.

SHOTS SLOW IT DOWN, BUT DON'T KILL. DON'T RELY ON WEAPONS.

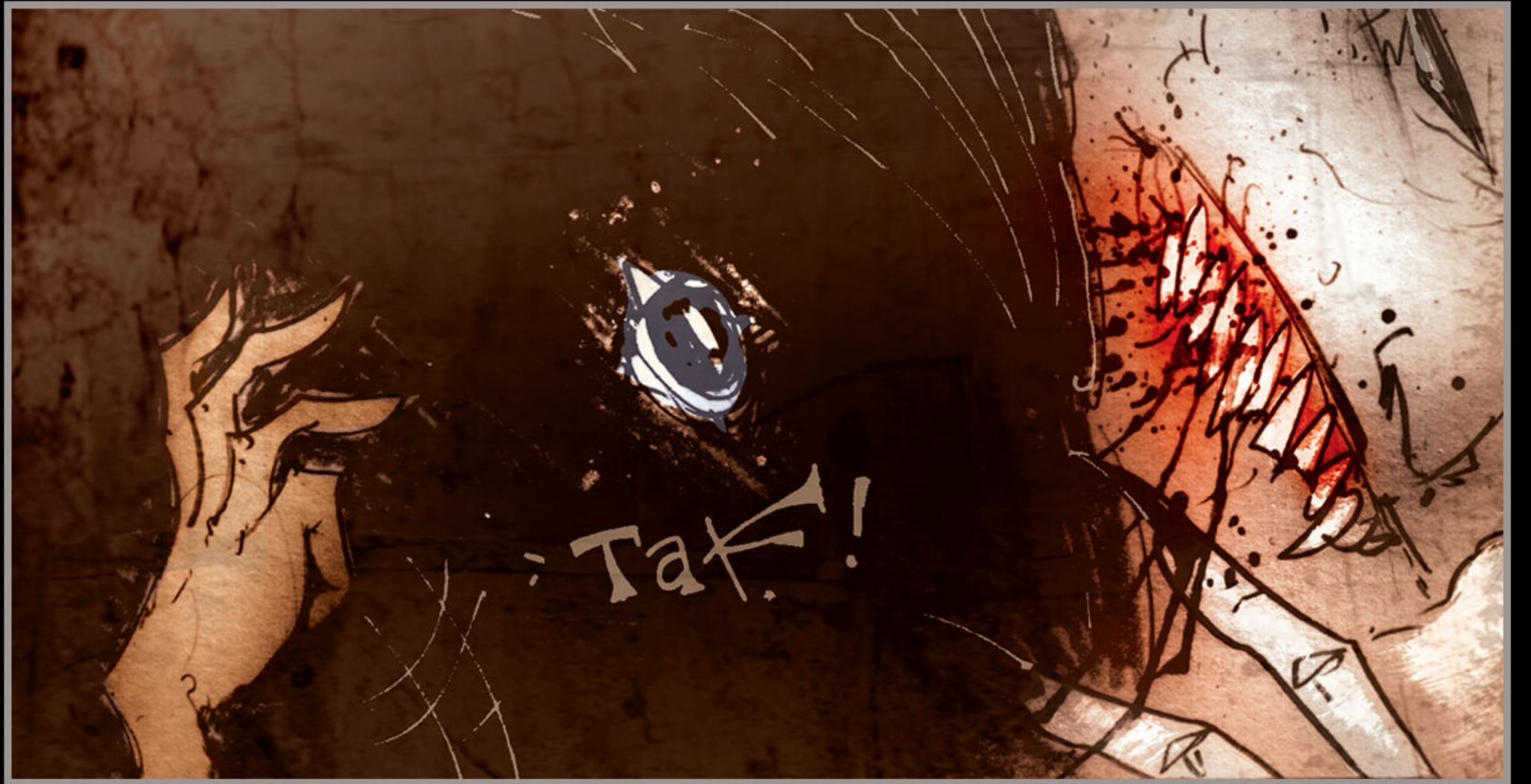
KEEP MOVING. IF IT SCRATCHES YOU, YOU RISK INFECTION. IF IT BITES YOU, IT'S ALL OVER.

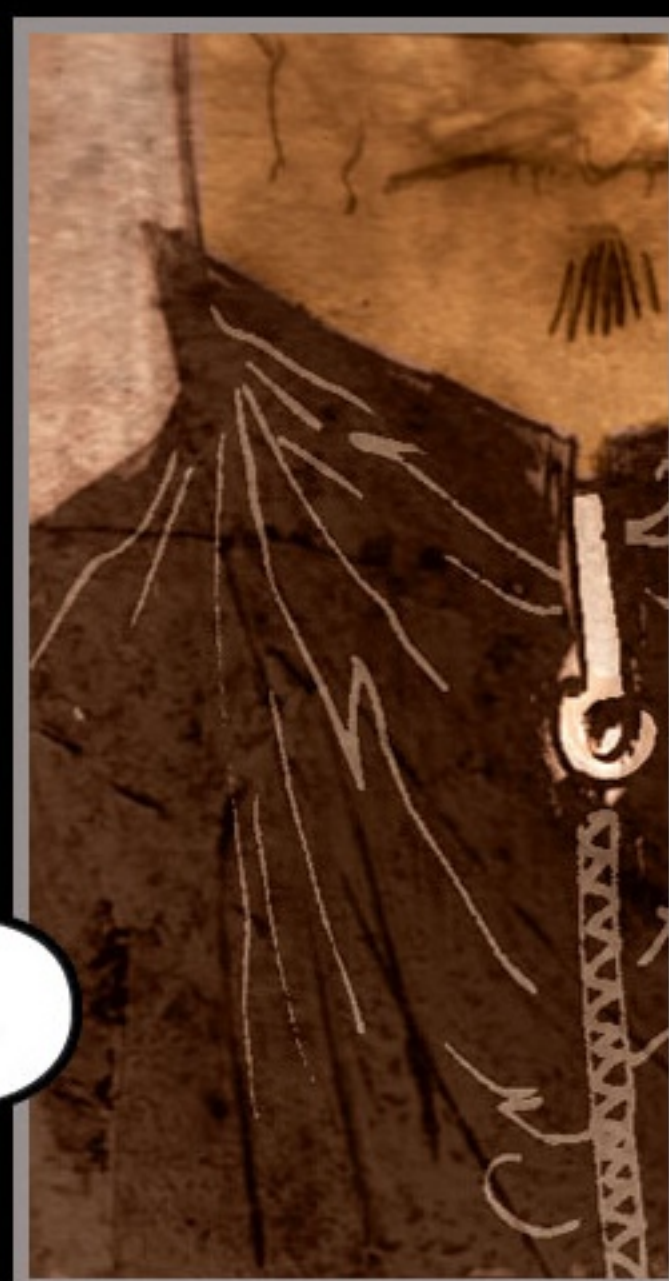
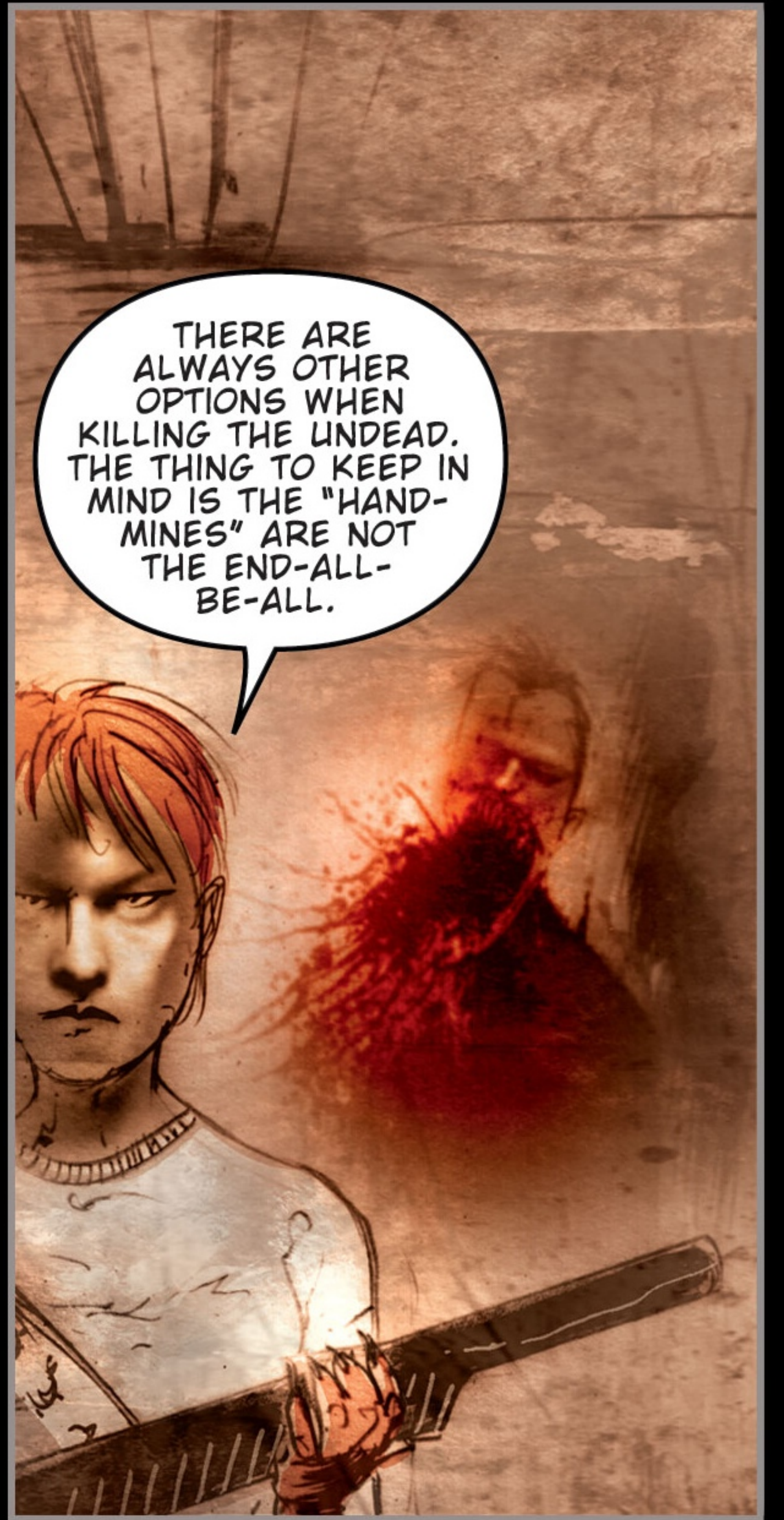
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

BLAMM!
BLAMM!

EBEN PROVED IT'S AN INFECTION. IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

IT EATS YOUR BLOOD, LITERALLY, REPLACING IT WITH A WATERY BLOOD-LIKE SUBSTANCE STRIPPED OF LIFE.





"THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. I
ORIGINALLY PLANNED ON READING
FROM MY BOOK TONIGHT, BUT I
HAVE SOMETHING ELSE PLANNED."

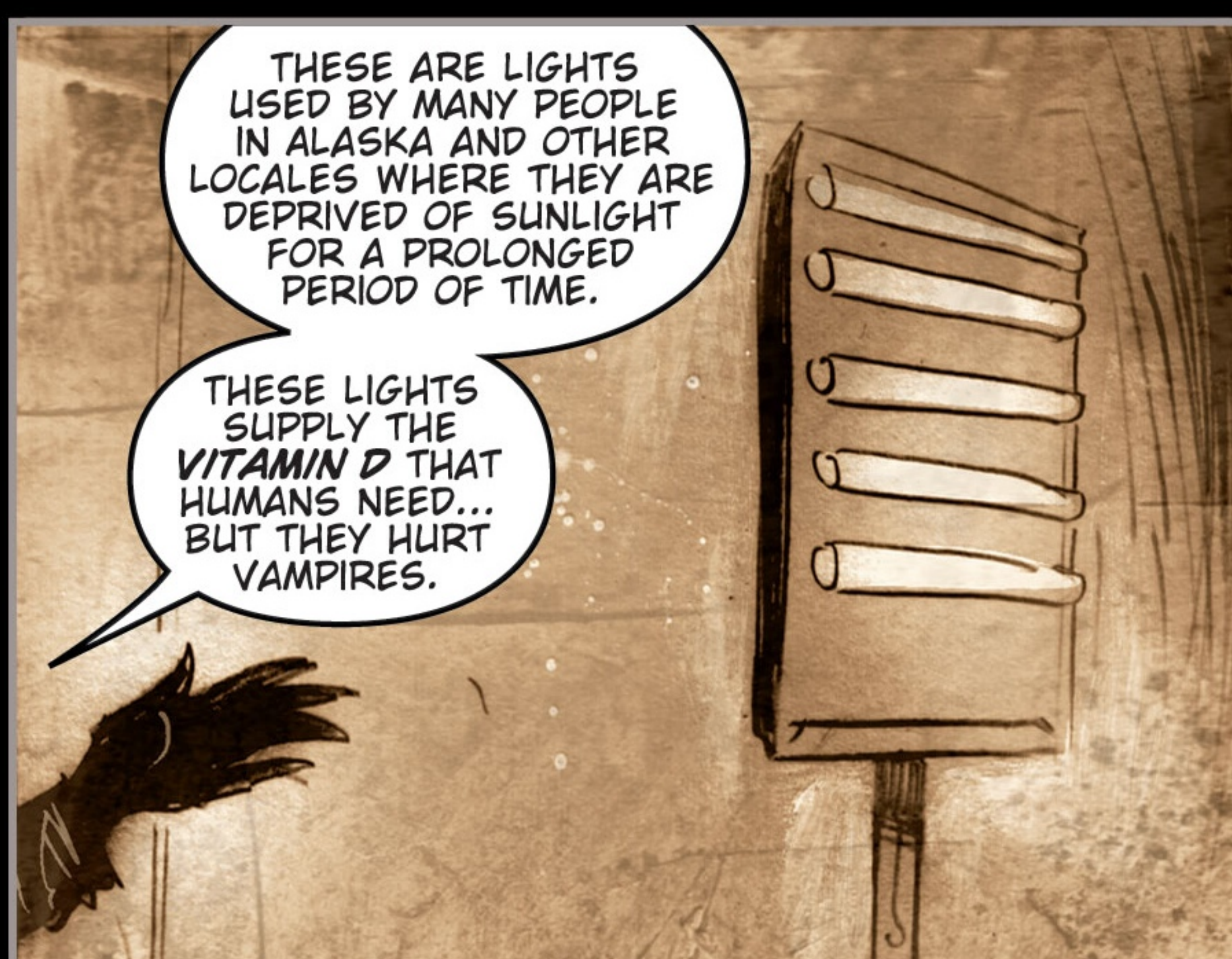
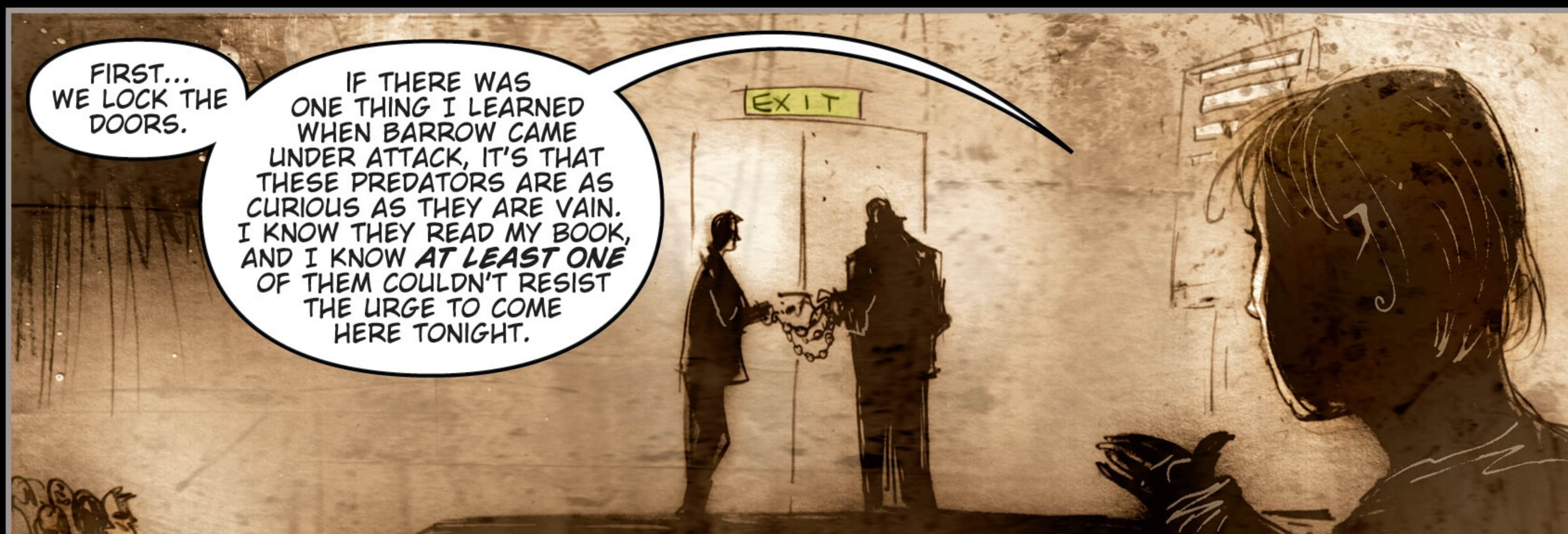
MY NAME IS
STELLA OLEMAUN. I AM
THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK
"30 DAYS OF NIGHT." THE BOOK
DETAILS WHAT MYSELF AND THE
PEOPLE OF BARROW, ALASKA WENT
THROUGH MORE THAN A YEAR AGO
DURING THE WINTER WHEN THE
SUN GOES DOWN AND DOES NOT
RETURN FOR AN EXTENDED
PERIOD OF TIME.

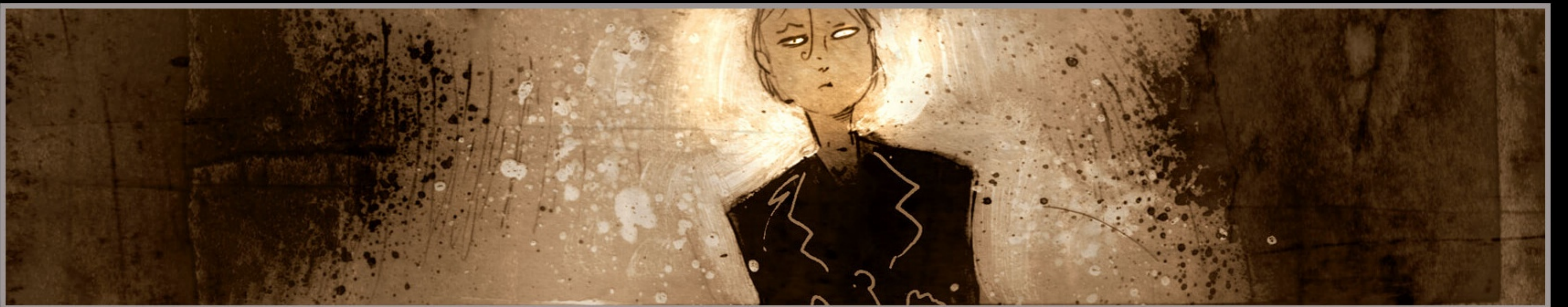
FOR OVER
A MONTH, WHILE
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS,
BARROW CAME UNDER
ASSAULT BY CRUEL, VICIOUS
AND COWARDLY ATTACKERS.
THEY KILLED MEN, WOMEN
AND CHILDREN WITHOUT
DISCRETION, WITHOUT
CAUSE AND WITHOUT
MERCY.

IT STATES IT IN
MY BOOK, AND I AM
HERE TO TELL YOU
TODAY, THAT THOSE
ATTACKERS WERE
VAMPIRES.

I EXPECTED
THIS REACTION. OF
COURSE YOU WOULD
DOUBT MY STORY. WHY
WOULDN'T YOU?
VAMPIRES, THE EXISTENCE
OF THEM IN OUR WORLD,
GOES AGAINST
EVERYTHING WE HAVE
BEEN TAUGHT.

THAT'S
WHY I WILL
PROVE THEY
EXIST HERE...
TONIGHT.









LOOKS
LIKE A BETTER
TURN-OUT THAN
WE PLANNED.



HIT THE
LIGHTS.

[d e t e r m i n a t i o n]



I'VE FOUND
THE BARROW
WOMAN.



WAS SHE HARD
TO LOCATE? IS SHE
IN HIDING AS WE
SUSPECTED?

THERE'S
TOO MANY!
OPEN THOSE
DOORS!



NO, I
WOULDN'T SAY
SHE'S HIDING.

THINGS HERE
ARE VERY
INTERESTING.



IF
ANYTHING, SHE'S
ANTAGONIZING
US.



GET DOWN HERE
ASAP. THE LADY
WANTS A WAR...



BLAMM

...SHE'S GOT
A WAR.













NOT MANY
BOOK SIGNING
EVENTS END IN
GUNFIRE.

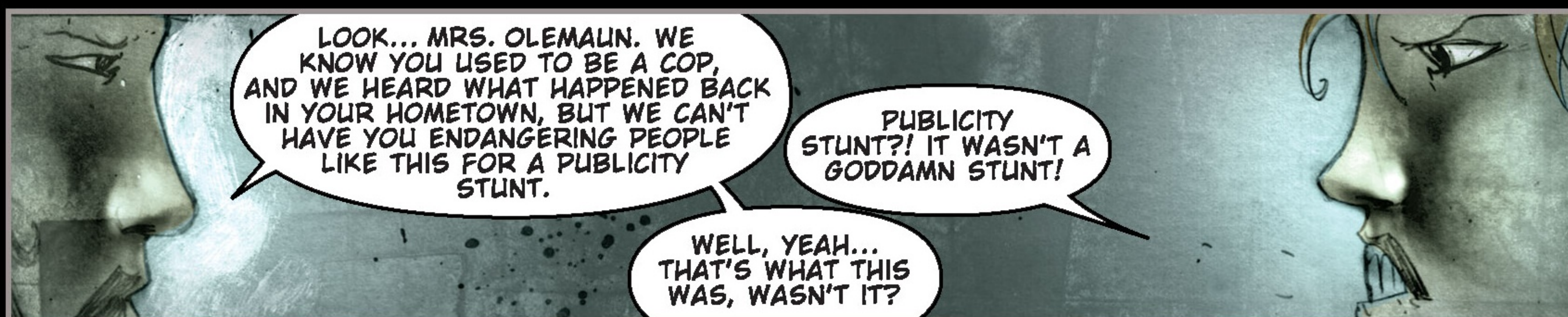
CARE TO
TELL US WHAT
HAPPENED?

I ALREADY
TOLD YOU.



YEAH,
VAMPIRES. I READ
THE DUSTJACKET. SO
YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES
CAUSED A RIOT ON
CAMPUS TO CATCH
VAMPIRES?

THAT'S
MY STORY.
I'M STICKING
TO IT.



LOOK... MRS. OLEMAUN. WE
KNOW YOU USED TO BE A COP,
AND WE HEARD WHAT HAPPENED BACK
IN YOUR HOMETOWN, BUT WE CAN'T
HAVE YOU ENDANGERING PEOPLE
LIKE THIS FOR A PUBLICITY
STUNT.

PUBLICITY
STUNT?! IT WASN'T A
GODDAMN STUNT!

WELL, YEAH...
THAT'S WHAT THIS
WAS, WASN'T IT?



UM, I GOTTA SIDE
WITH THE SUSPECT
HERE, TALBOT. THEY
HAVE LIVE AMMO AND
EXPLOSIVES.

MRS. OLEMAUN,
CAN YOU EXCUSE US
FOR A MOMENT?

KNOCK
YOURSELF
OUT.



WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?

FUCK THIS
BULLSHIT, FRANK.
THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A
STUNT. COME ON—
VAMPIRES AND HER
BOOK *JUST* CAME OUT.
I SAY WE CUT THEM
ALL LOOSE.

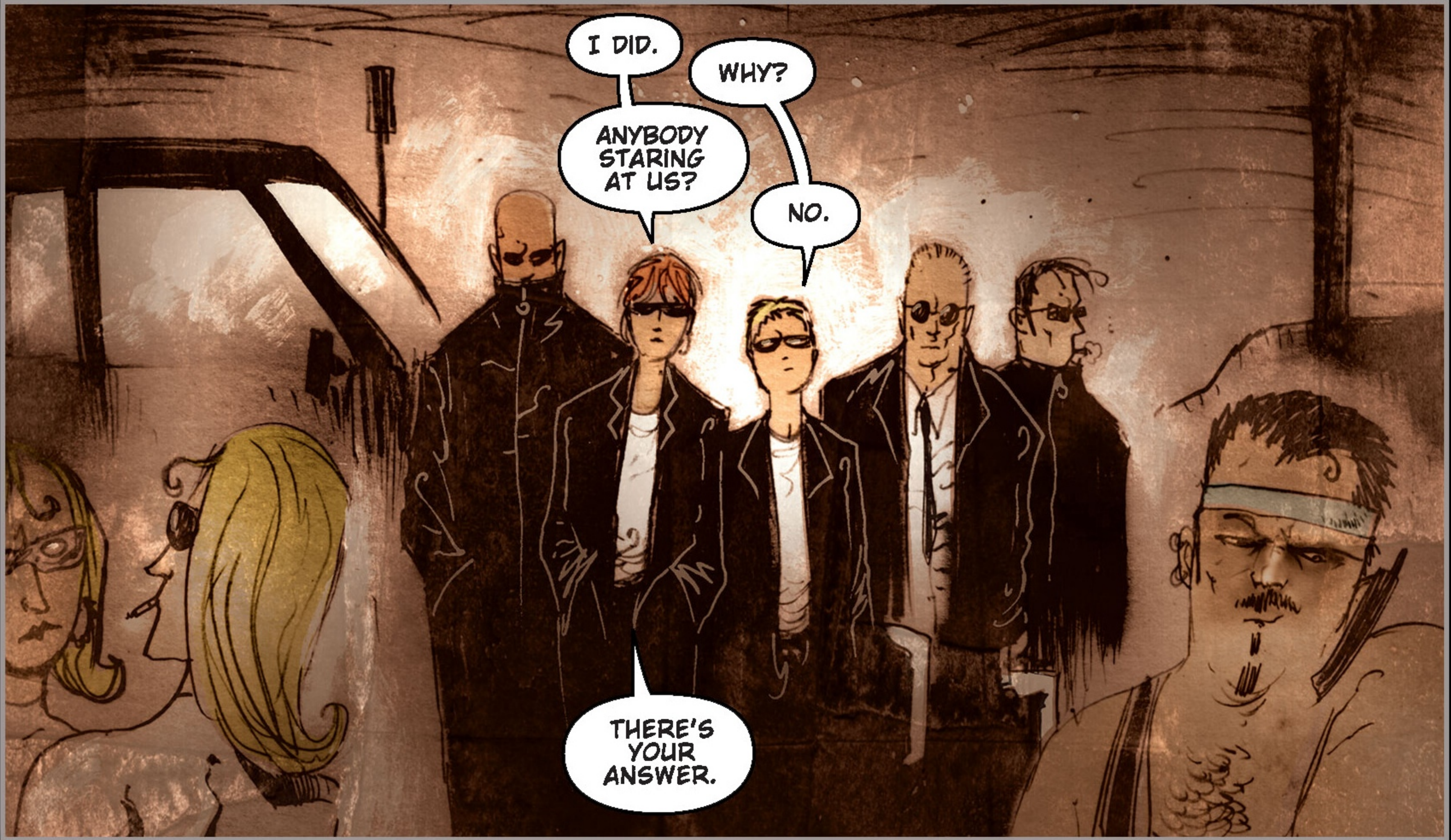
LET ME
REPEAT A FEW
WORDS TO YOU...
**LIVE AMMO AND
EXPLOSIVE
CHARGES!**



I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE
MY NAME SPREAD ALL OVER
THE PAPERS WITH THIS
NUTCASE AND HER DRACULA
CIRCUS, AND IF WE PRESS
CHARGES, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL
HAVE. WE MIGHT AS WELL
HAVE OUR HEADS CHANGED
INTO BIG CARTOON JACK-
ASS HEADS RIGHT
NOW.

COME ON,
FRANK...

NOBODY WAS
HURT. MAYBE A LITTLE
RATTLED. NO ONE FROM
THE AUDIENCE WANTS TO
PRESS CHARGES.

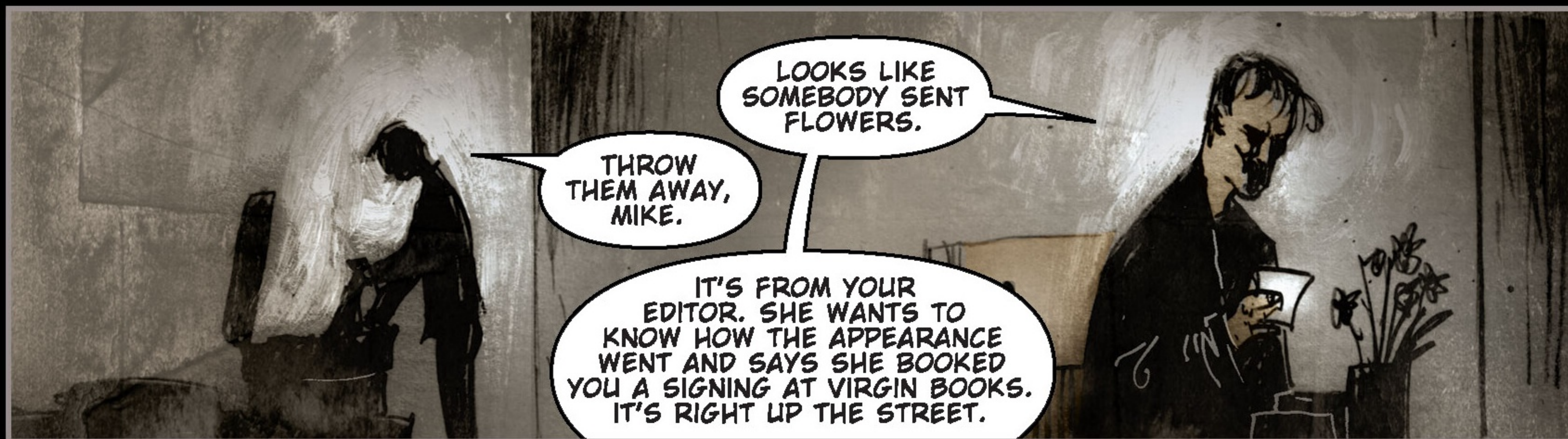




MIKE, PETER, RIG
ONE OF THE LIGHTS
OUTSIDE THE BALCONY DOOR
AND PLACE THE OTHER ONE
BETWEEN THE BED AND THE
DOOR. TINA, LET'S GET SOME
NEWS ON AND SEE WHAT A
RUCKUS WE CAUSED
TONIGHT.

RIGHT.

GOT IT.



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY SENT
FLOWERS.

THROW
THEM AWAY,
MIKE.

IT'S FROM YOUR
EDITOR. SHE WANTS TO
KNOW HOW THE APPEARANCE
WENT AND SAYS SHE BOOKED
YOU A SIGNING AT VIRGIN BOOKS.
IT'S RIGHT UP THE STREET.

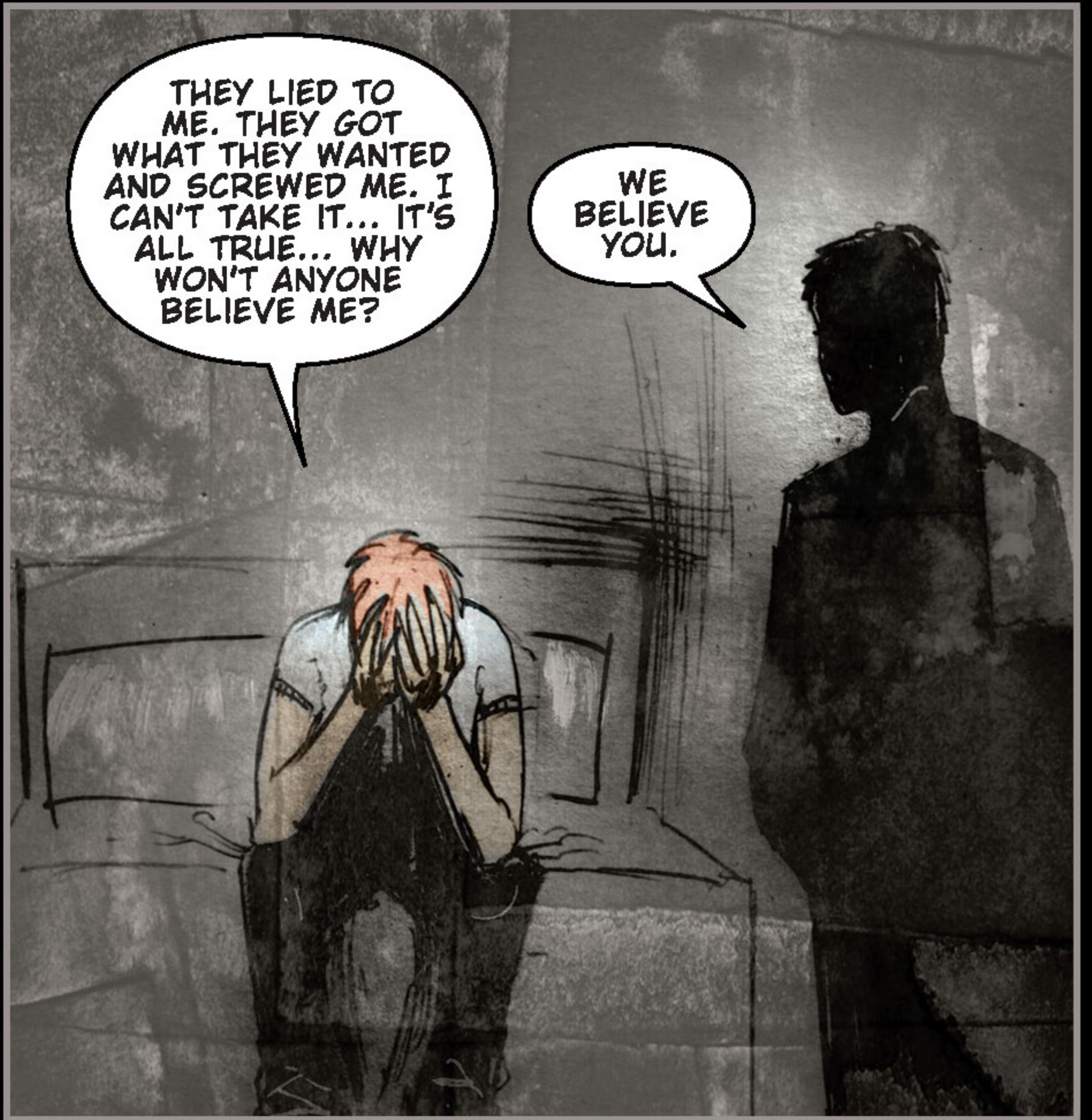


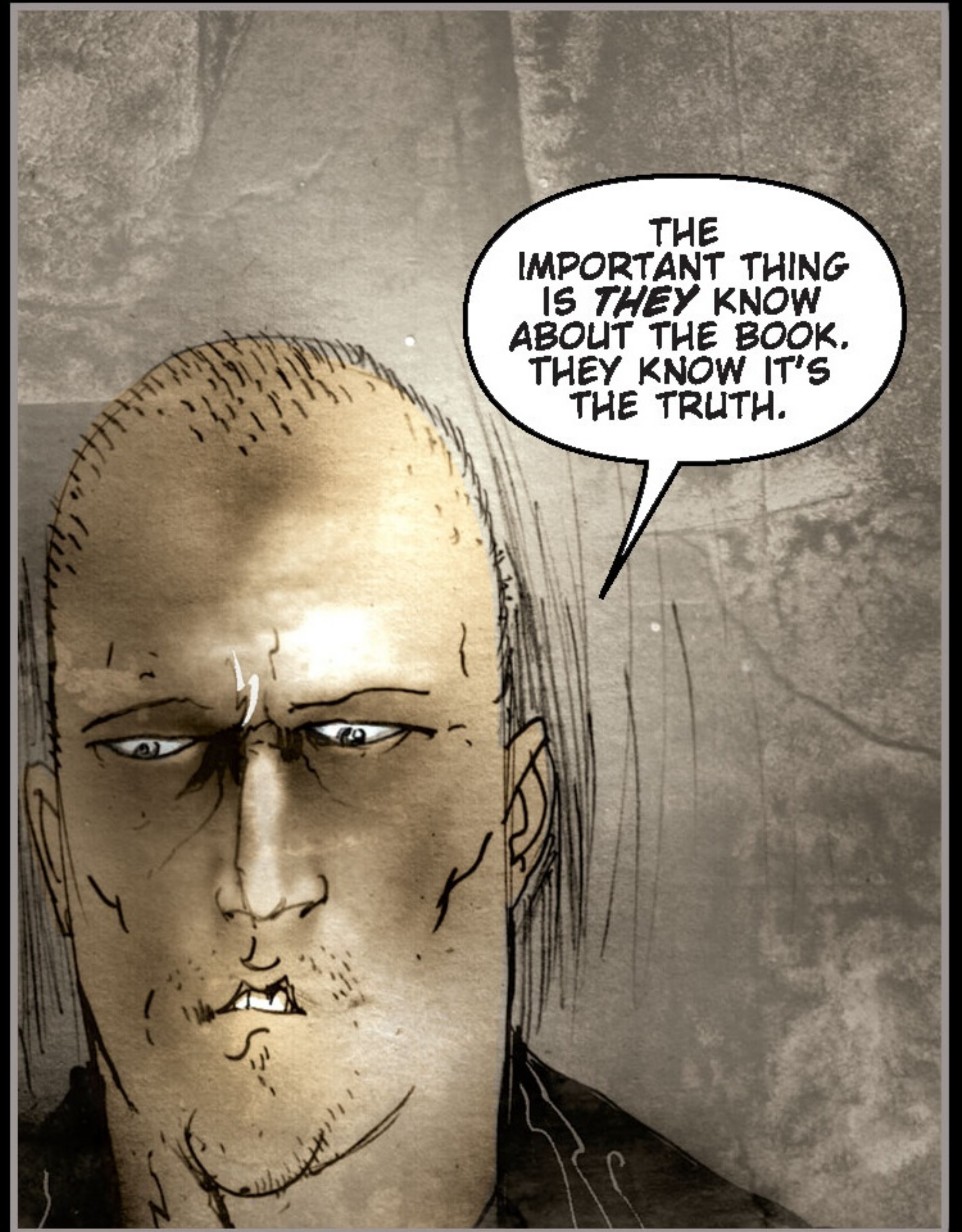
I TOLD HER
NO SIGNINGS.
ONE OF THOSE
THINGS COULD
GET CLOSE IN
THE CROWD AND
I'D BE SITTING
AT A TABLE
UNPROTECTED.

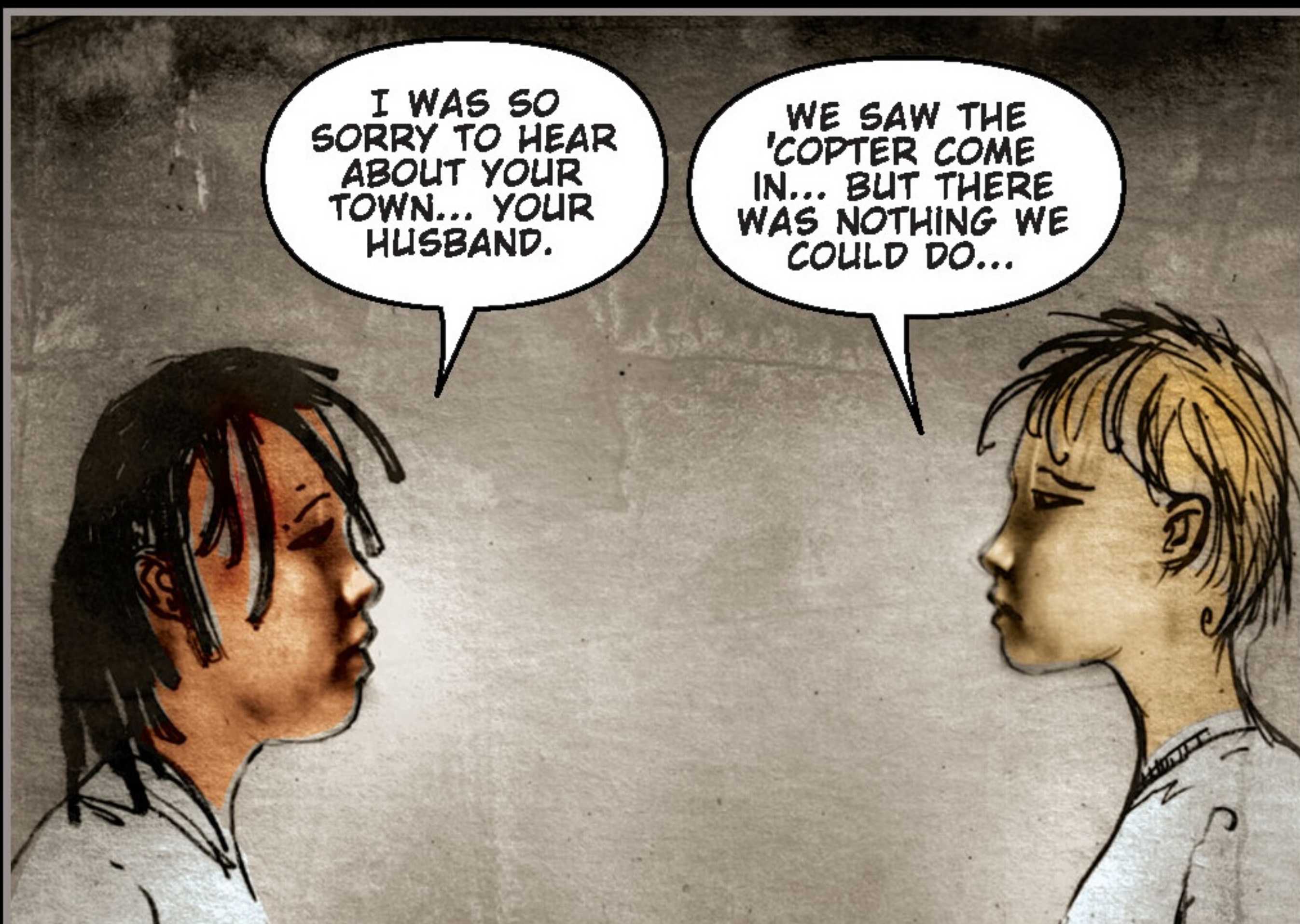
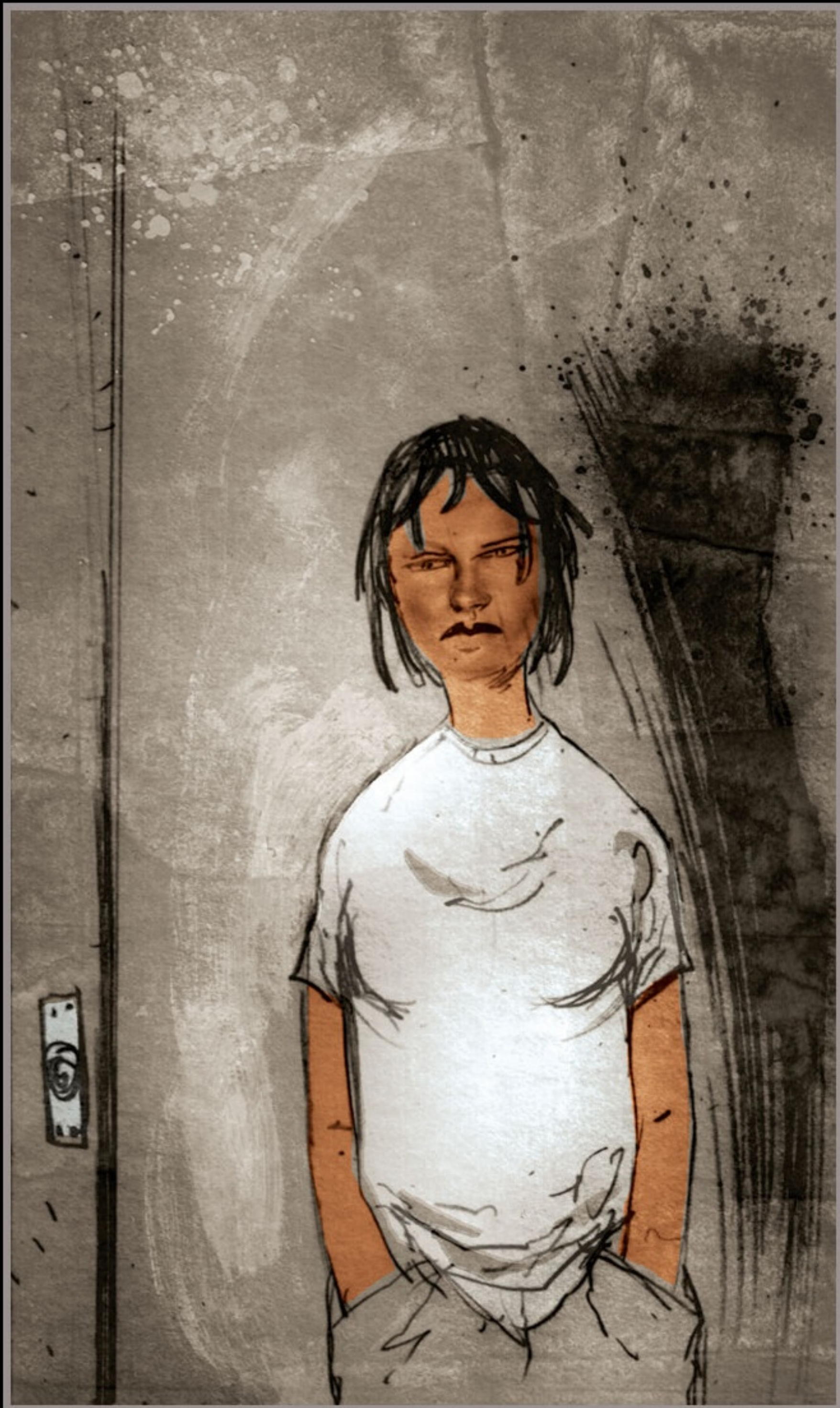


THEY SENT
SOME COPIES
OF THE BOOK
FINALLY AND...
OH SHIT.













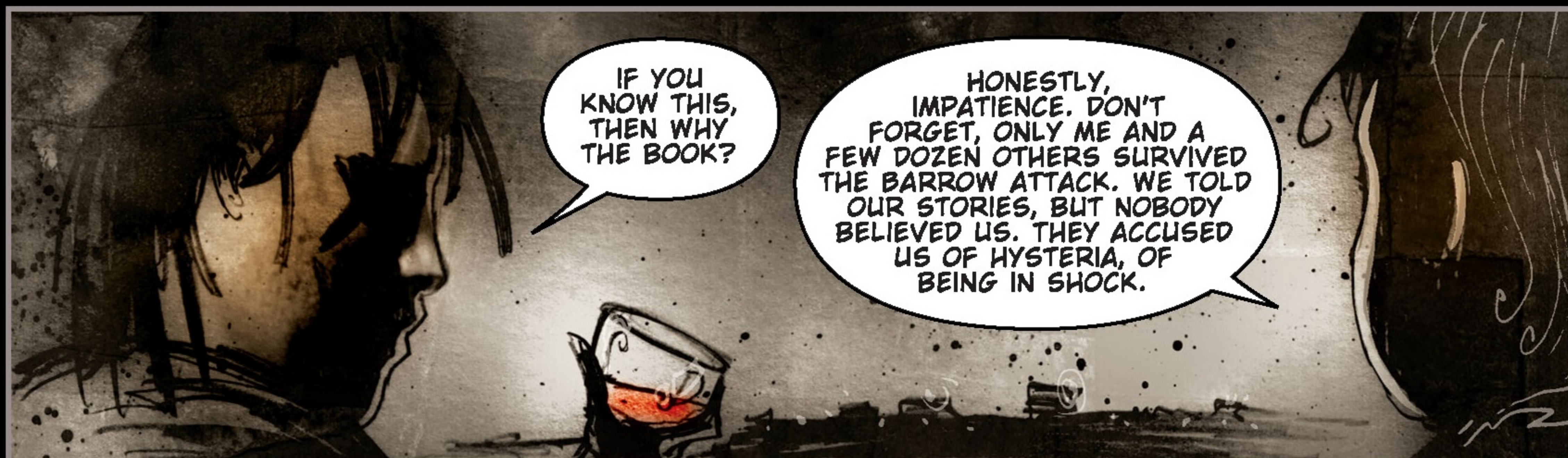
I HAVE SPENT A QUARTER OF MY LIFE GATHERING INFORMATION ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE UNDEAD. I BELIEVE THAT THE VAMPIRE'S GREATEST GIFT IS THAT BECAUSE NO ONE BELIEVES IN THEM, THEY ARE PROTECTED.

I'M WITH YOU THERE. I BELIEVE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT THAT IF WE COULD CONVINCE THE WORLD'S GOVERNMENTS... HELL, ANY OF THE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES— THAT THE THREAT OF VAMPIRES WAS REAL, THEY COULD WIPE THEM OUT IN NO TIME.



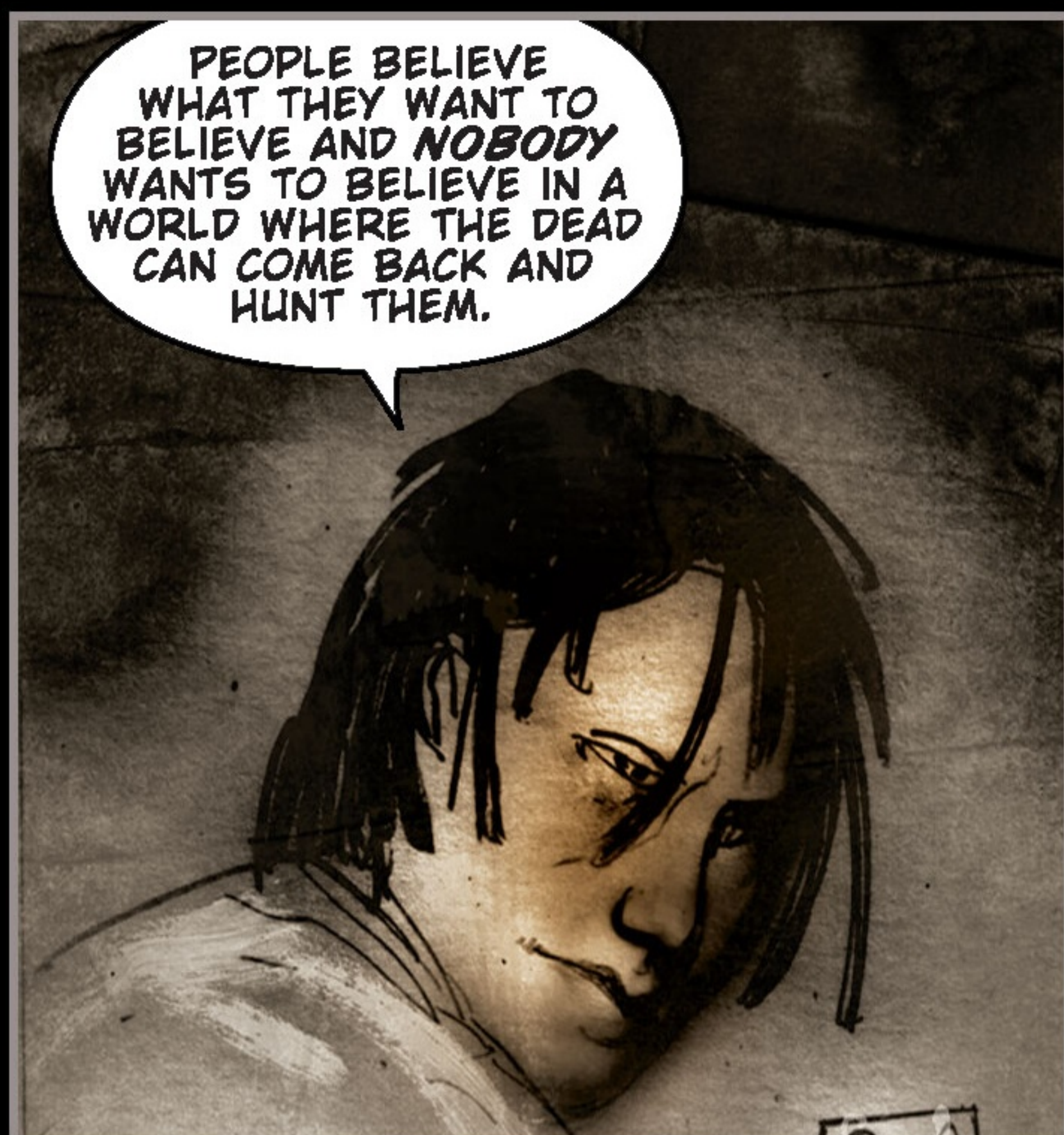
EXPOSED, THEY ARE EXTREMELY VULNERABLE.

WITH THE RIGHT MANPOWER, CITIES COULD BE SCOURED BY THE DAY.

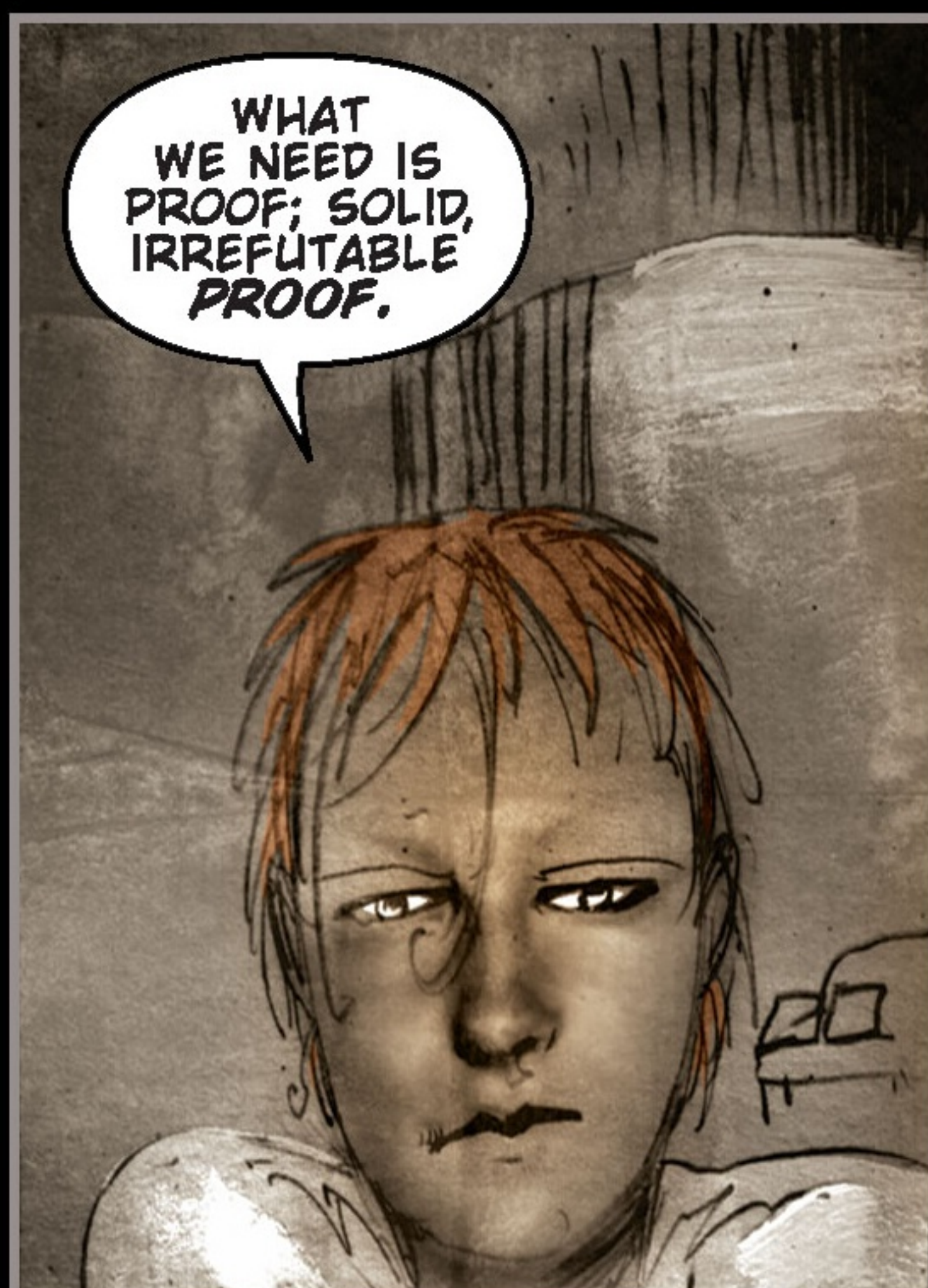


IF YOU KNOW THIS, THEN WHY THE BOOK?

HONESTLY, IMPATIENCE. DON'T FORGET, ONLY ME AND A FEW DOZEN OTHERS SURVIVED THE BARROW ATTACK. WE TOLD OUR STORIES, BUT NOBODY BELIEVED US. THEY ACCUSED US OF HYSTERIA, OF BEING IN SHOCK.



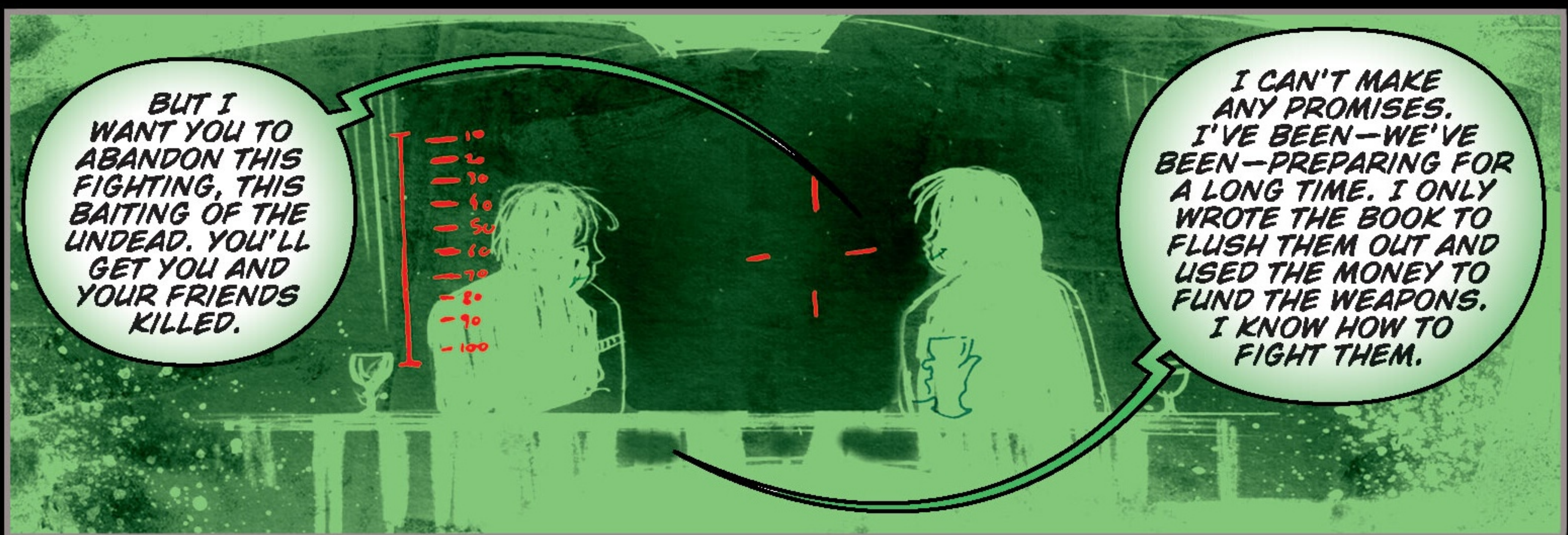
PEOPLE BELIEVE WHAT THEY WANT TO BELIEVE AND **NOBODY** WANTS TO BELIEVE IN A WORLD WHERE THE DEAD CAN COME BACK AND HUNT THEM.

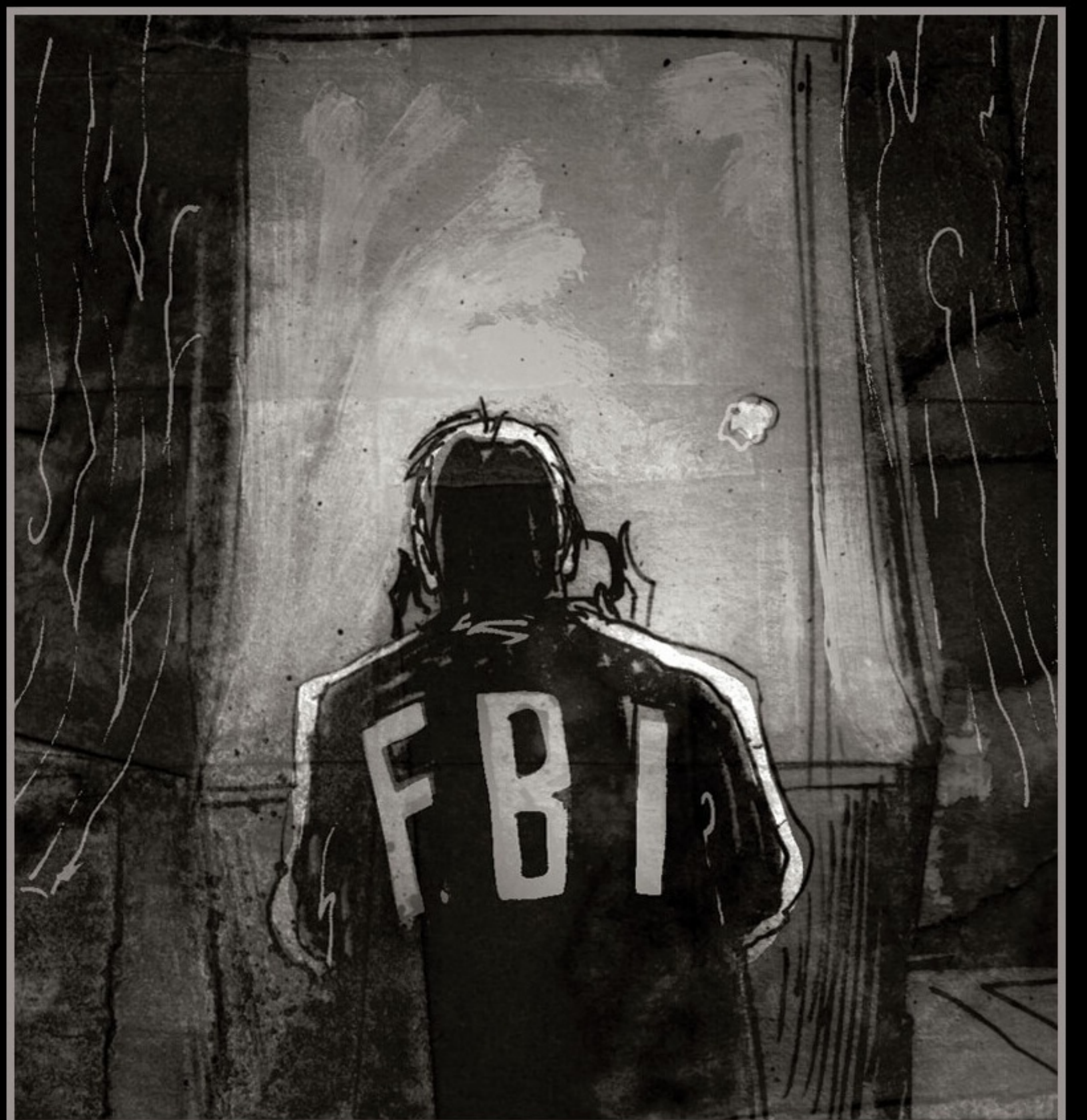
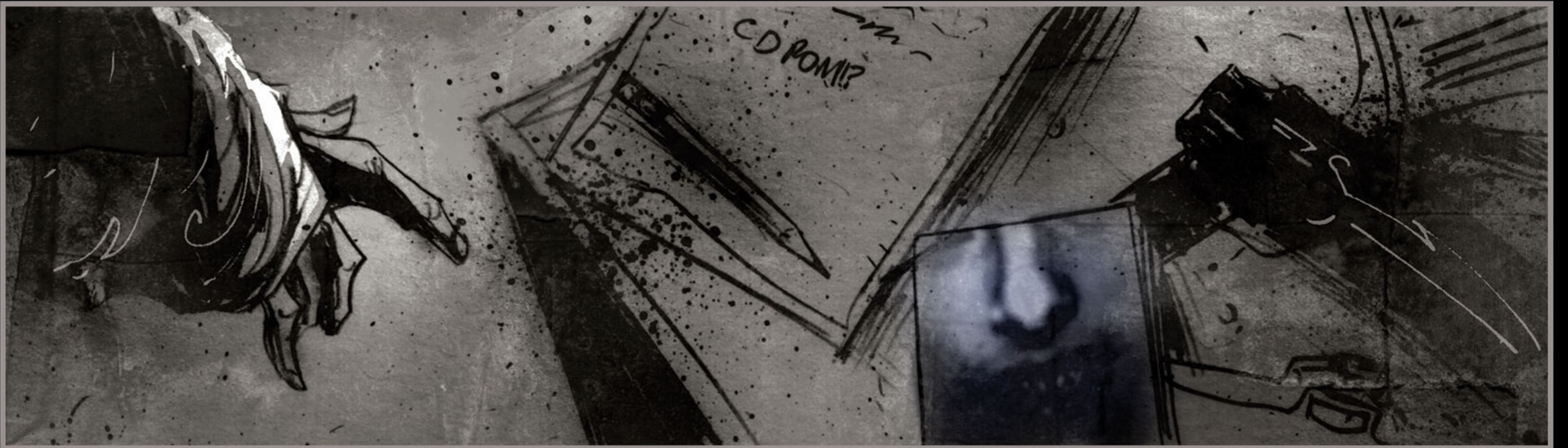
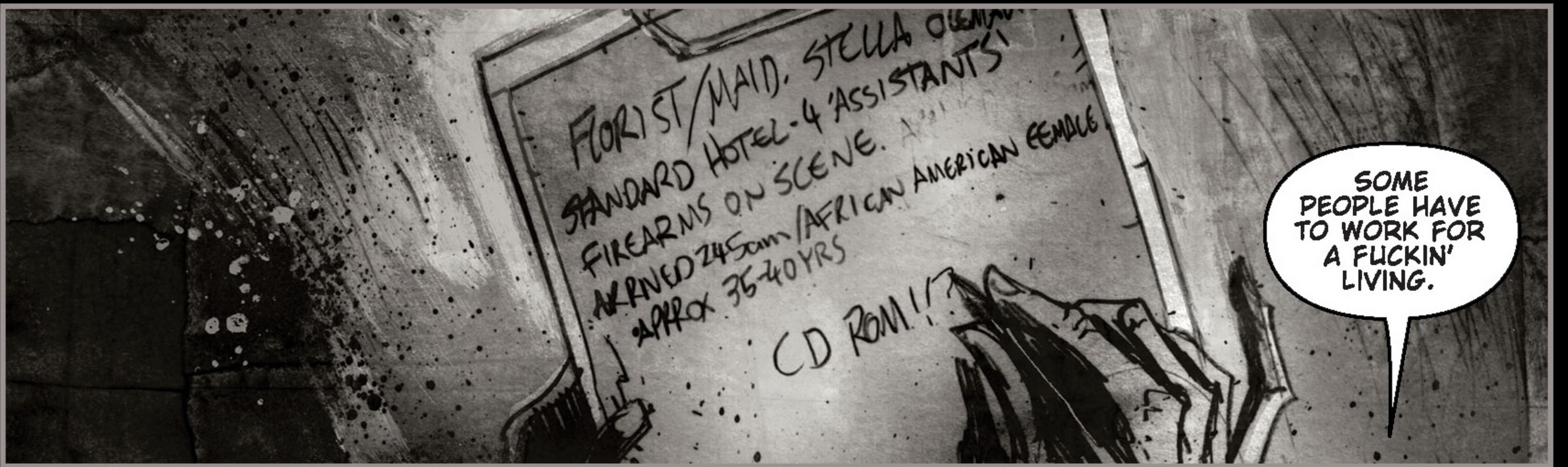


WHAT WE NEED IS PROOF; SOLID, IRREFUTABLE **PROOF**.

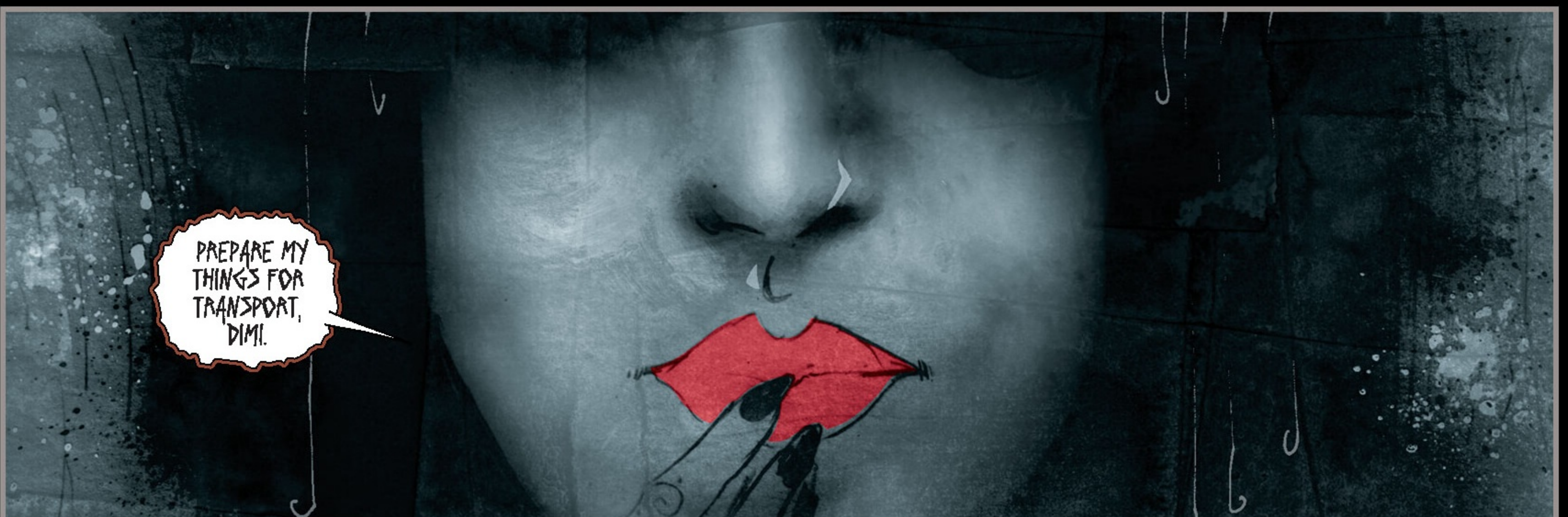
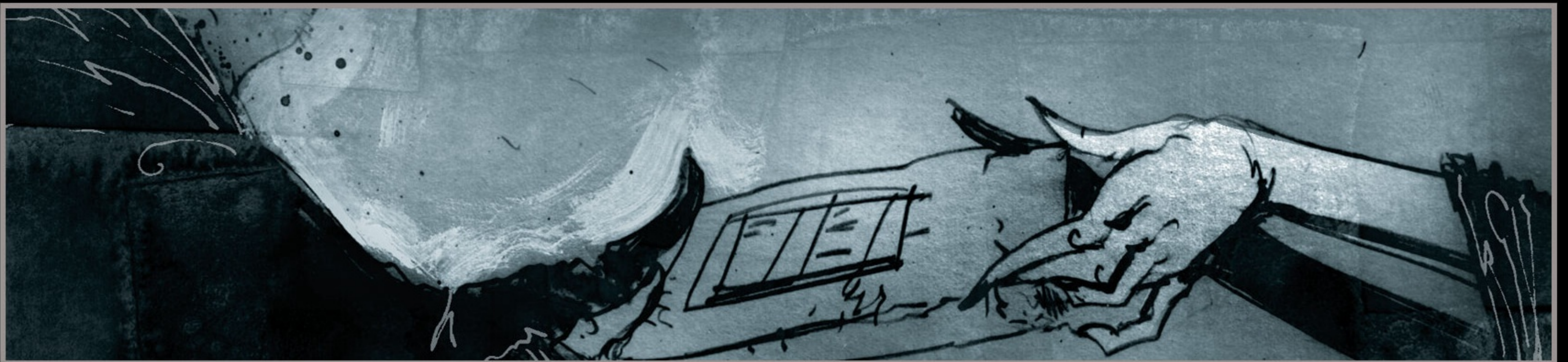














THE TIME FOR
REVENGE HAS
FINALLY ARRIVED,
VICKENTE MY
LOVE.

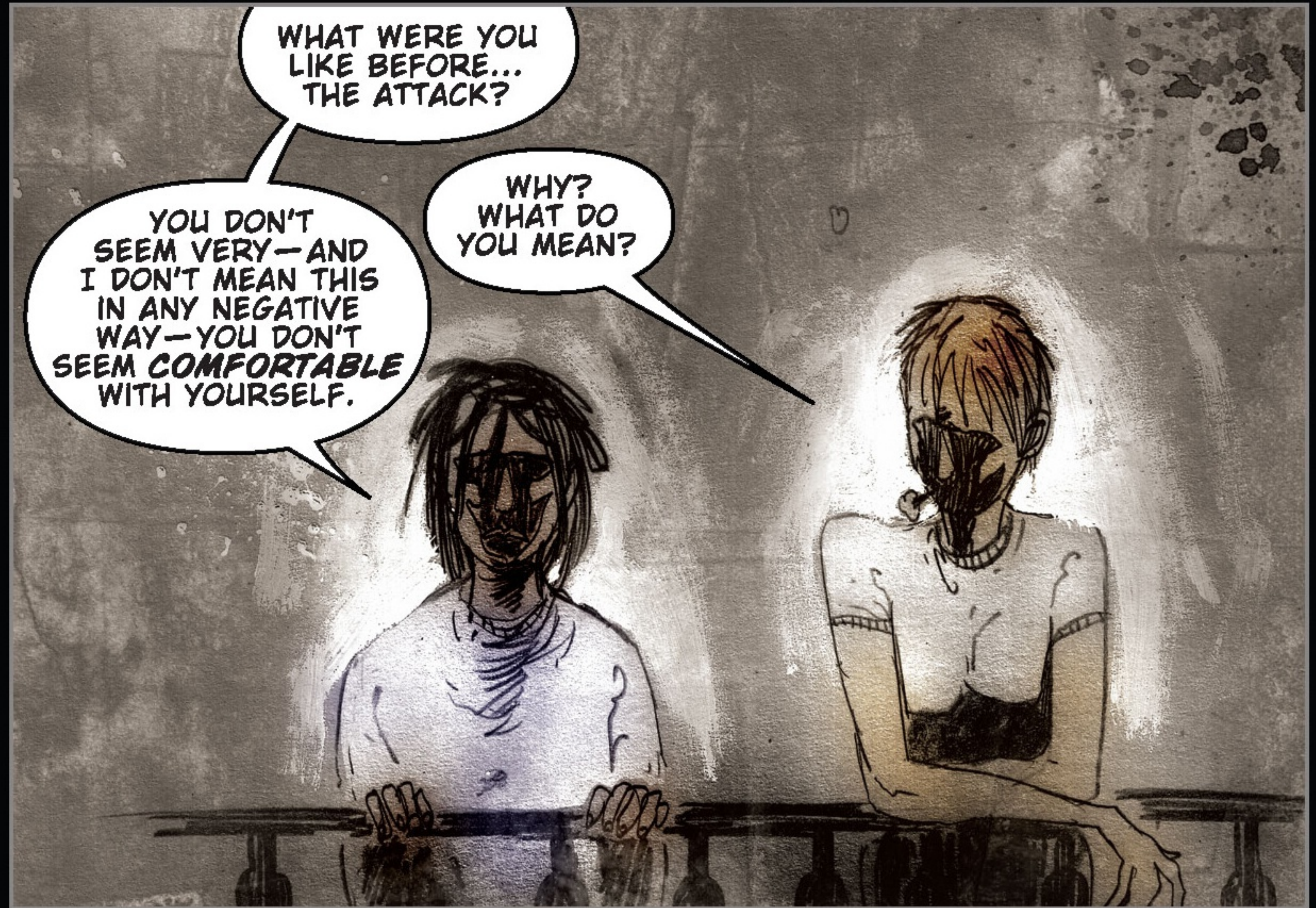
THESE MORTALS
WILL PRAY THEY
HAD DIED AT YOUR
GENTLE HAND.

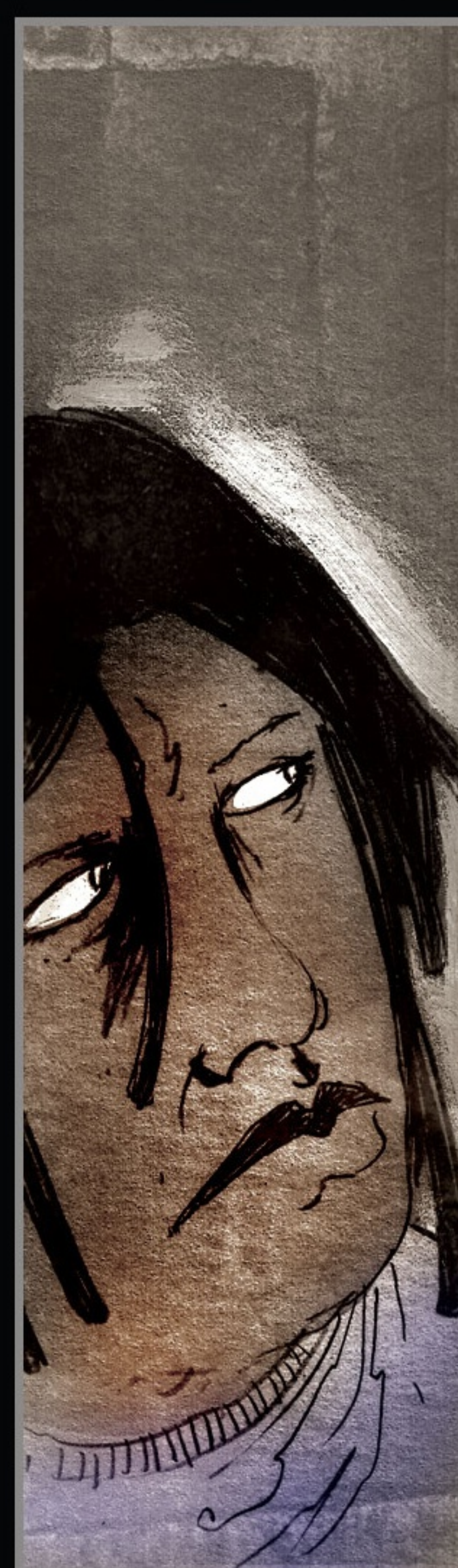


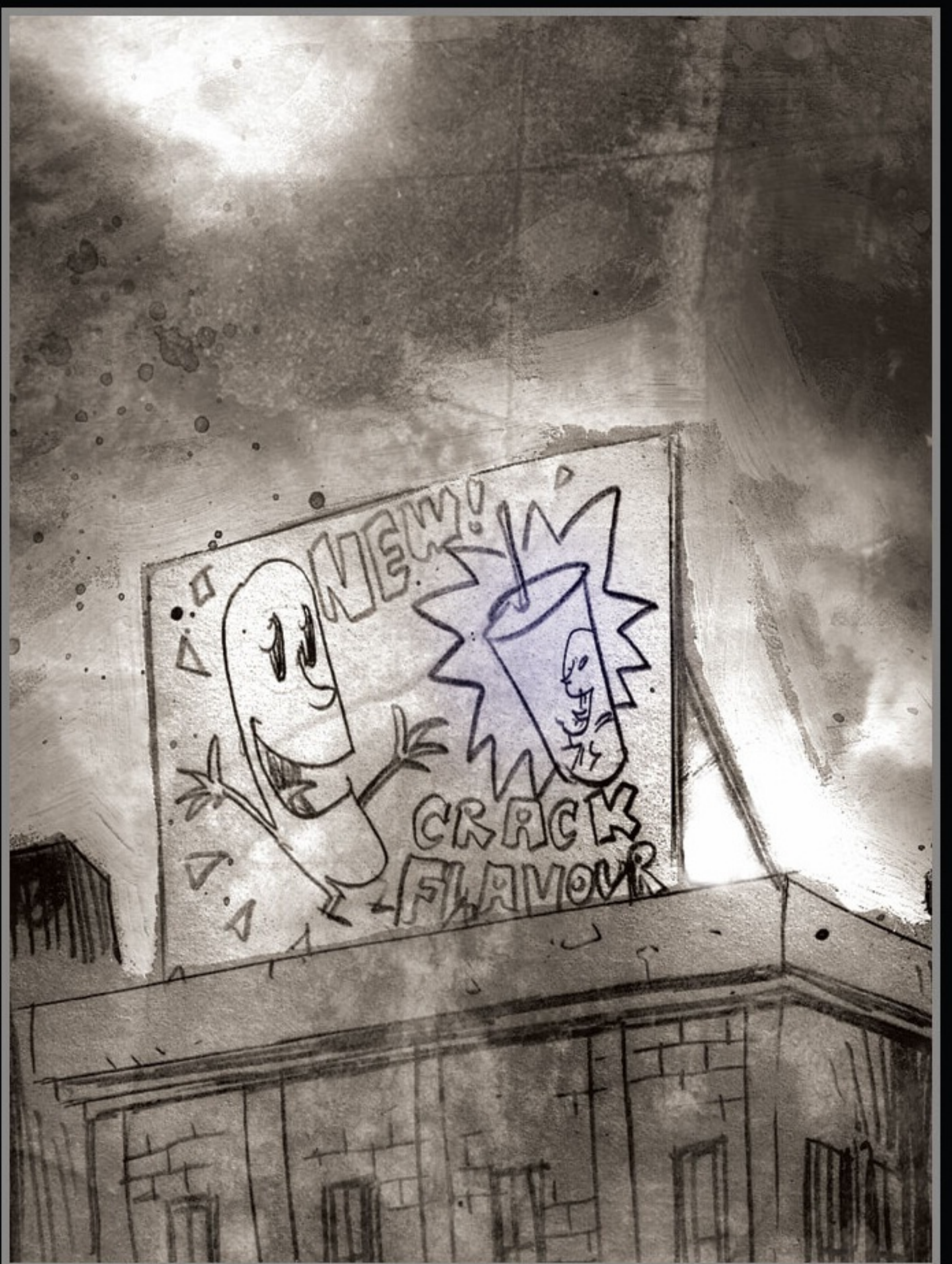


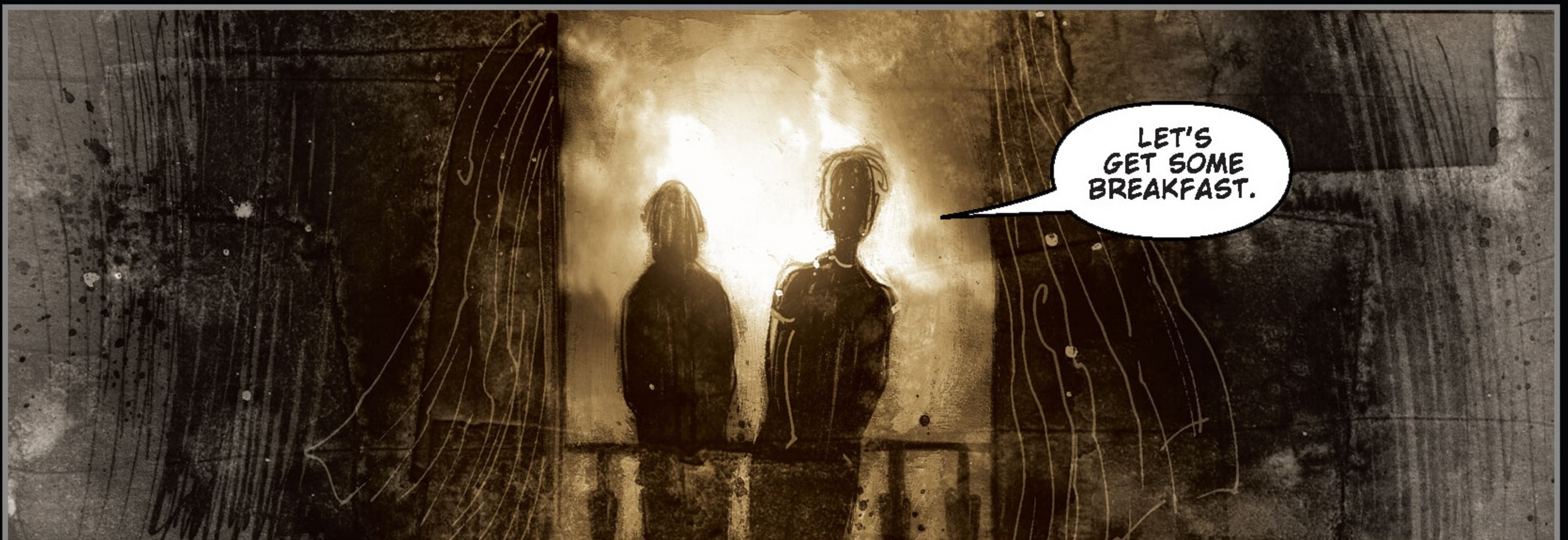
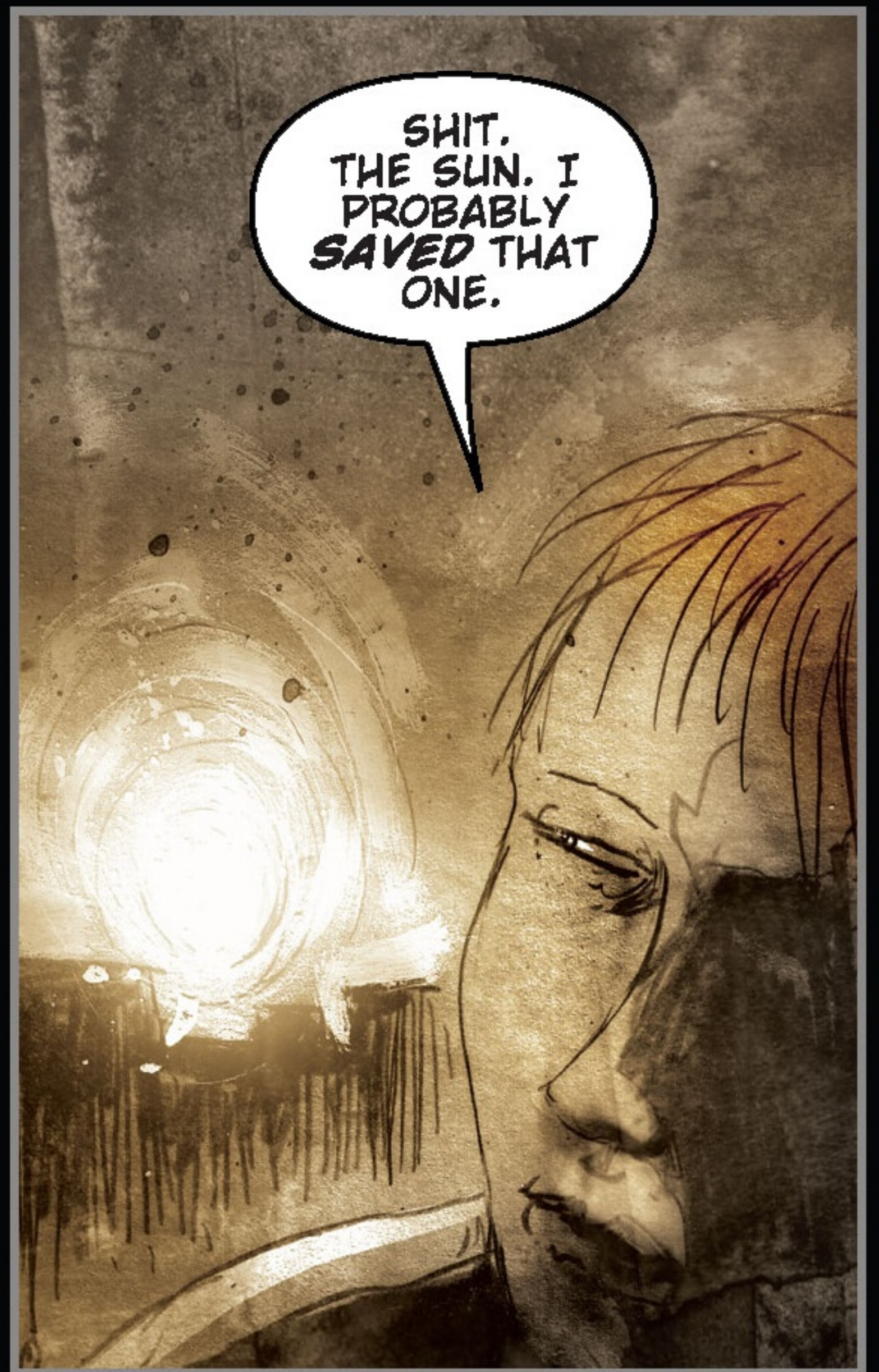
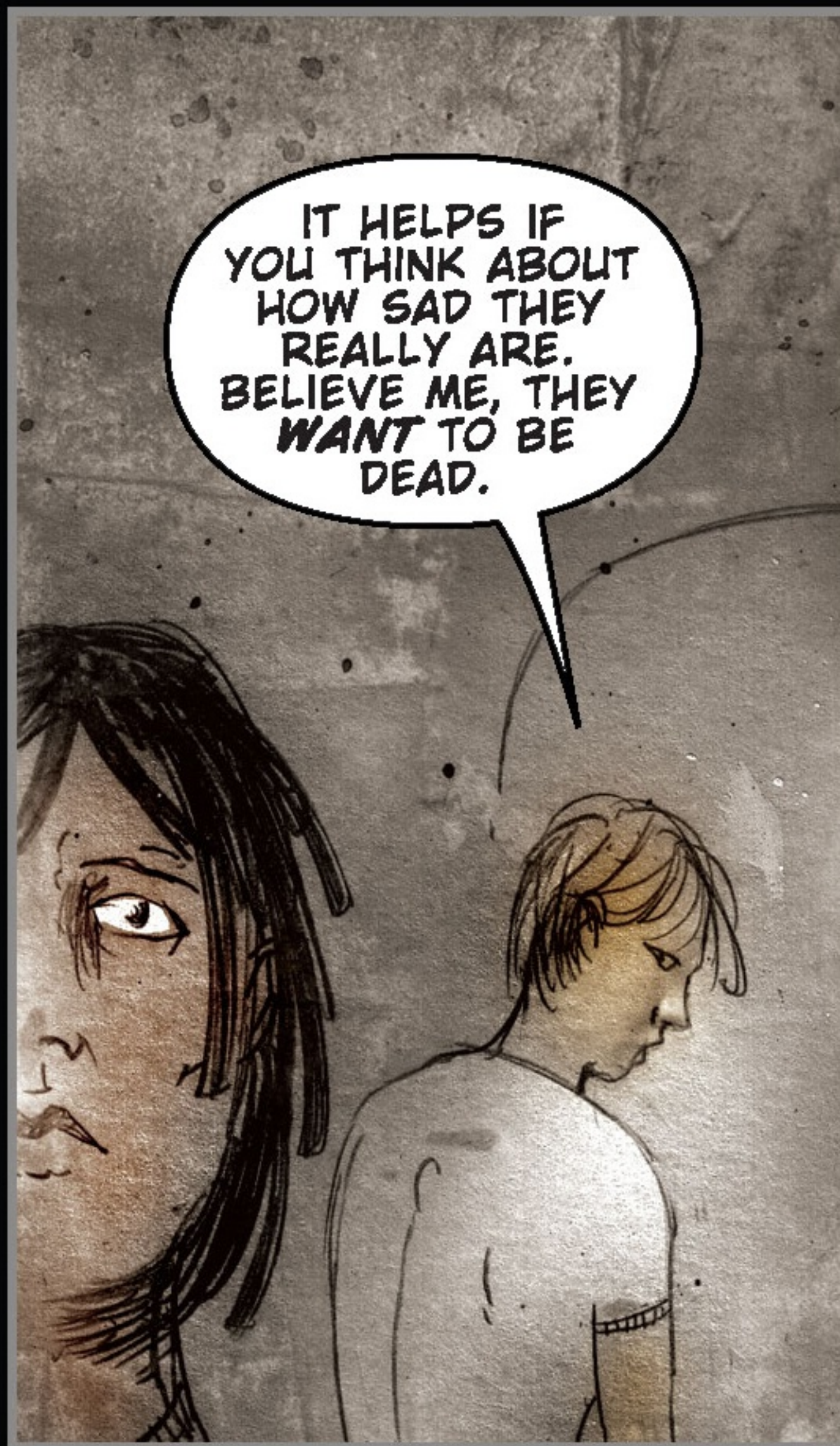
STELLA!





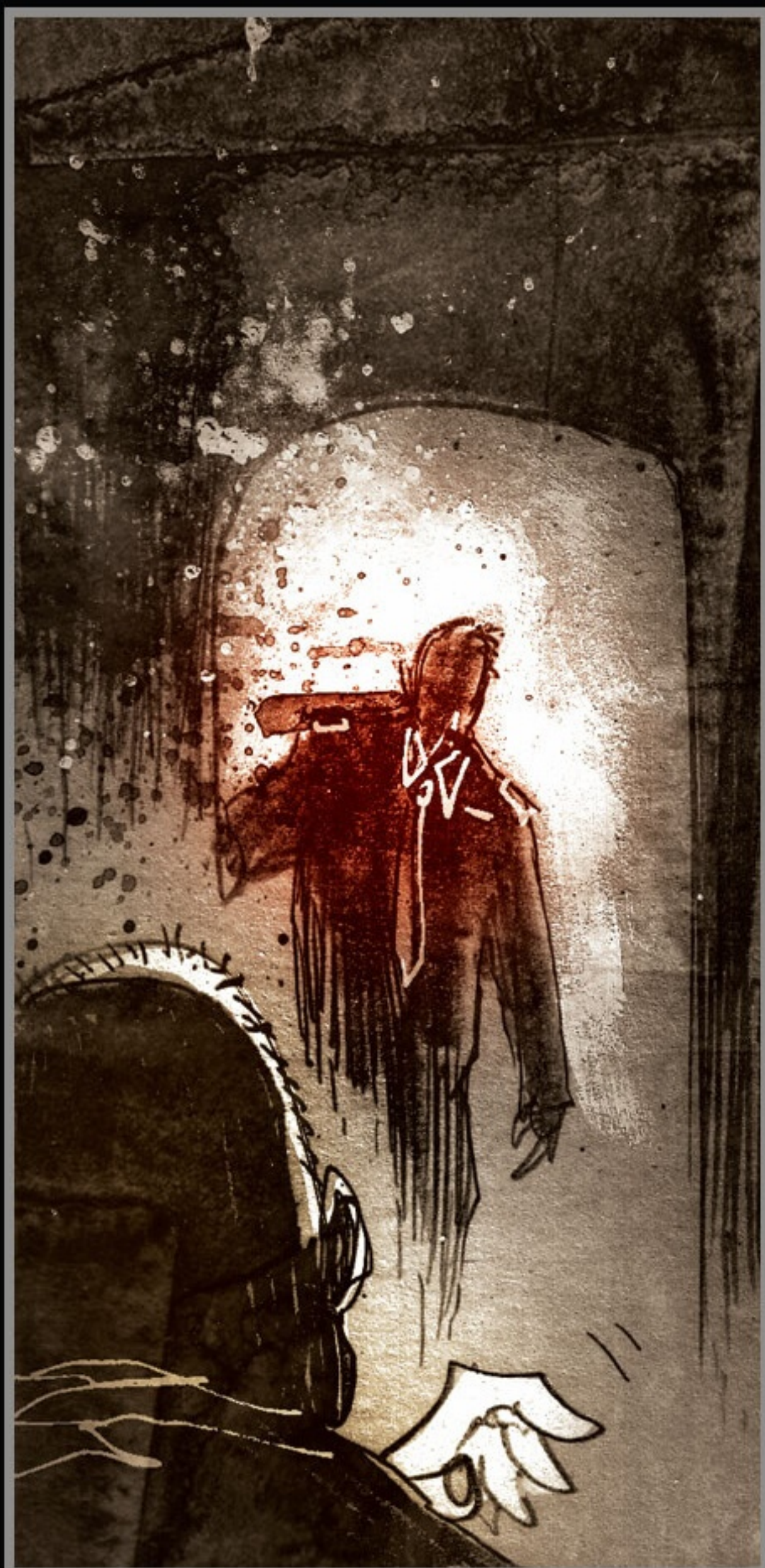














YOU WILL NOT FIND ME. I HAVE ALREADY DEPARTED.

WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR BAG?

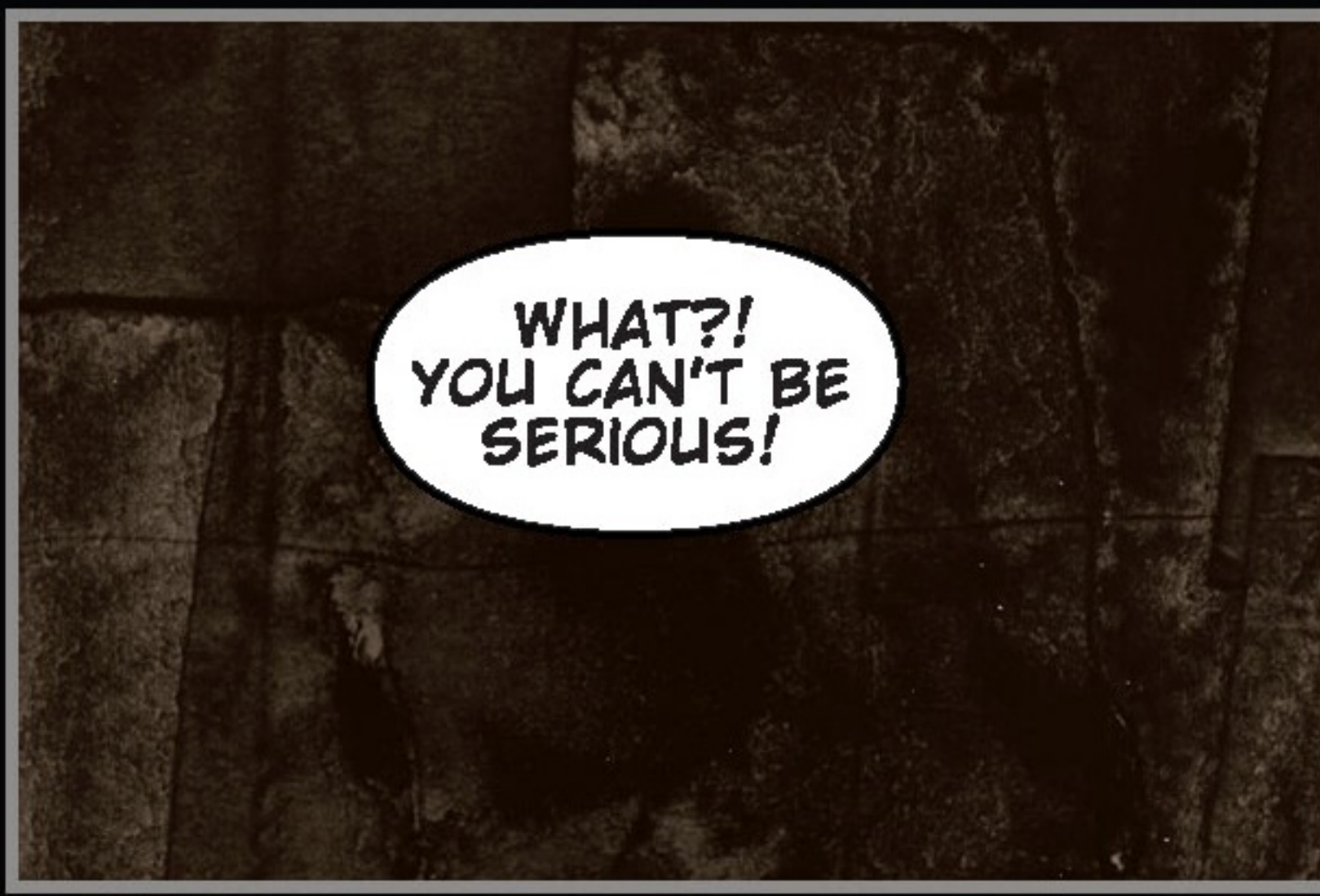
UH! KEEP AWAY!



RUN NOW, LITTLE VAMPIRE. I'LL FIND YOU.



I'LL FIND YOU.



WHAT?! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

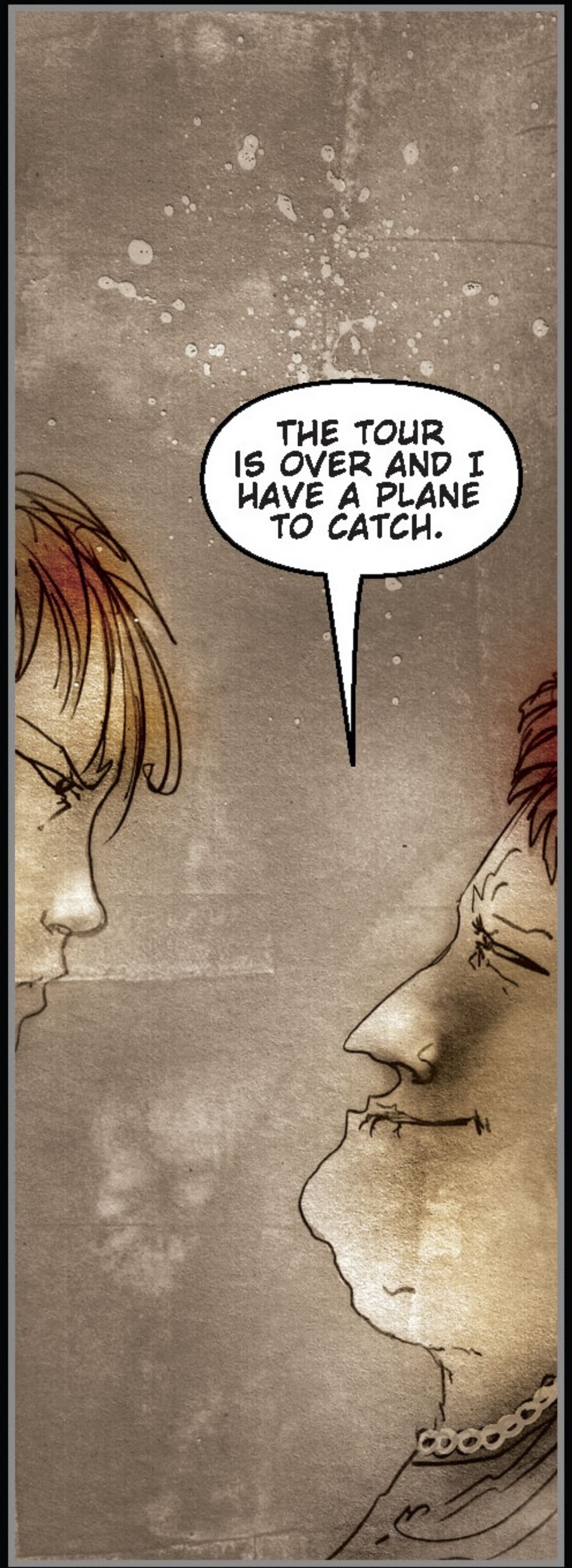


I ONLY CAME TO TELL YOU. THE TOUR'S CANCELED. I'D SAY YOU'RE LUCKY WE AREN'T YANKING THE BOOK AFTER THE STUNT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS PULLED.

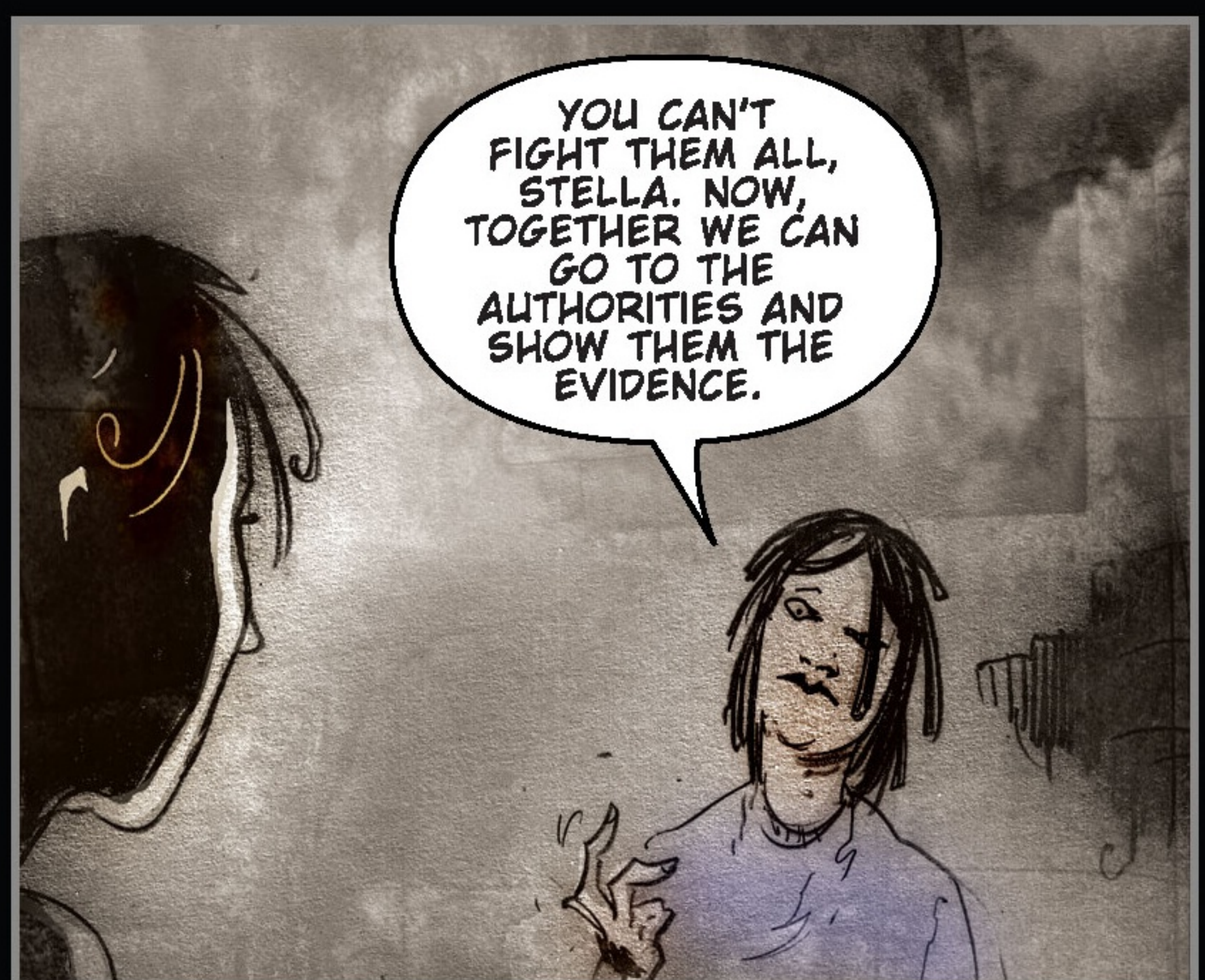
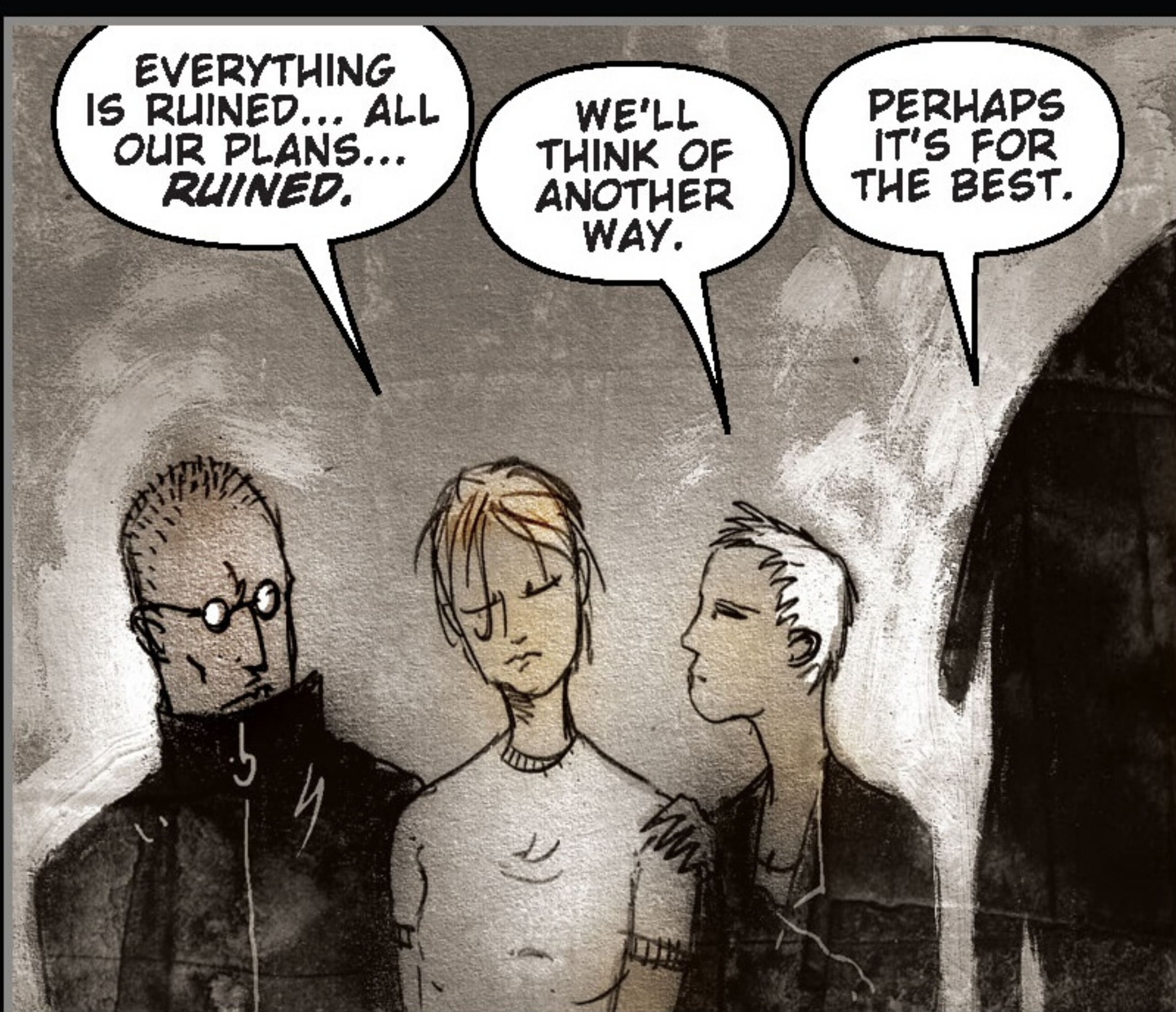
THEY CAN'T DO THIS! THEY CAN'T.



WELL, THEY HAVE.



THE TOUR IS OVER AND I HAVE A PLANE TO CATCH.





I'LL BE FINE. JUDITH WILL COME WITH ME. COME ON, JUDITH.



WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

WOW, YOU ARE GOOD.



YOU MAY FOOL THOSE KIDS, THEY WORSHIP YOU.

I DIDN'T WANT A CROWD.

NOW I'M LOST. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THEY WON'T ATTACK A CROWD, WILL THEY?

THEY?

I SPOTTED HIM AS SOON AS WE LEFT THE STORE. A VAMPIRE, FOLLOWING US.



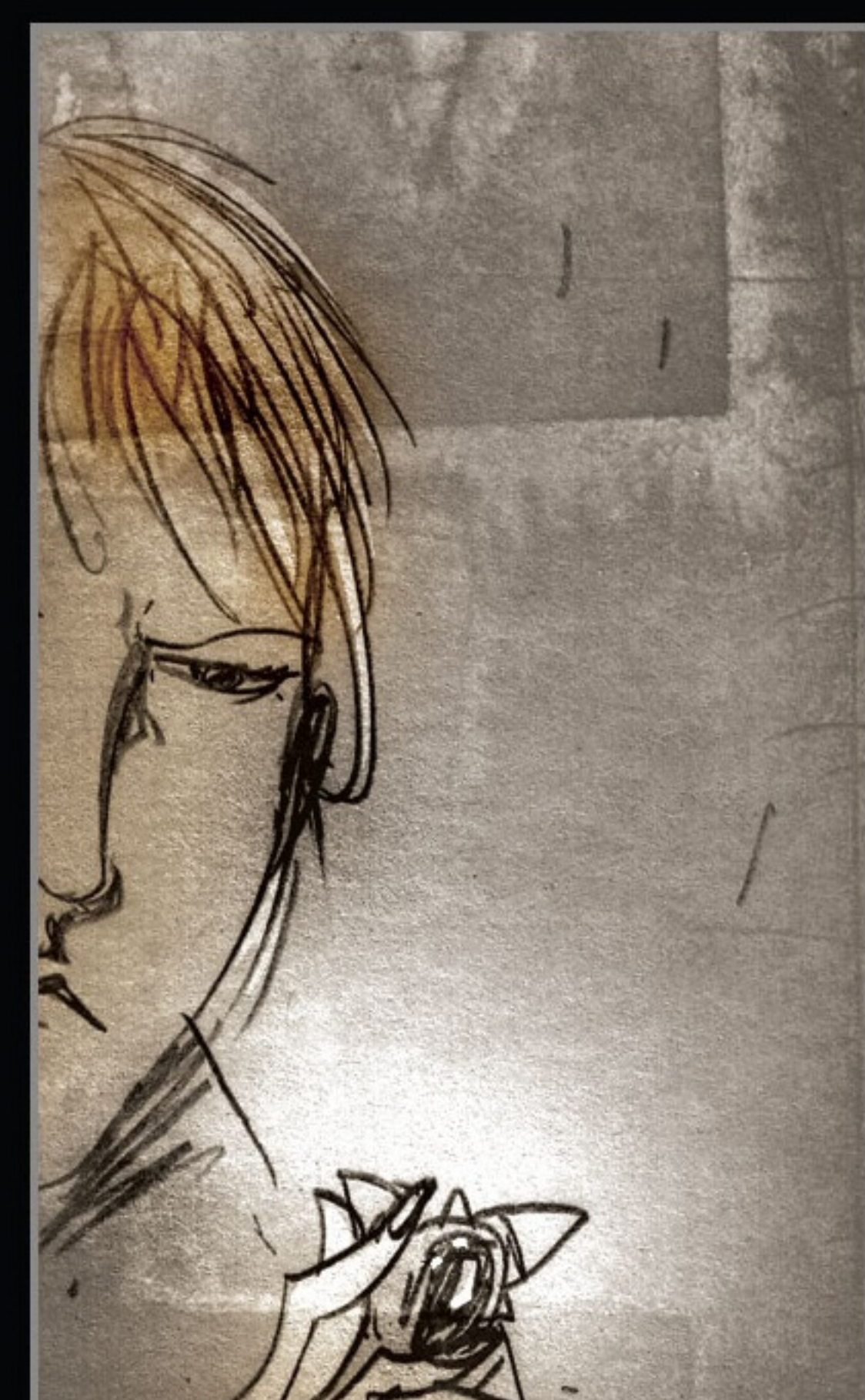
FOLLOWING US? REALLY.



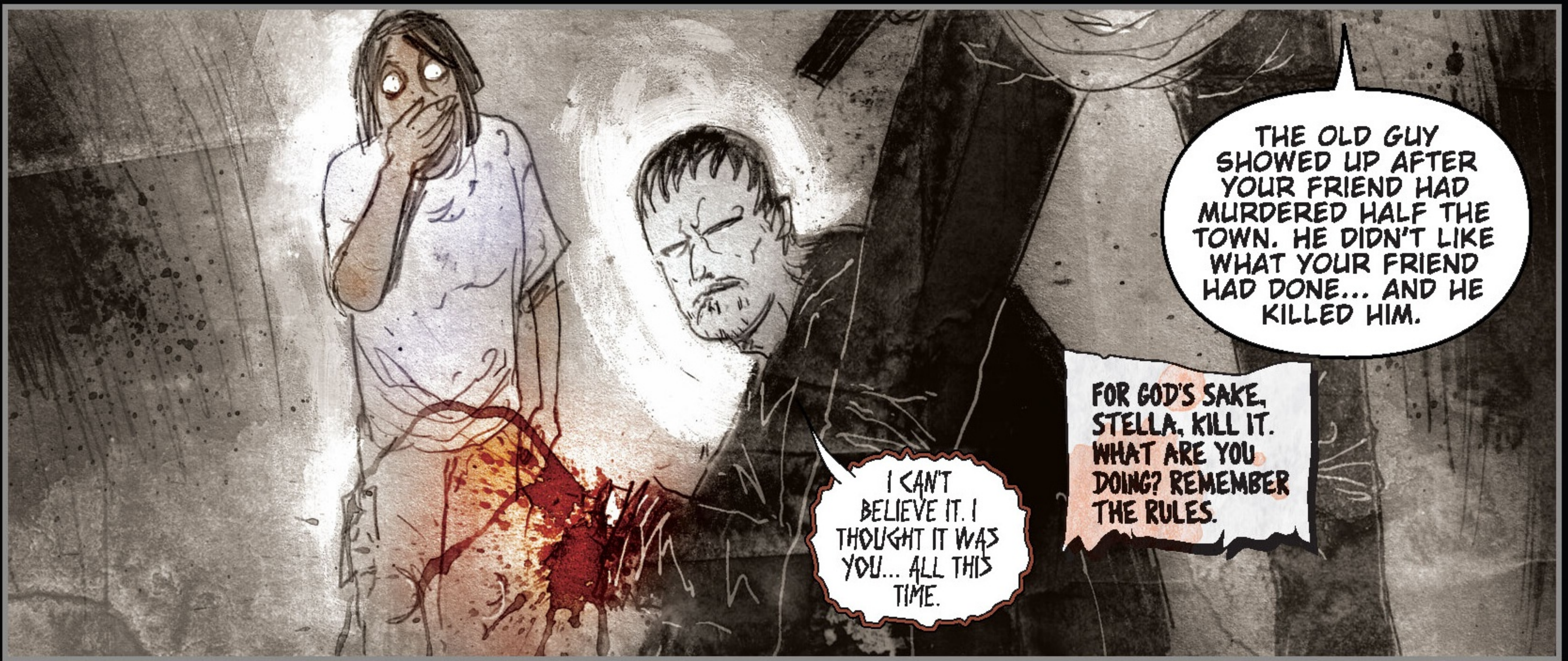
SHOULDN'T WE STAY ON THE MAIN STREET, THEN?

NOPE.









THE OLD GUY SHOWED UP AFTER YOUR FRIEND HAD MURDERED HALF THE TOWN. HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT YOUR FRIEND HAD DONE... AND HE KILLED HIM.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, STELLA, KILL IT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING? REMEMBER THE RULES.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU... ALL THIS TIME.



THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH THE ELDERS. THEY THINK THEY OWN THE WORLD BECAUSE THEY'VE EXISTED SO LONG.

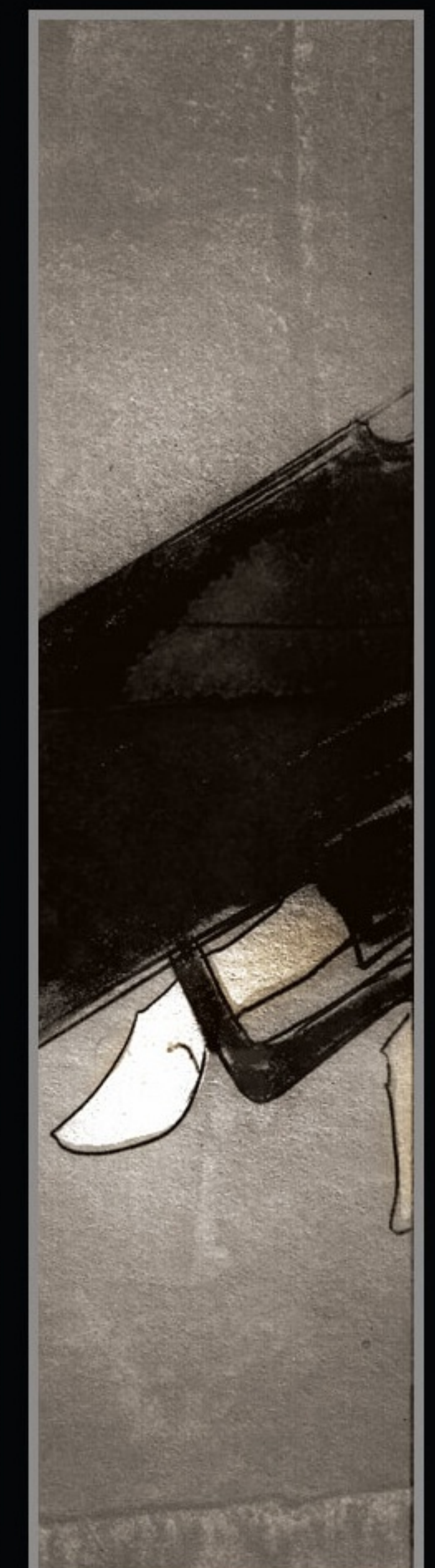
YOU REALIZE YOUR WEAPON WON'T KILL ME, DON'T YOU?

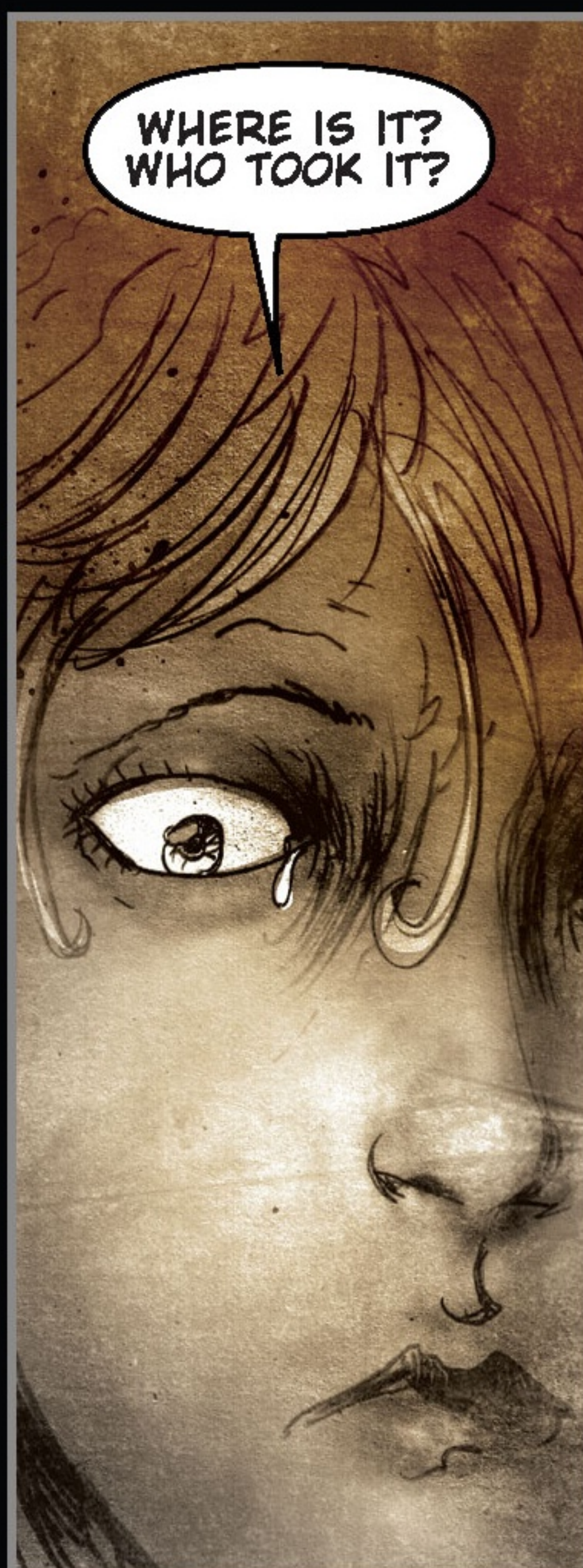


IT'LL SLOW YOU DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO ATTACH ANOTHER OF THESE BOMBS TO YOUR HEAD.



BUT IF YOU KILL ME, YOU WILL NEVER FIND OUT WHY YOUR HUSBAND'S GRAVE WAS VANDALIZED.









AGENT NORRIS
OF THE FBI, MA'AM.
I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT
YOURSELF AND YOUR
FRIENDS.





WHERE ARE
YOU RUNNING,
LITTLE
VAMPIRE?



COME ON,
COME ON!

YOU'VE
NOWHERE
TO RUN.



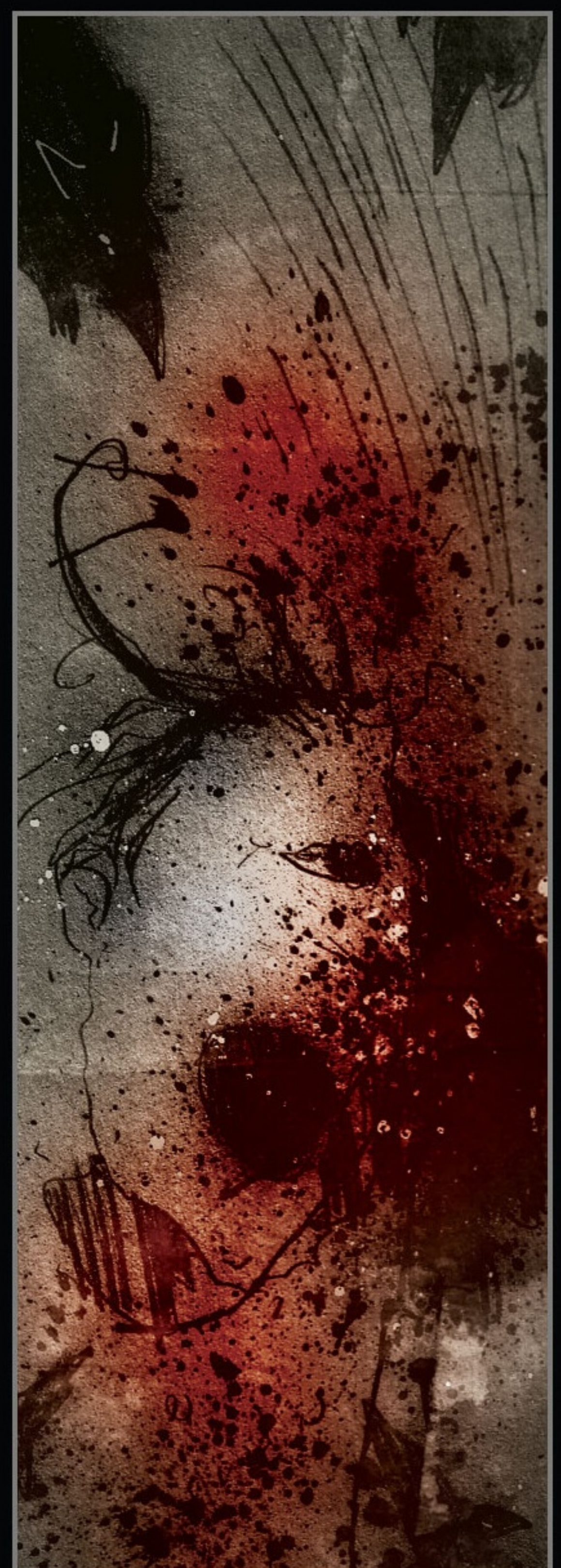
NOT
FROM
ME.

DANE? ARE YOU
THERE? ANSWER
YOUR FUCKING
PHONE!



SOMETHING'S
AFTER ME, DANE...
SOMEONE IN MY
HEAD.







...D... DANE...
WANTED TO... BRING...
THE HUSBAND BACK...
TO KILL HIM... AGAIN...
IN FRONT OF THE
WIFE...

HOW
WONDERFULLY
BRUTAL OF
YOU.



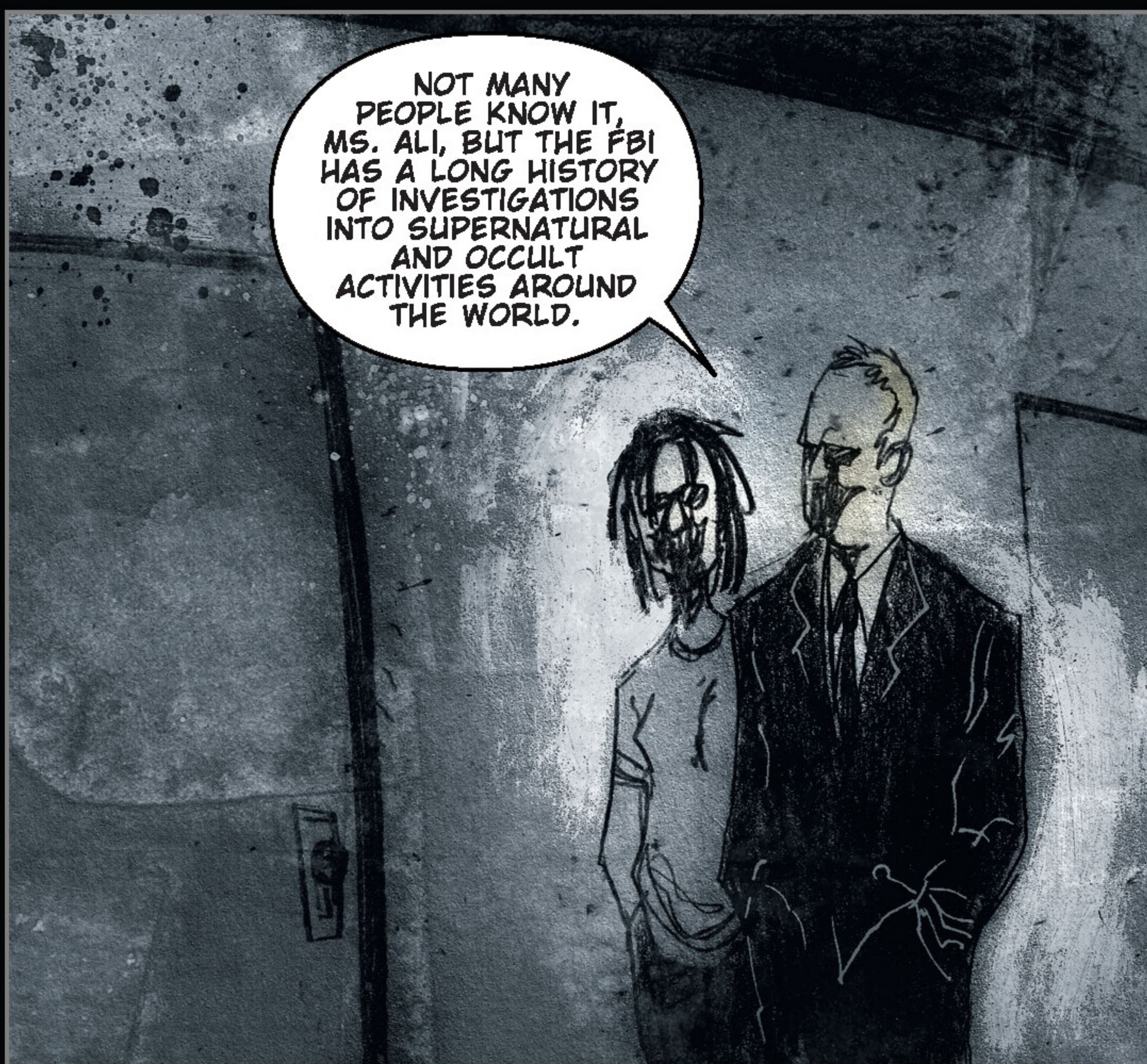
THANK
YOU, YOU'VE
BEEN A GREAT
HELP.



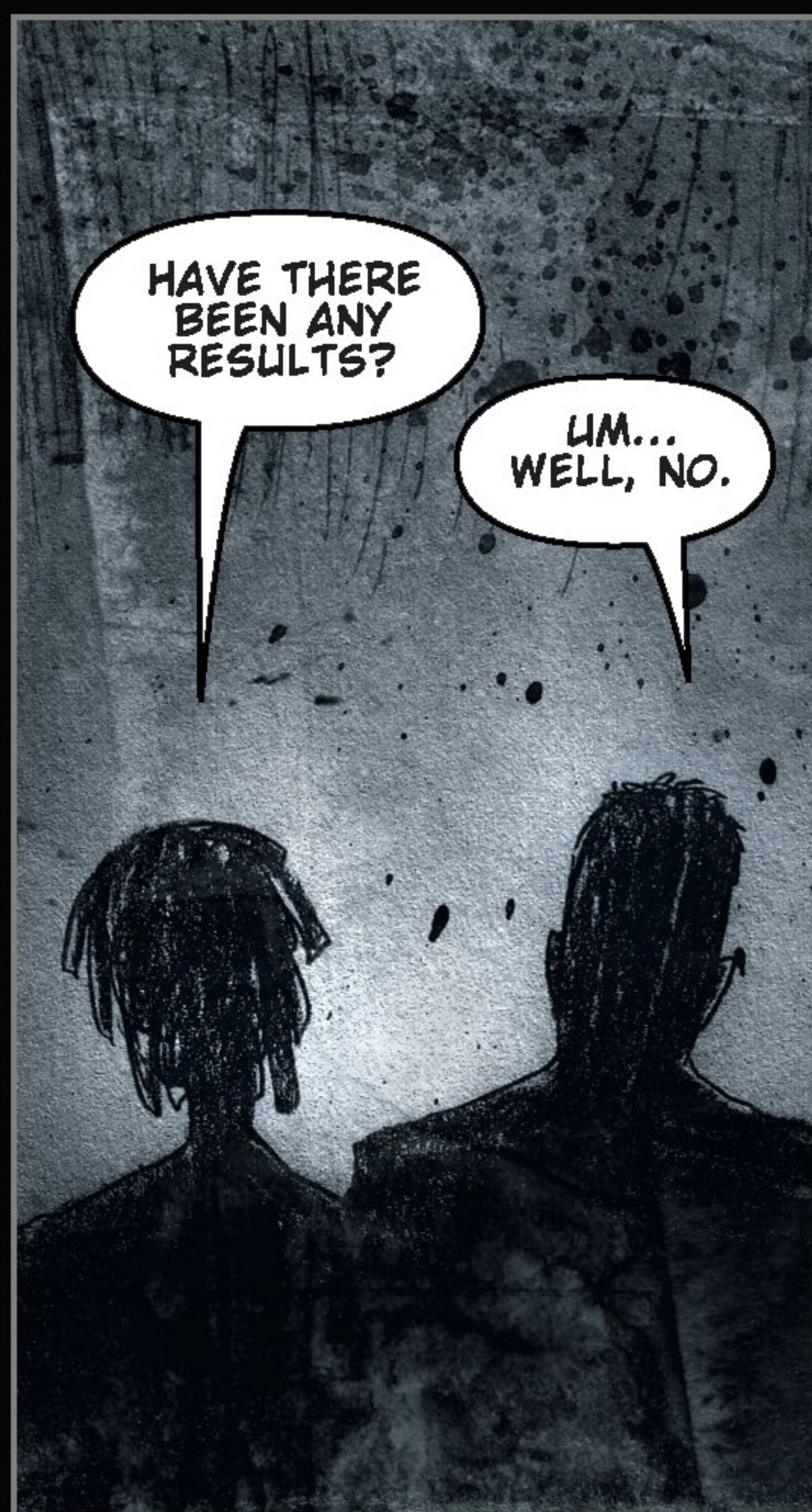
BUT I
WILL HAVE
MY VENGEANCE
ALONE AND
UNENCUMBERED.

KRISH





NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW IT, MS. ALI, BUT THE FBI HAS A LONG HISTORY OF INVESTIGATIONS INTO SUPERNATURAL AND OCCULT ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD.



HAVE THERE BEEN ANY RESULTS?

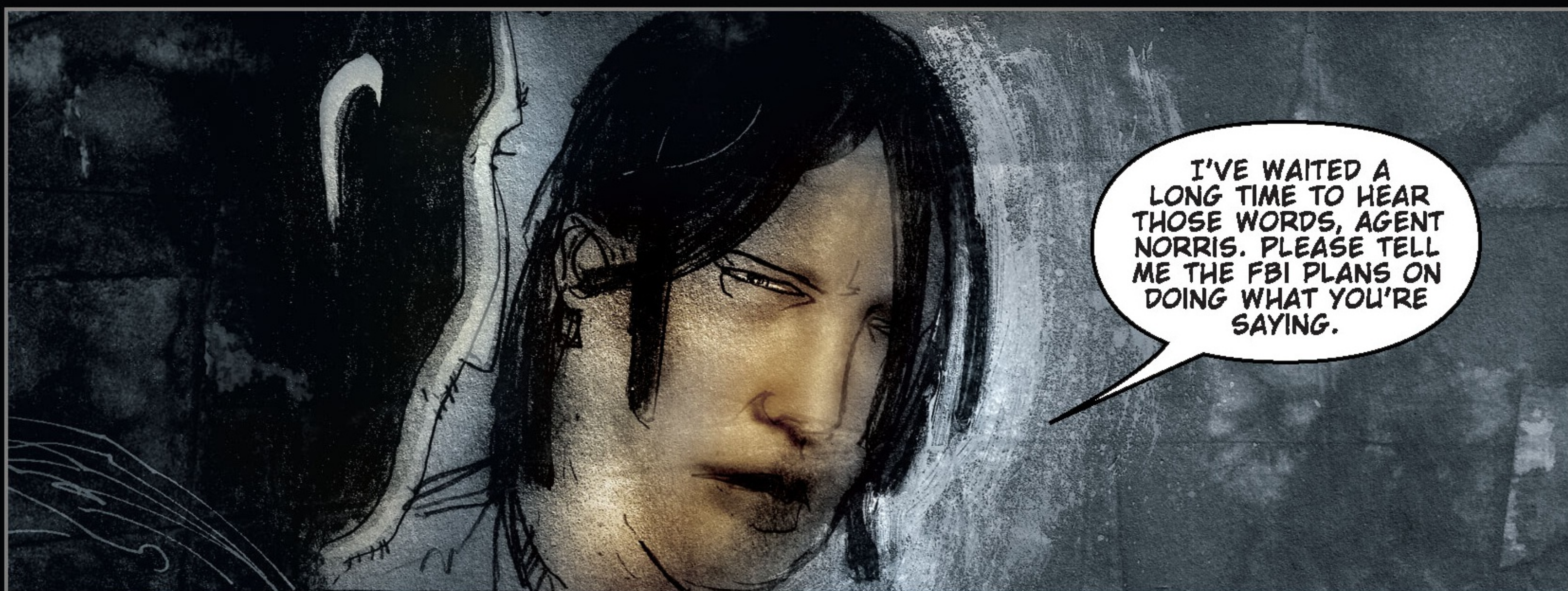
UM... WELL, NO.



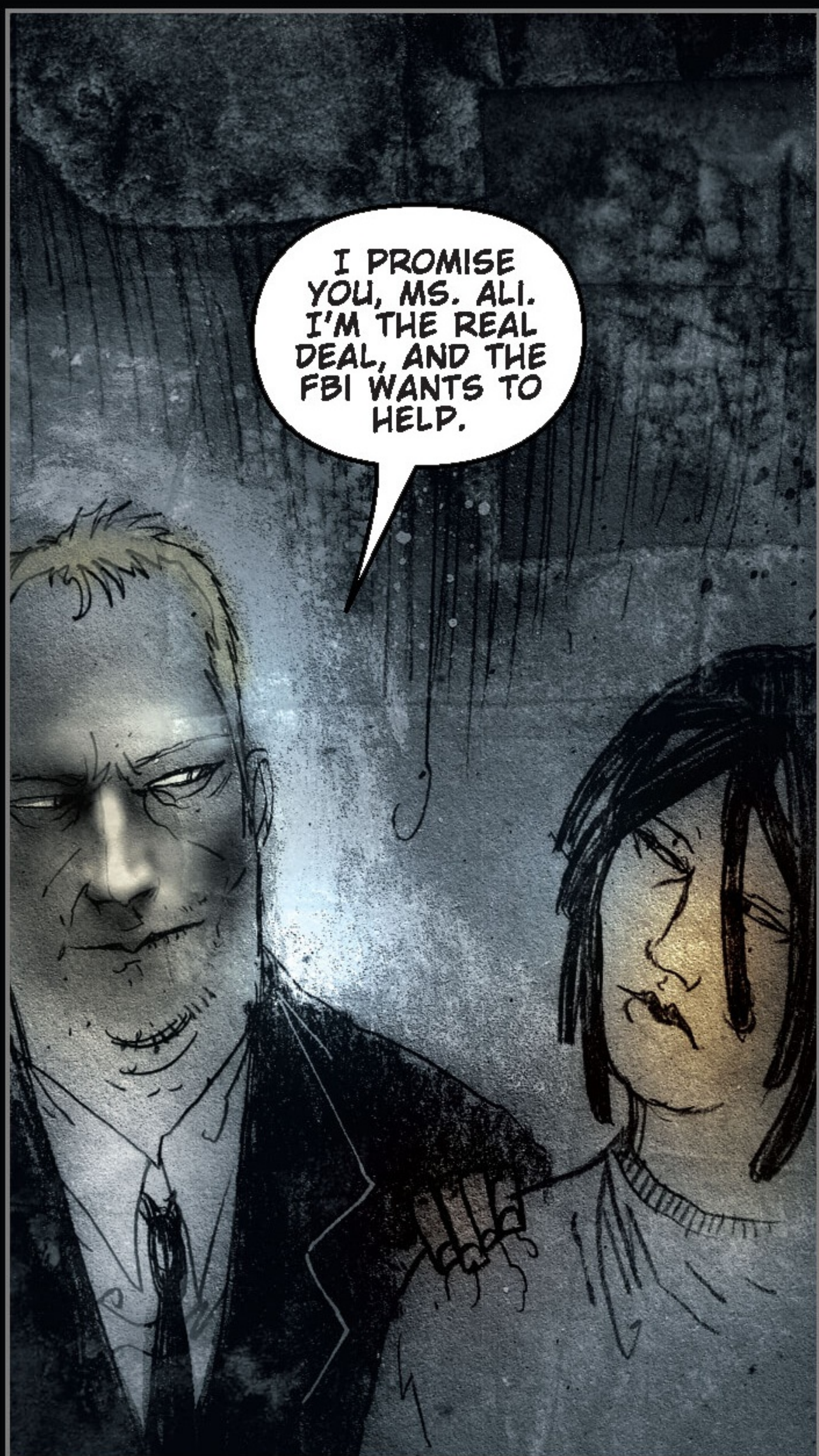
THAT'S WHY I REQUESTED THIS ASSIGNMENT.



WHEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT STELLA OLEMAUN AND YOURSELF, I KNEW THAT WE MIGHT FINALLY HAVE THE PROOF NEEDED TO SEEK OUT AND DESTROY CREATURES THAT HAVE PLAGUED MANKIND FOR CENTURIES.



I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO HEAR THOSE WORDS, AGENT NORRIS. PLEASE TELL ME THE FBI PLANS ON DOING WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.





DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE YOU
BROUGHT MUCH
WITH YOU TO
LOS ANGELES.

I'VE BEEN
STAYING
NEXT DOOR
BECAUSE—



YOU'RE
FRIGHTENED.



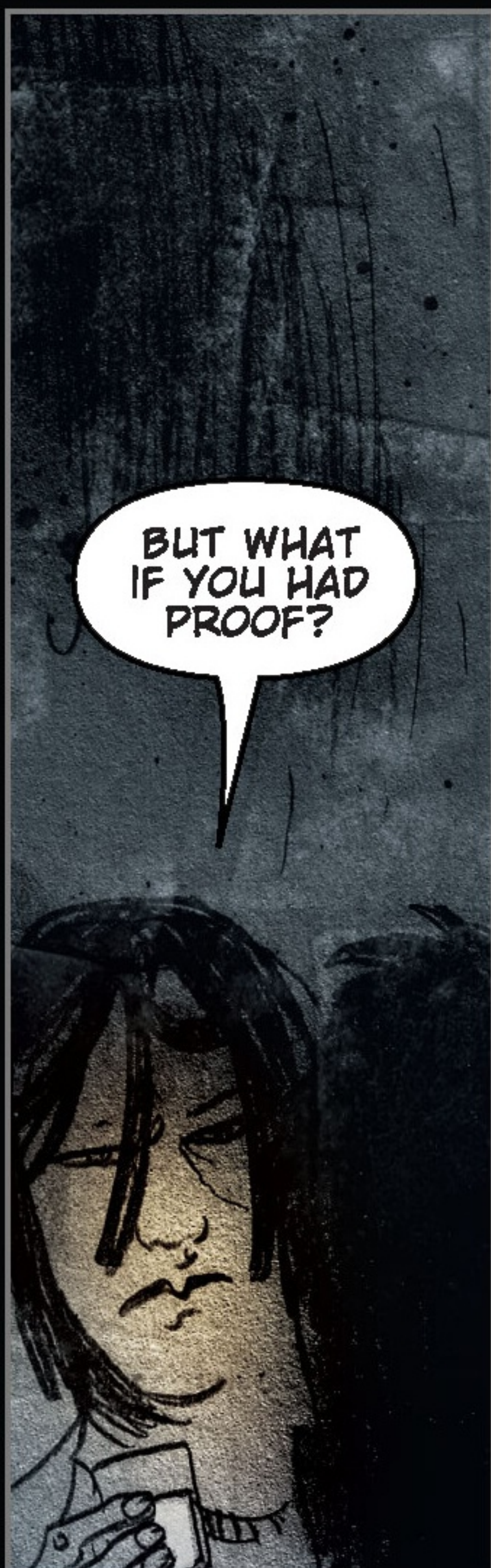
FOR
GOOD REASON,
AGENT NORRIS.
BELIEVE ME.

SO, TELL
ME: WHAT IS
THE ONE THING
THAT PREVENTS
THE FBI FROM
GOING AFTER...
VAMPIRES?



THAT'S
EASY...
PROOF.

THE BUREAU
CAN'T MAKE A
MOVE ON WILD
SPECULATION
AND LEGEND.



BUT WHAT
IF YOU HAD
PROOF?



THEN
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT A WHOLE NEW
BALLGAME. I STAND A
VERY GOOD CHANCE
OF MOBILIZING
SUPPORT IN THE
BUREAU...



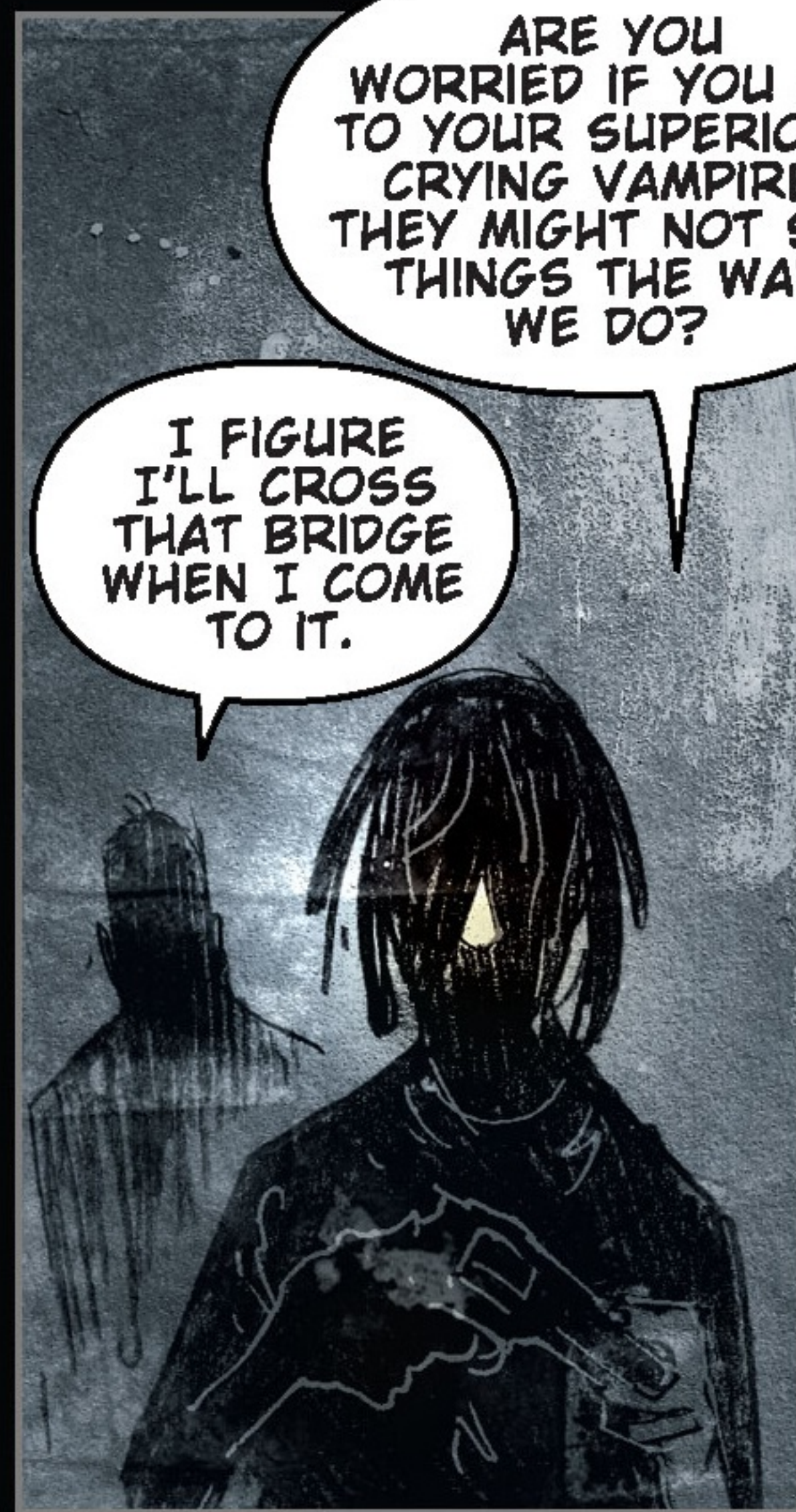


...RIGHT
HERE.



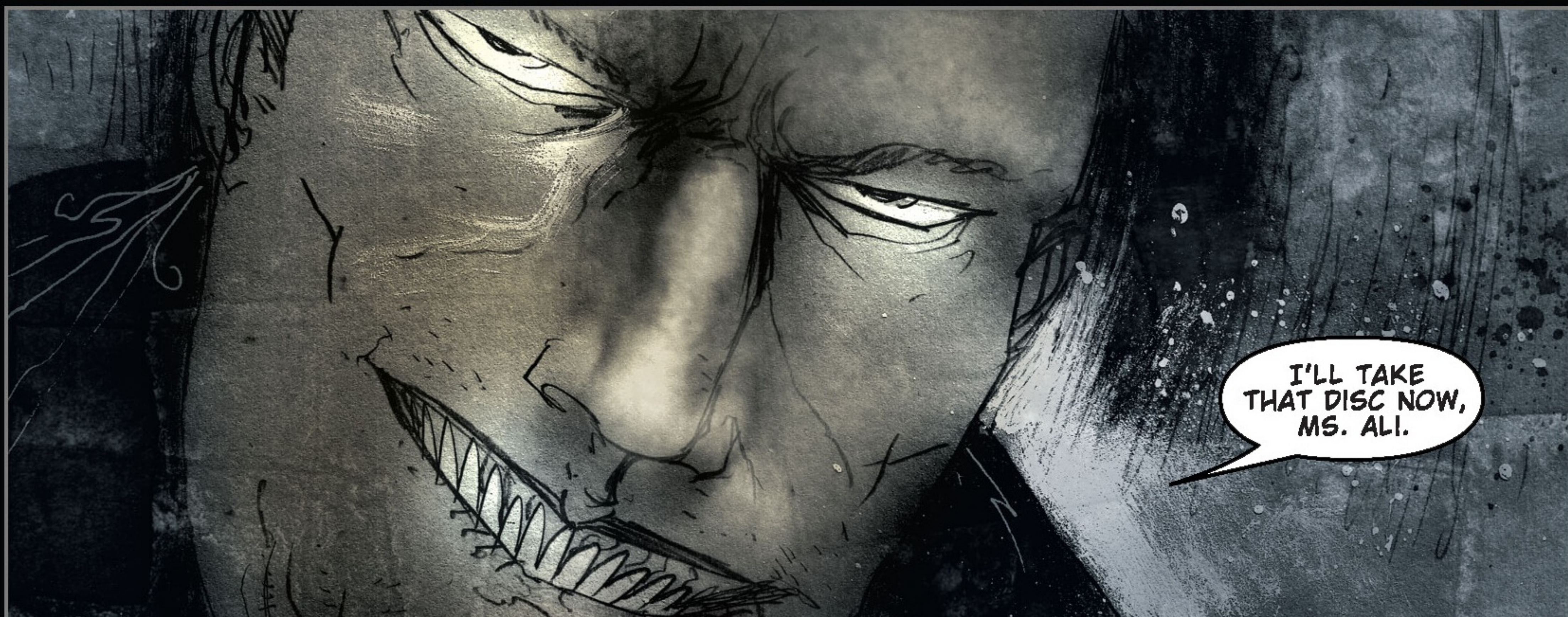
HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
WITH THE FBI,
AGENT NORRIS?

A LONG TIME.
SEEMS LIKE
FOREVER.

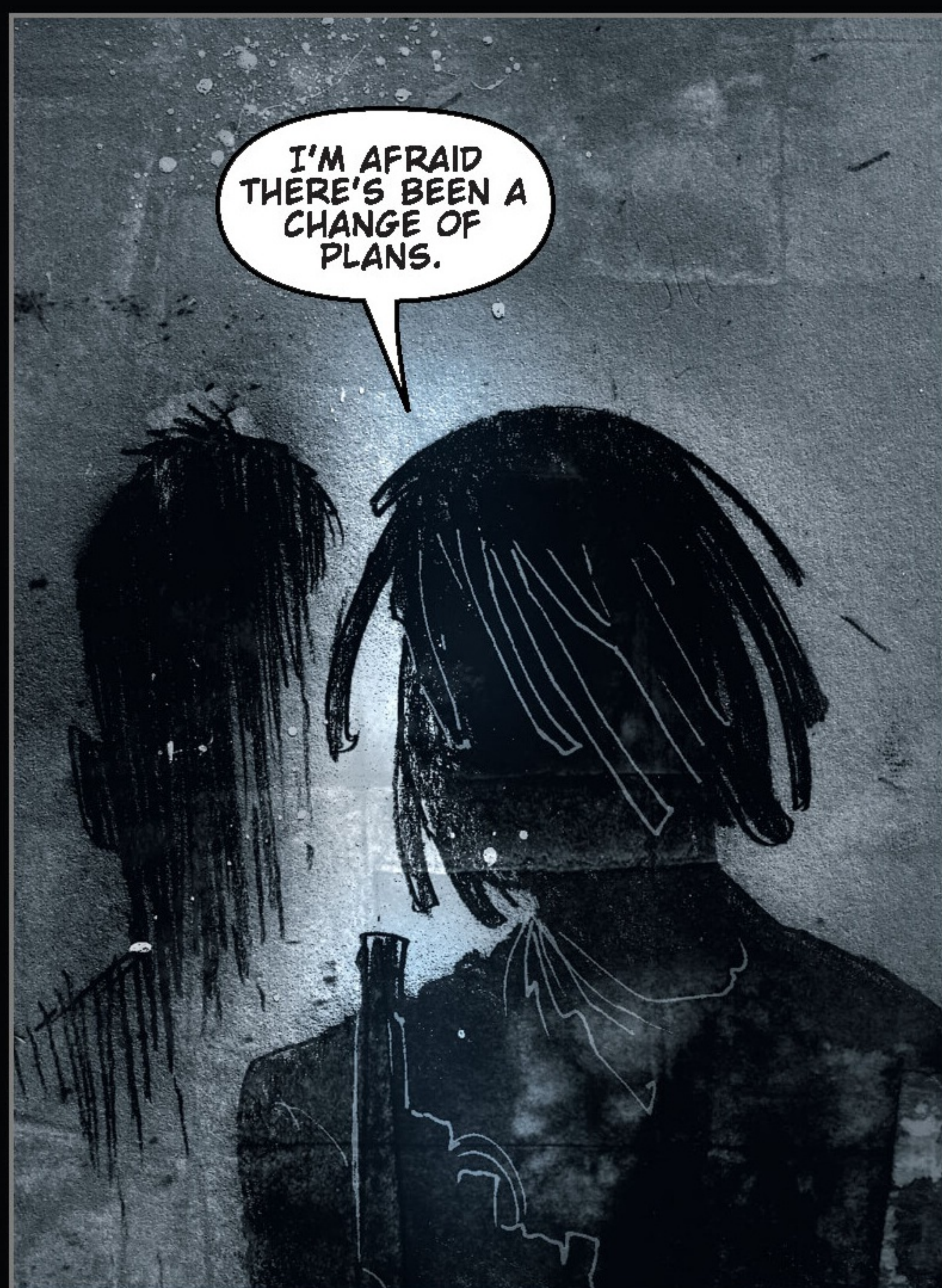


ARE YOU
WORRIED IF YOU GO
TO YOUR SUPERIORS
CRYING VAMPIRE,
THEY MIGHT NOT SEE
THINGS THE WAY
WE DO?

I FIGURE
I'LL CROSS
THAT BRIDGE
WHEN I COME
TO IT.

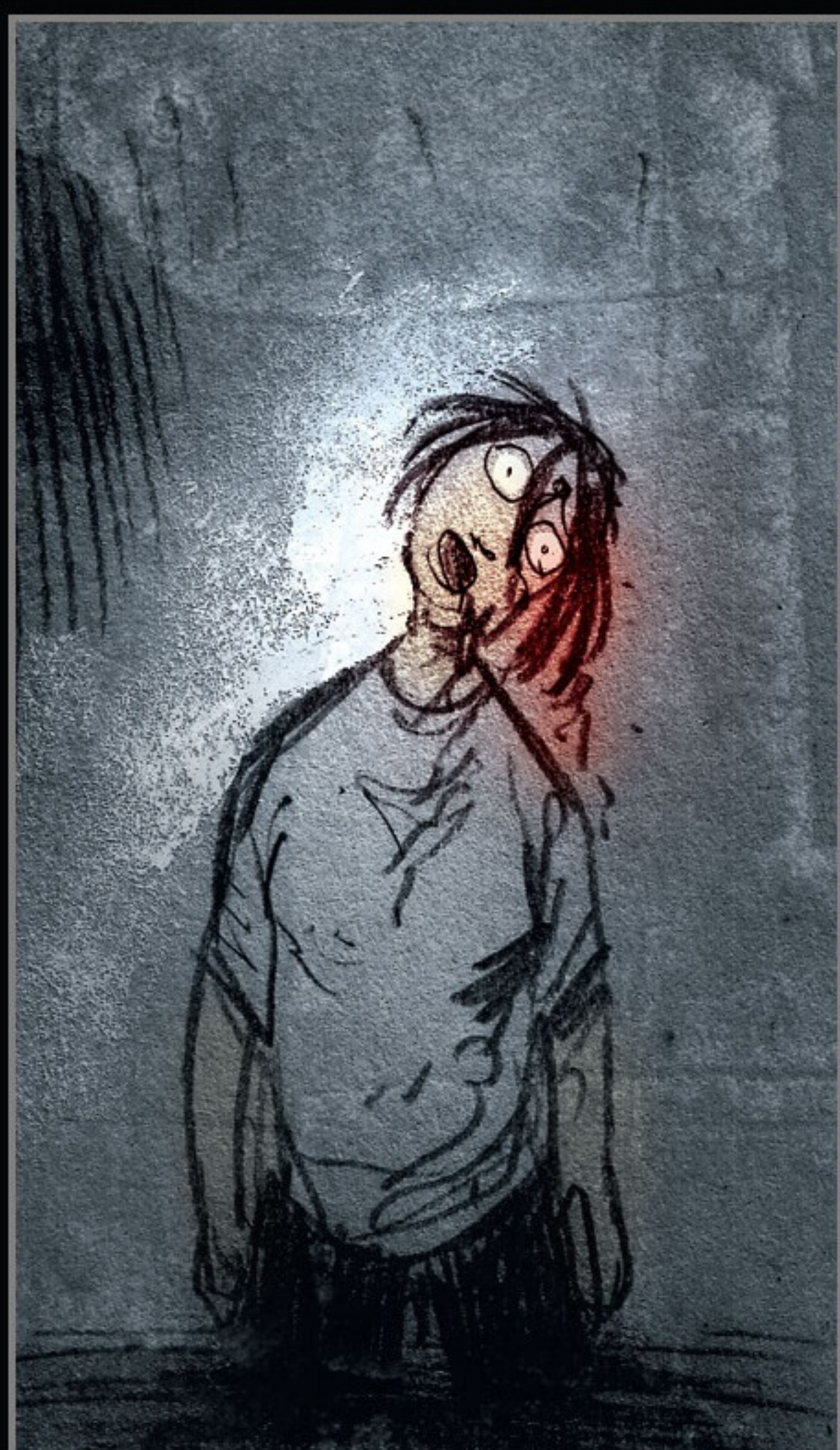


I'LL TAKE
THAT DISC NOW,
MS. ALI.



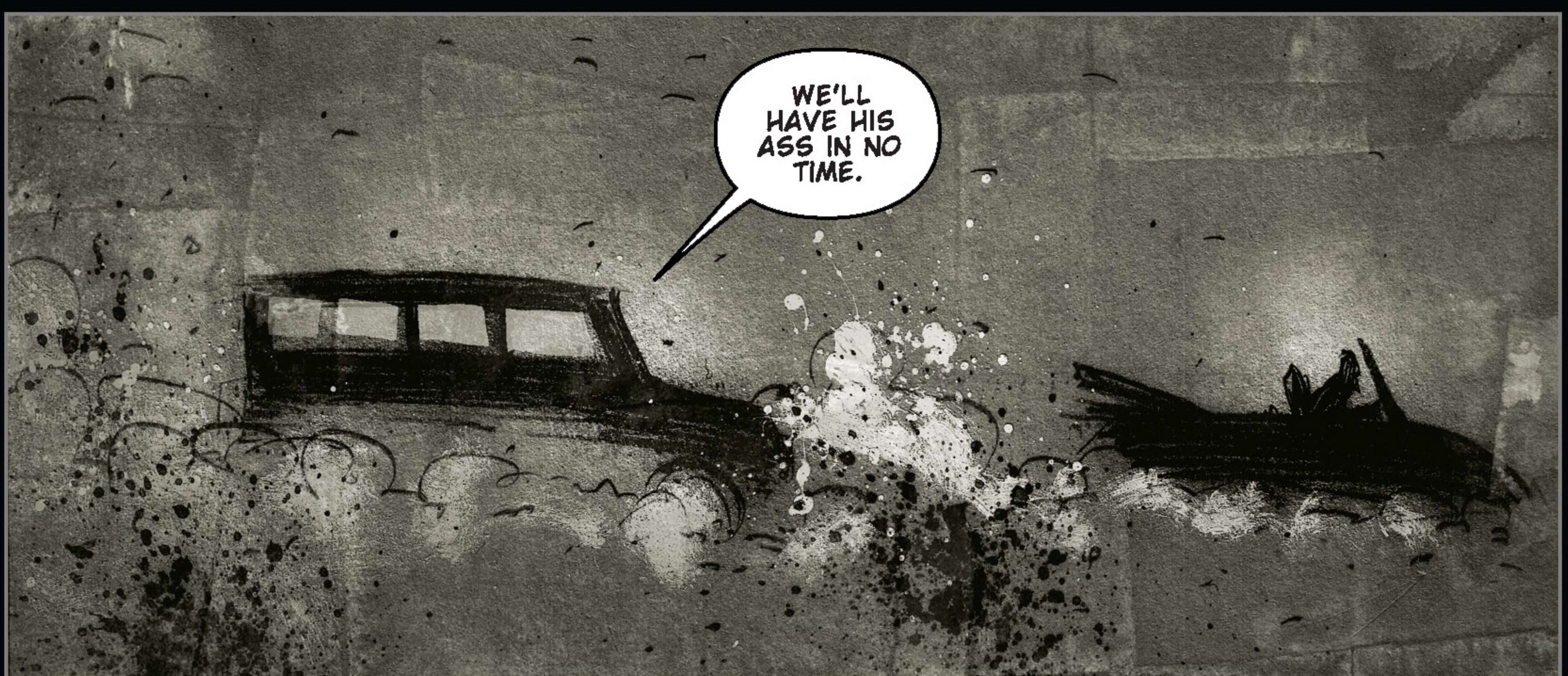
I'M AFRAID
THERE'S BEEN A
CHANGE OF
PLANS.

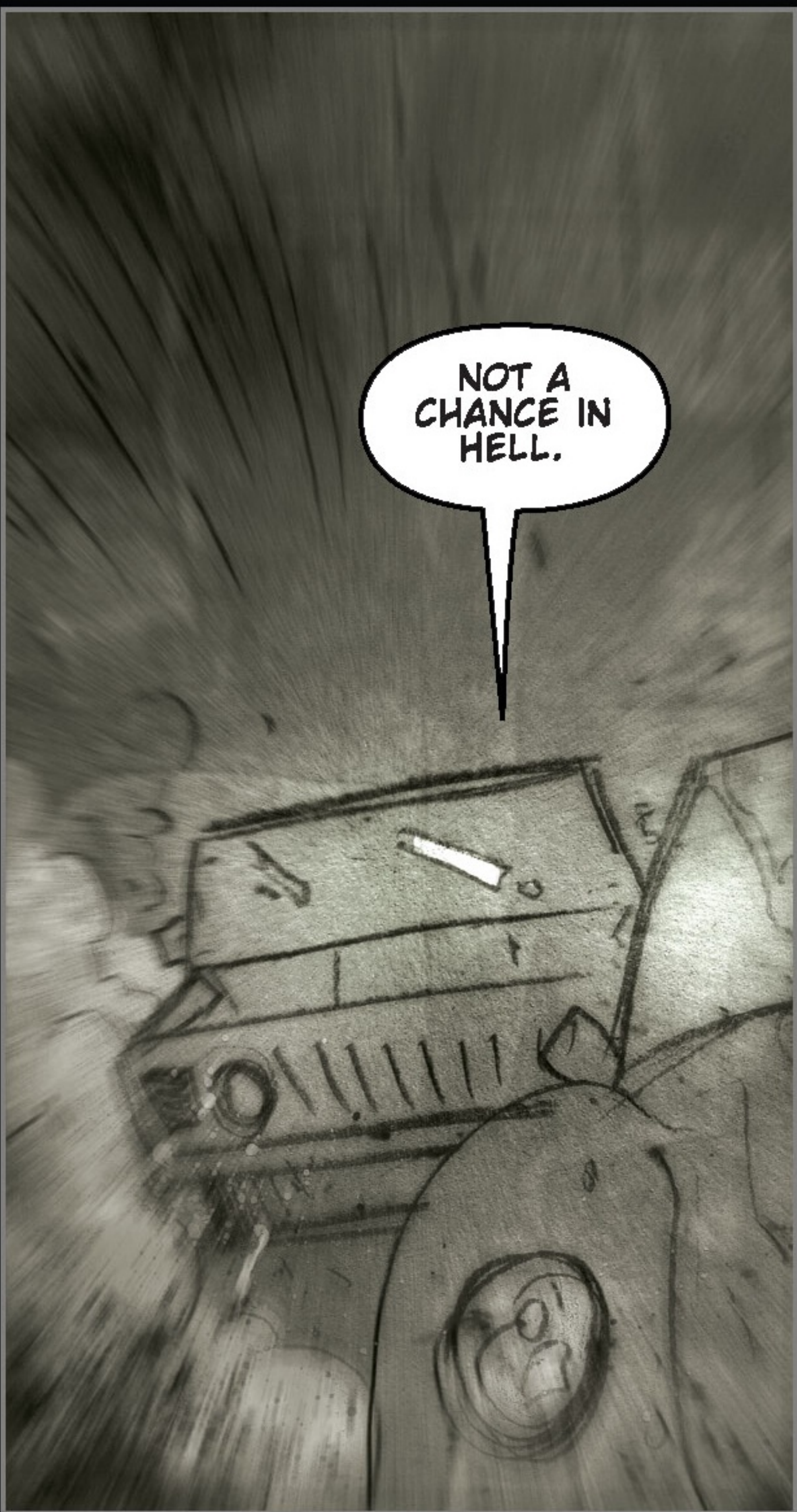








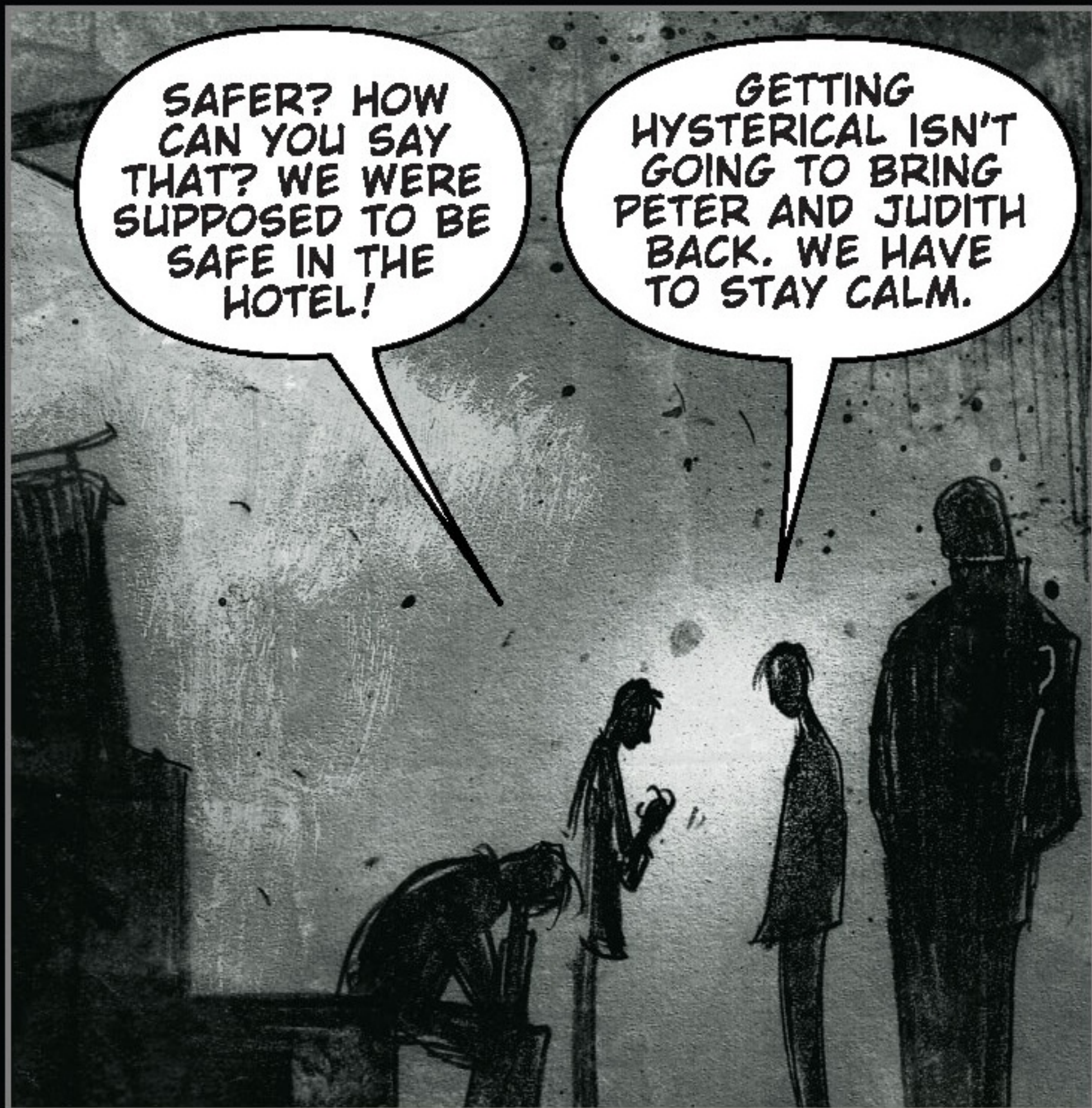




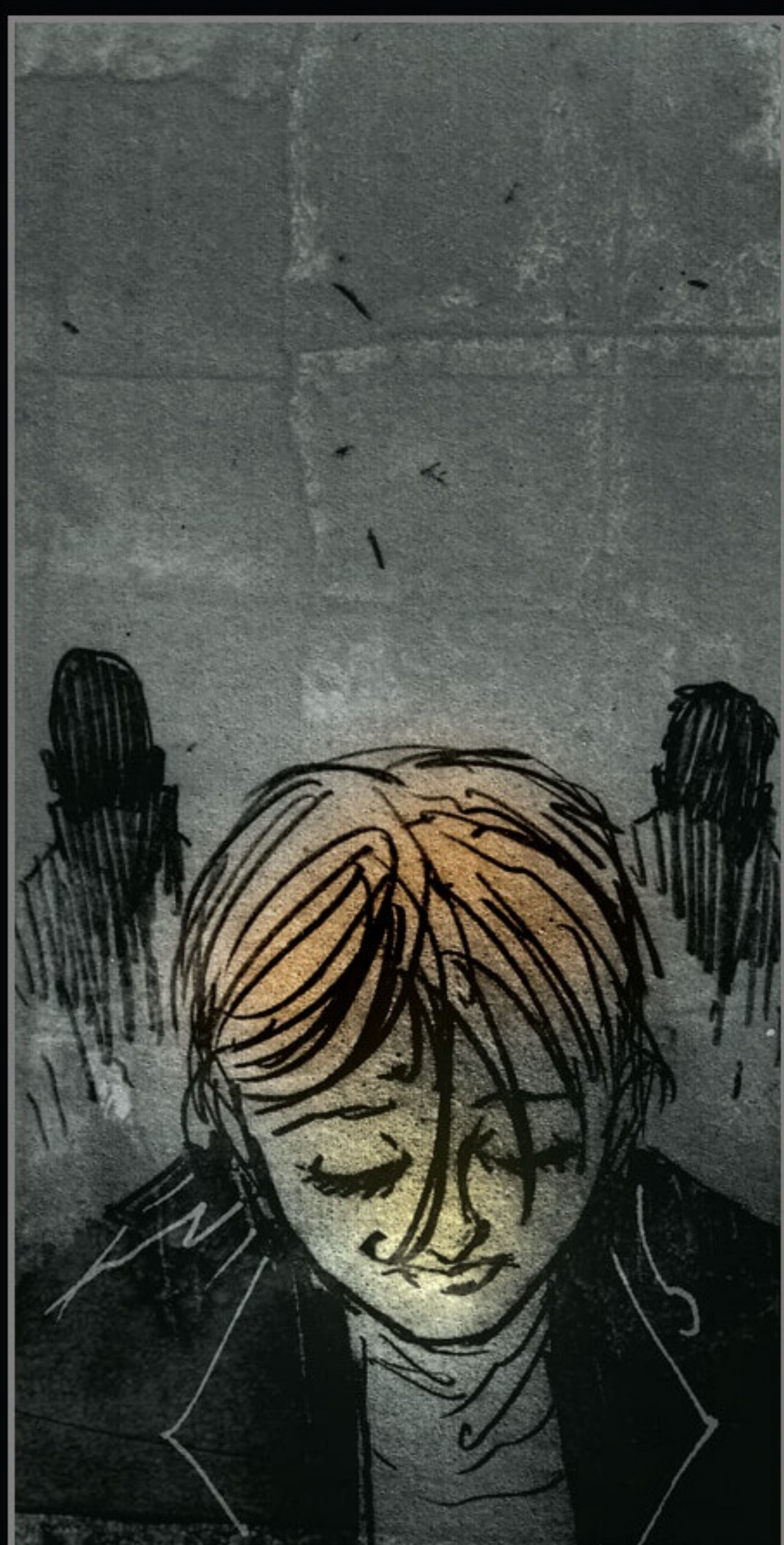
KRUNNNEH

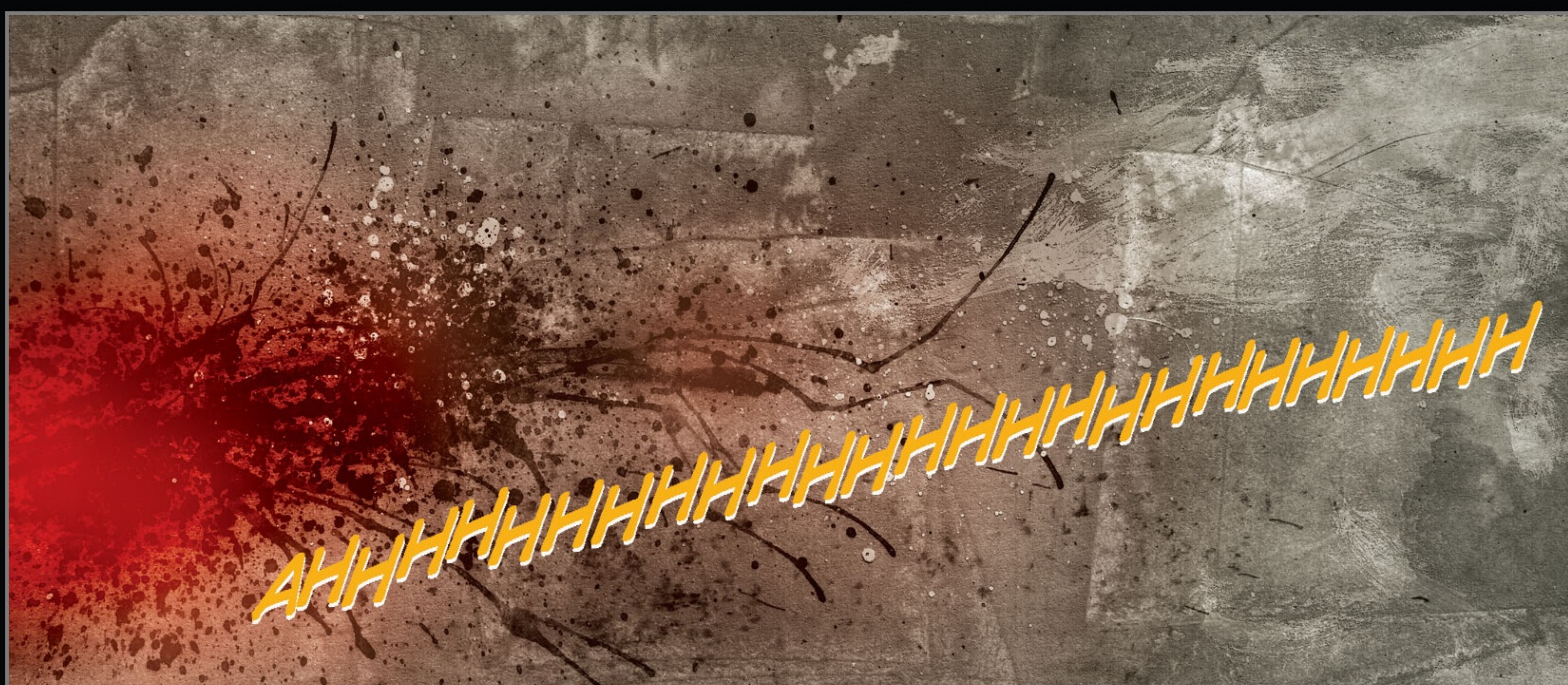


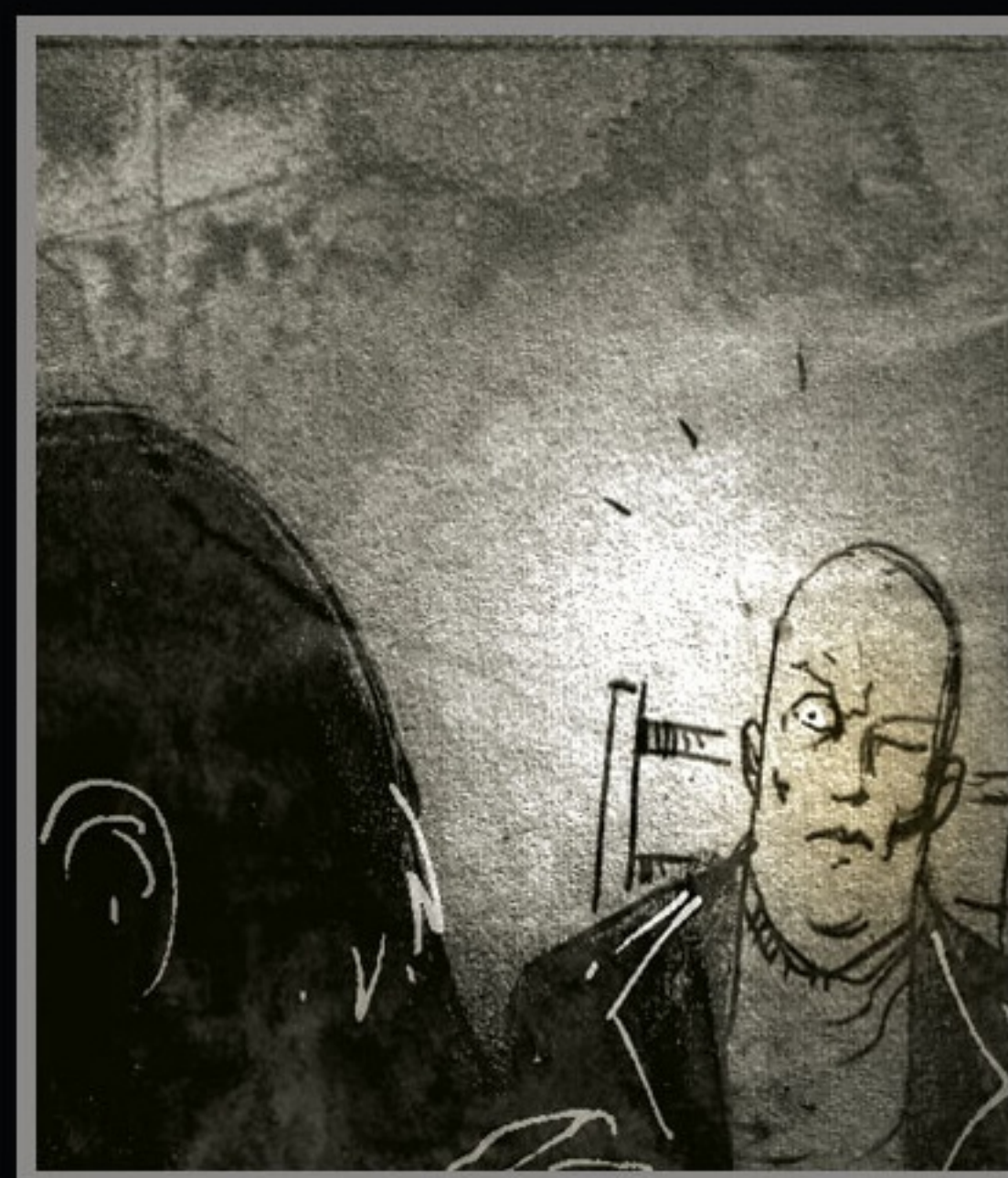


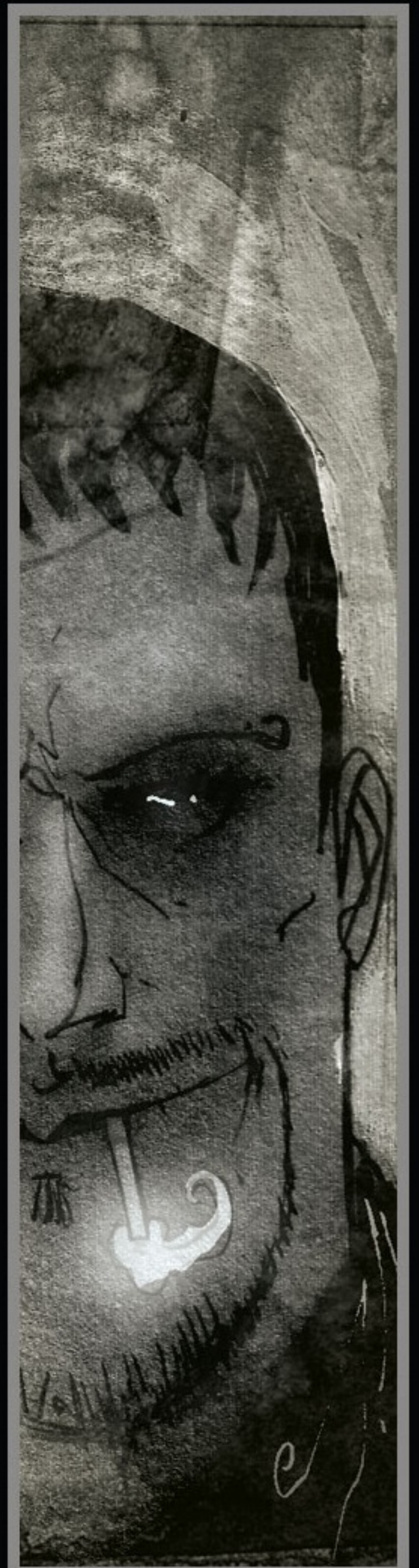
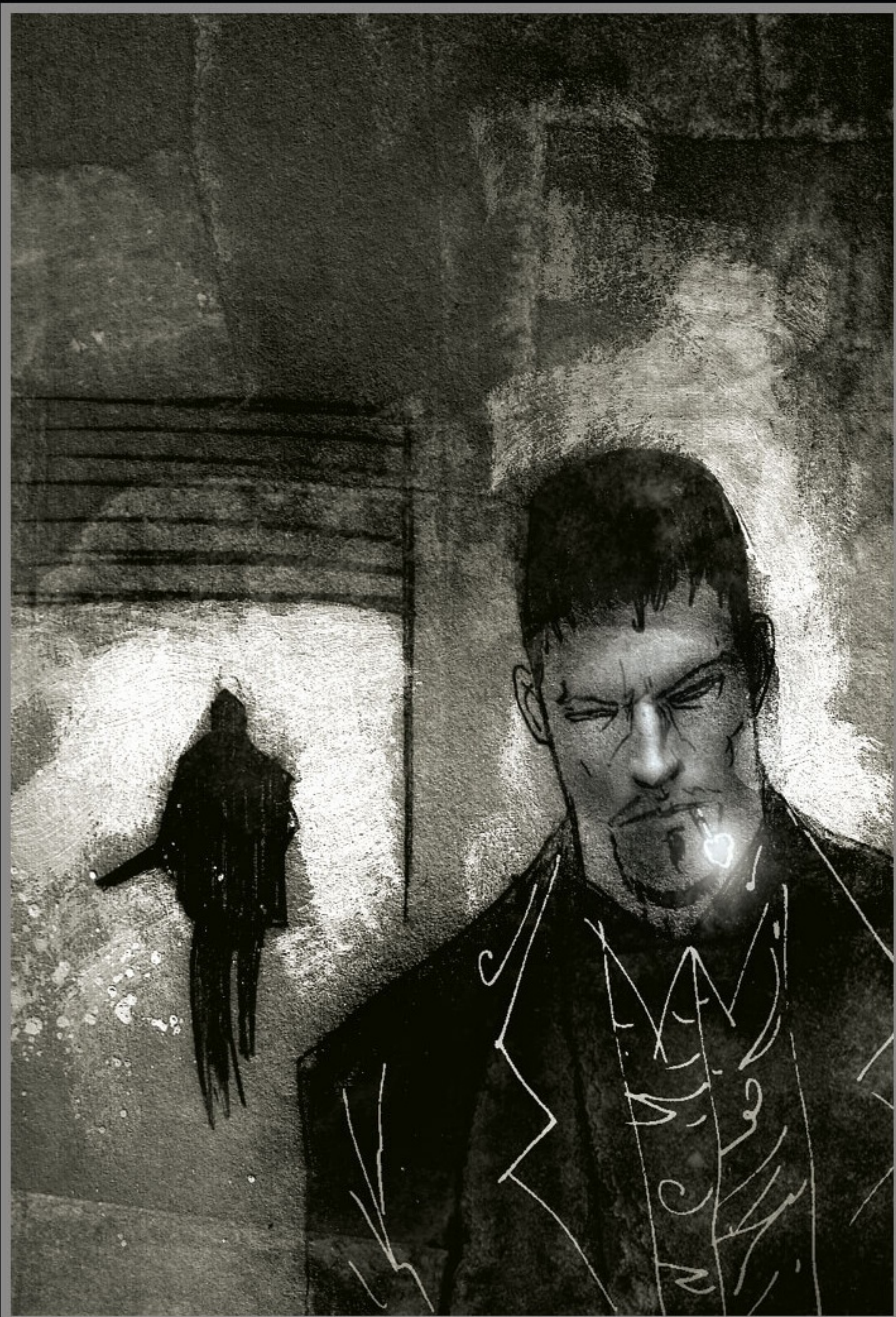


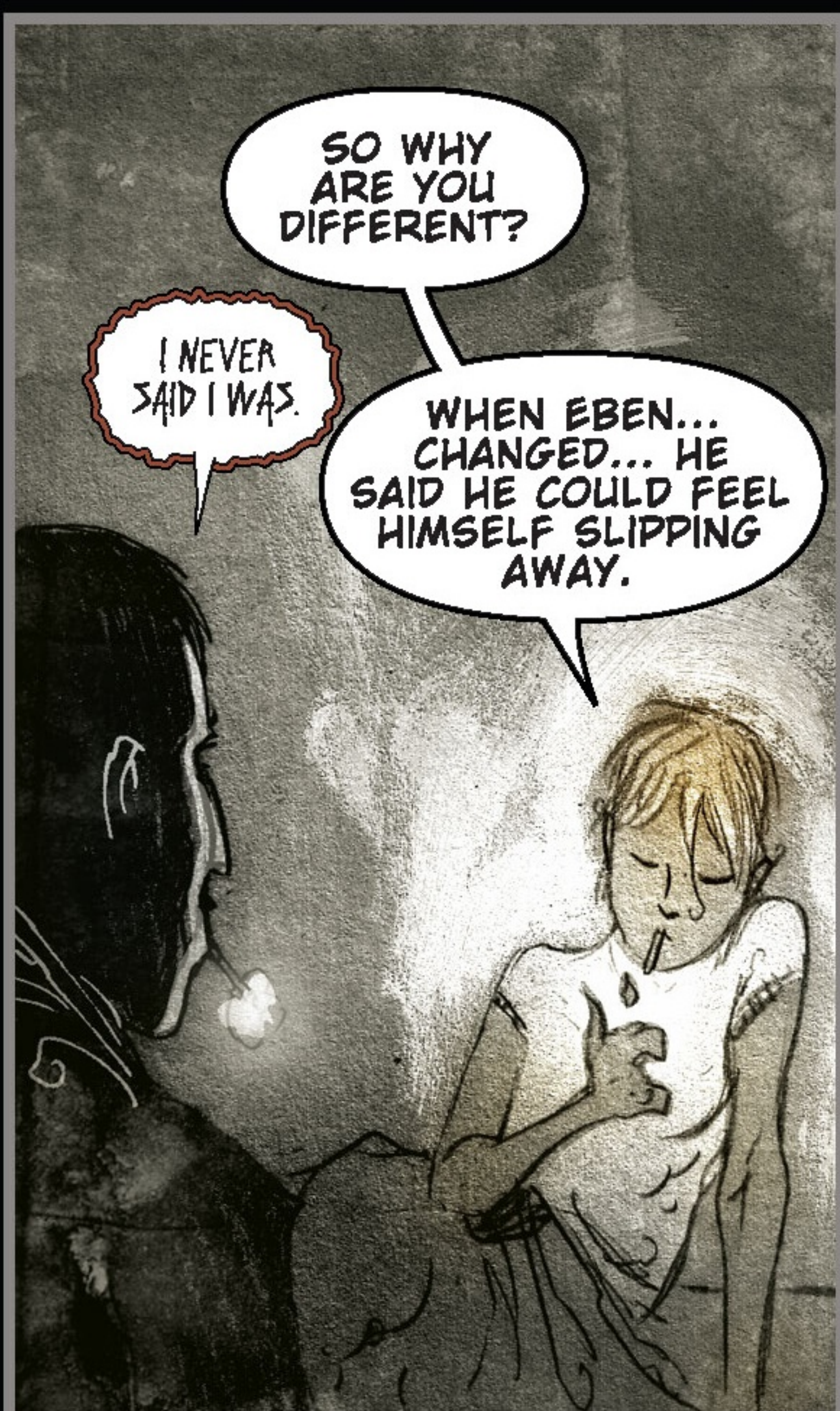
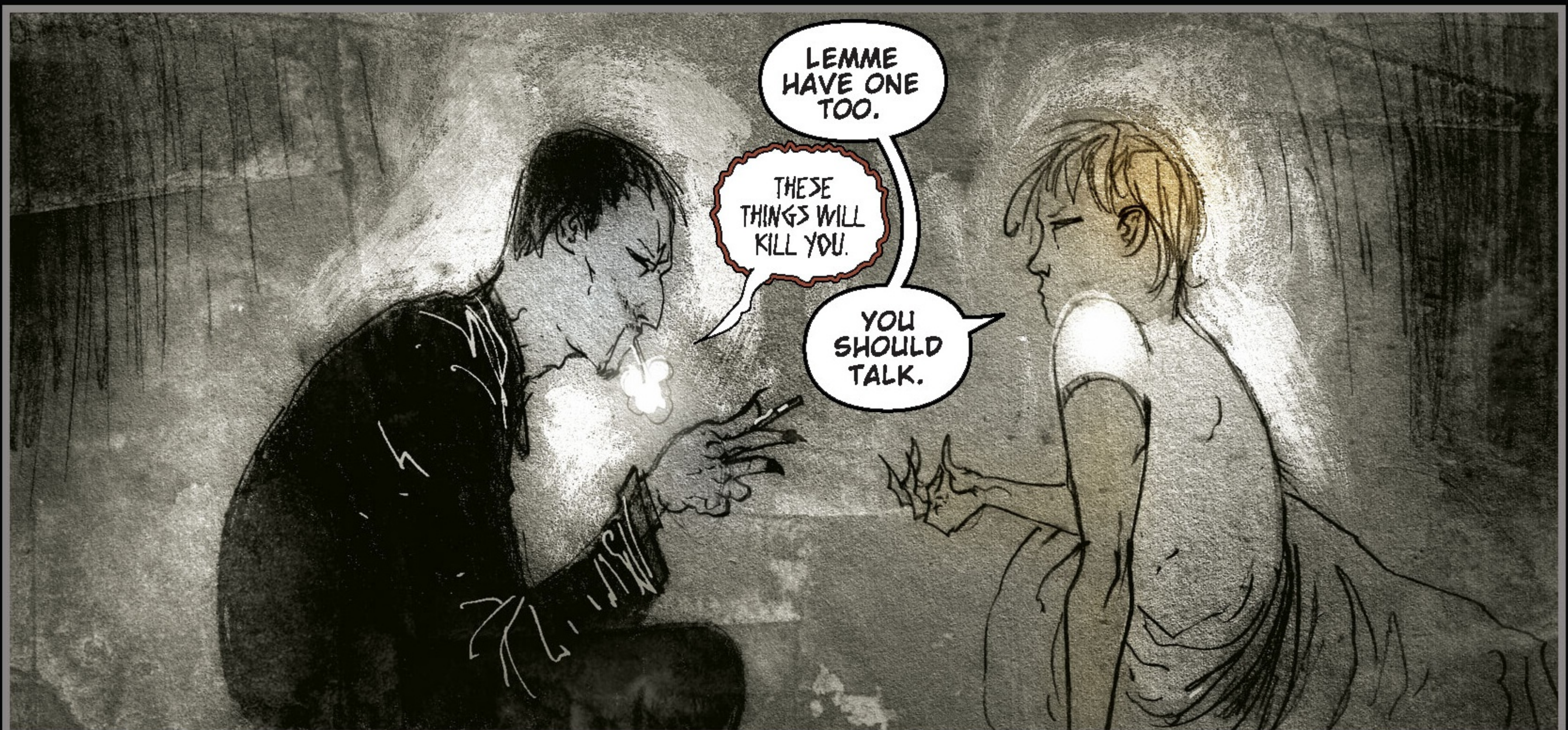


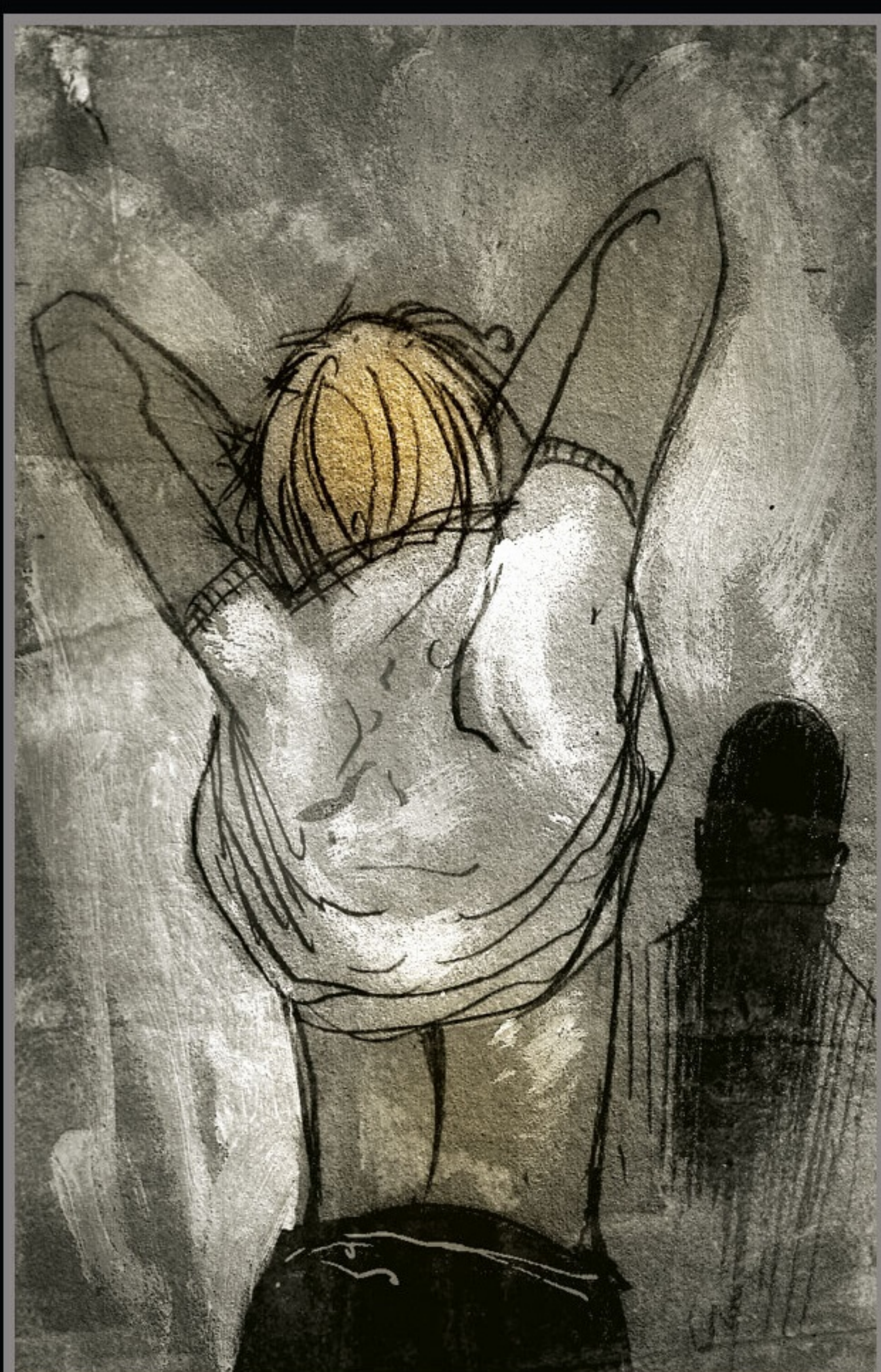








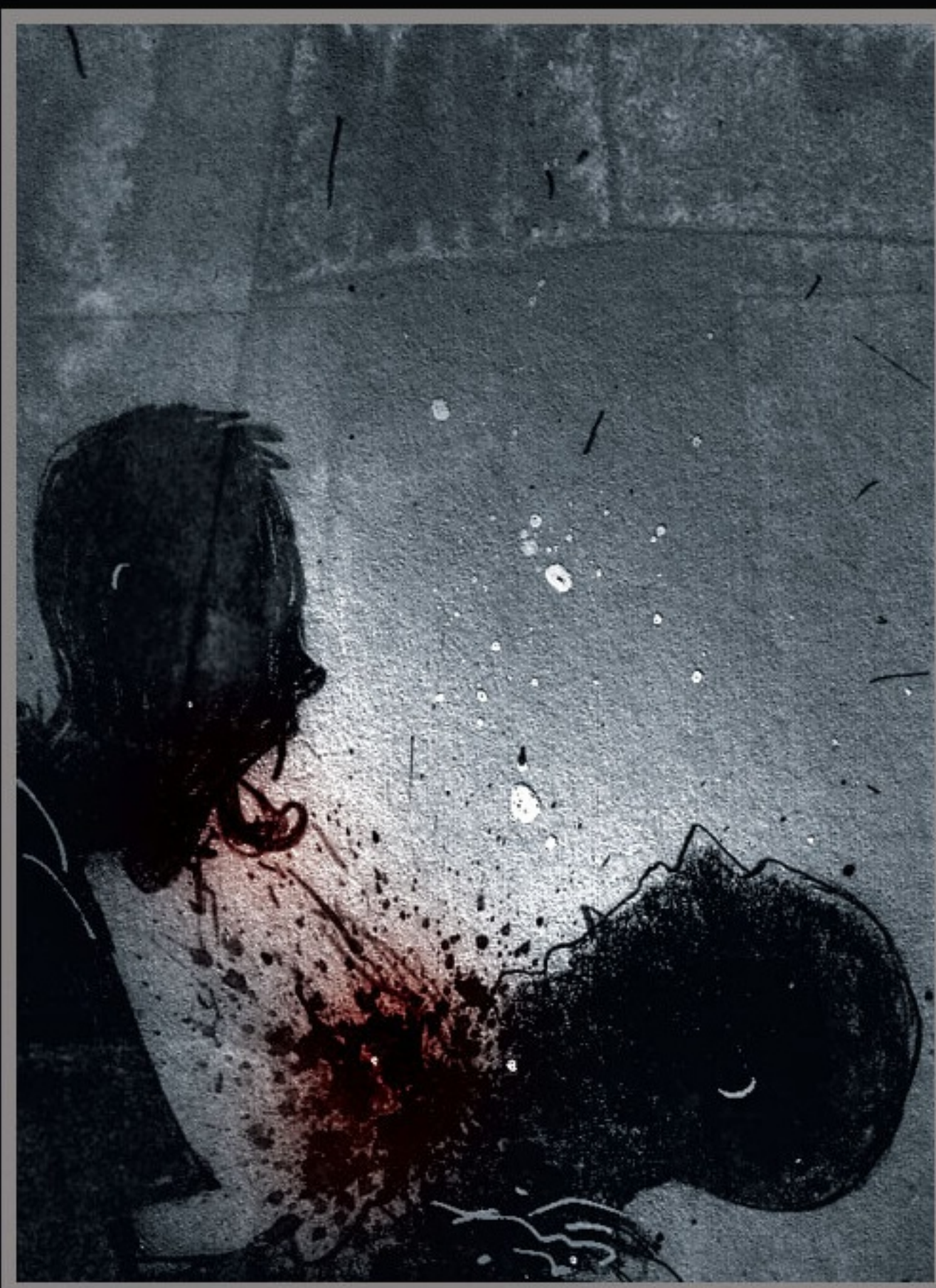








OH...
NO.





GATHER AN
ARMY ON YOUR
WAY. KILL AS
YOU PLEASE.



WE WILL
SET BACK
TIME.



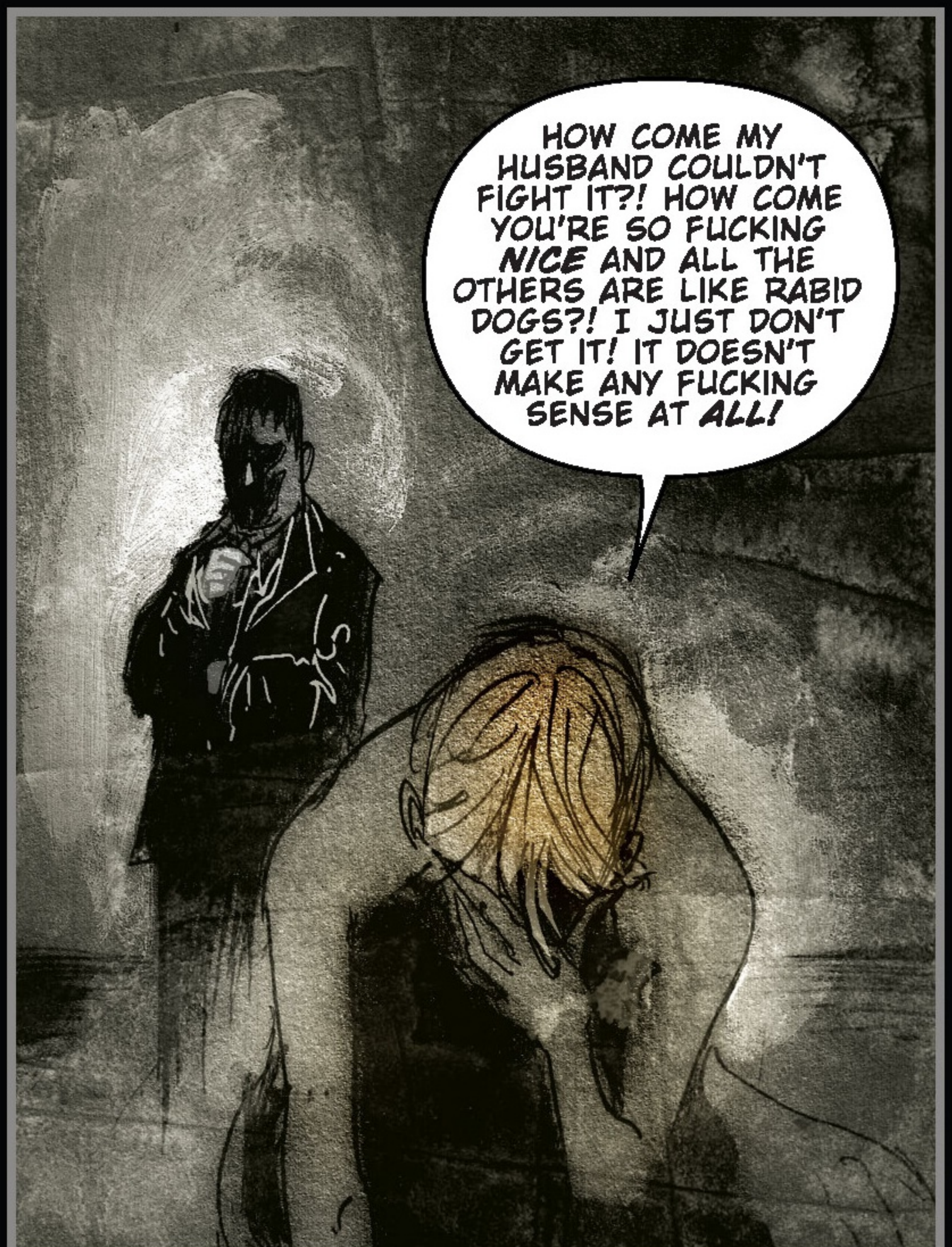
AND BRING
FEAR BACK TO
THE HEARTS OF
THE LIVING.



I WILL
BATHE IN THE
BLOOD OF THE WIFE
OF MY HUSBAND'S
KILLER...



...AND KILL
ON CONCRETE
WHAT SHOULD
HAVE BLED IN
THE SNOW.





SHHH.
SHHH.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.
HE THOUGHT HE WAS
DOING THE RIGHT THING. IF
HE WAS HALF THE PERSON
THAT YOU ARE THEN I
KNOW HE DID IT TO
PROTECT YOU.



AND BESIDES, IF I
RECALL, MOST HUMANS ARE
ASSHOLES, SO IT STANDS TO
REASON THAT THE SAME WOULD
BE TRUE FOR VAMPIRES, RIGHT?
MY OWN CREATOR, MARLOW...
BIG ASSHOLE.

RIGHT...
CHRIST.



WHAT AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO, GIVE EACH ONE
A PERSONALITY TEST
BEFORE I BLOW HIM
TO PIECES?

EVERYTHING I
PLANNED IS RUINED...
SO FAST... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING ANY MORE.



YOU STILL HAVE
THIS. YOUR FRIEND DIED
FOR IT. THE LEAST WE CAN
DO IS GET IT TO THE
RIGHT PEOPLE.

YOU WANT
TO HELP ME
PROVE THAT
YOUR KIND
EXISTS?

I DON'T GIVE A
DAMN. THE HERD'S FULL
OF, WHAT DID YOU CALL
THEM, **RABID DOGS**?
MAYBE THE HERD NEEDS
THINNING.



CERTAINLY
ARE CONFIDENT,
AREN'T YOU?

OR STUPID.



I'LL GO
WITH—



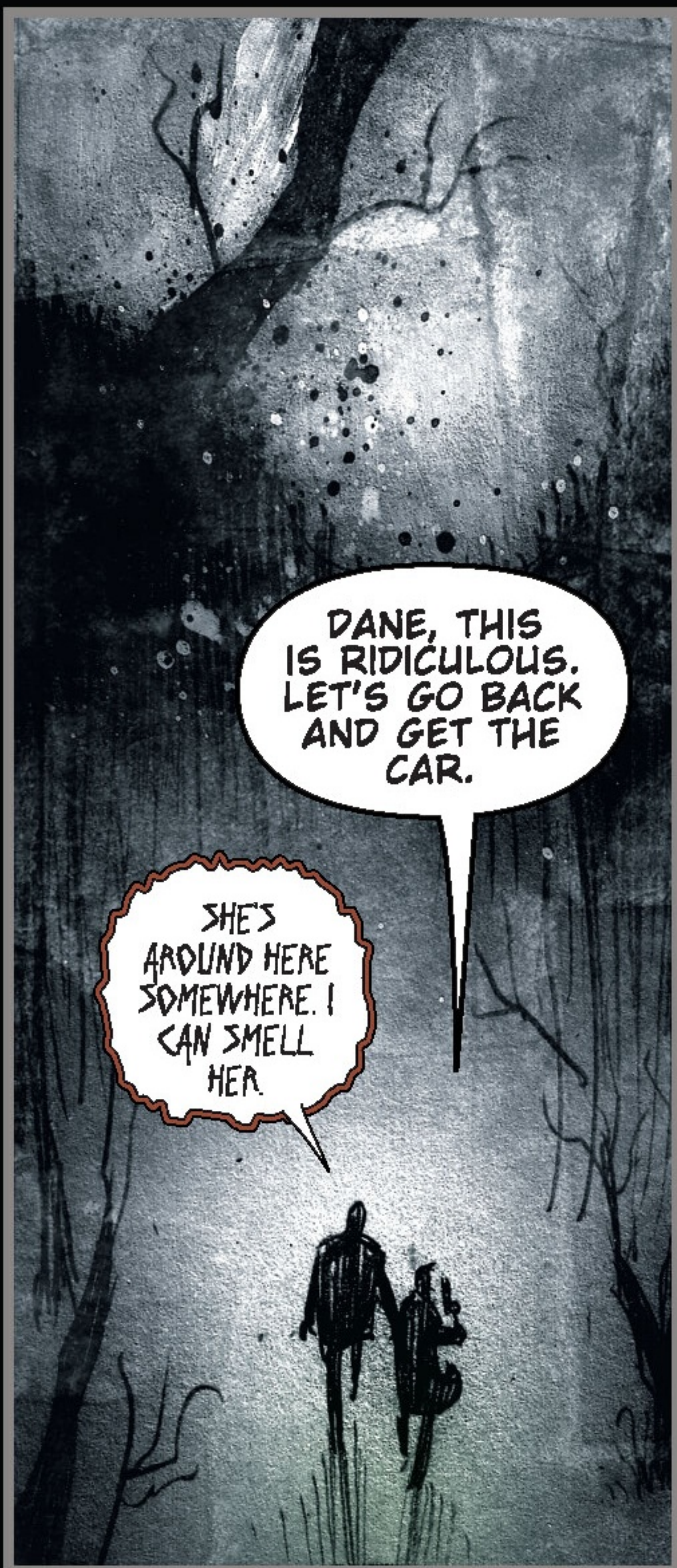












DANE, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. LET'S GO BACK AND GET THE CAR.

SHE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. I CAN SMELL HER.



WHERE ARE WE?

LAUREL CANYON. IT'S ACTUALLY ONLY A HALF MILE FROM YOUR HOTEL... LOTS OF ABANDONED HOUSES BACK HERE.



WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU JUMPED.

JUST KEEP WALKING.



STOP PULLING ME AND TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!



PLEASE... JUST KEEP WALKING.



YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS.

THEY MIGHT NOT HURT US IF WE KEEP MOVING.



STOP
IT!



NOT
ANOTHER STEP
UNTIL YOU EXPLAIN
YOURSELF... ARE
YOU SWEATING?



THEY ARE
ALL AROUND US
AS WE SPEAK.



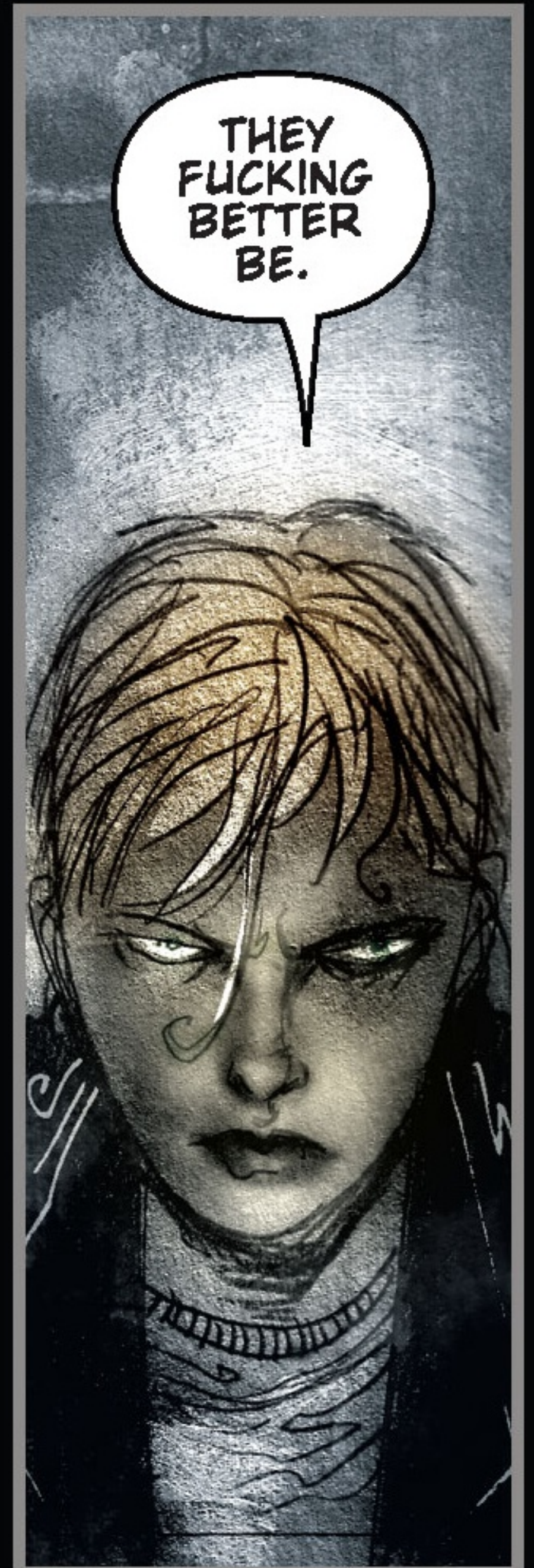
THERE'S A
HOUSE AT THE TOP
OF THE HILL. THEY'RE
BOXING US IN...
STEERING US
THERE.



I DON'T
SEE A HOUSE.
WHERE'S A—



-HOUSE.







GOD, HOW DID I
END UP HERE?



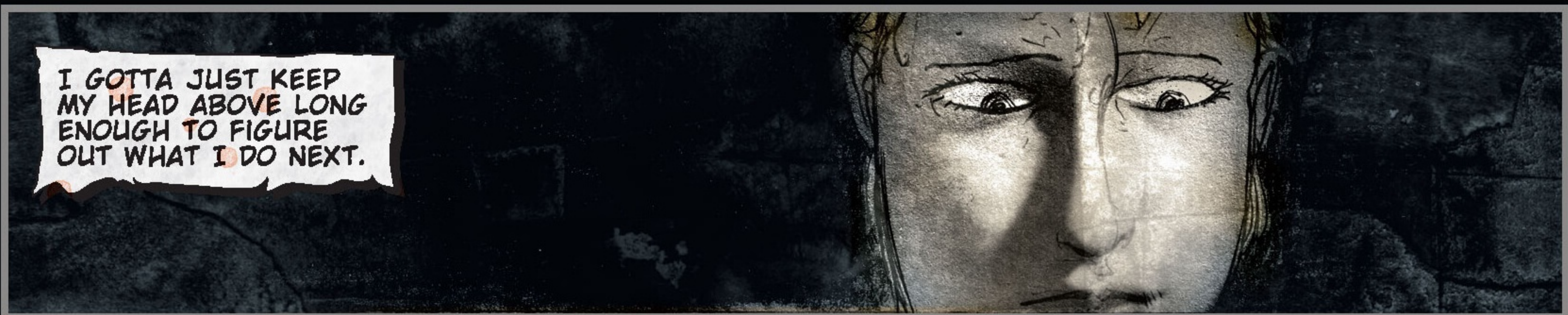
I WAS
HAPPY...
ONCE.



NOW, A SIMPLE PLAN HAS BEEN
OBLITERATED AND I'M FLOATING IN
A SEA OF BLOOD, WONDERING WHAT
THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY LIFE.



NO MORE PLAN.
NO MORE LIFE.



I GOTTA JUST KEEP
MY HEAD ABOVE LONG
ENOUGH TO FIGURE
OUT WHAT I DO NEXT.



WHAT A MESS YOU'VE
MADE, STELLA OLEMAUN.



THE VAMPIRE
KILLER AND THE
VAMPIRE TRAITOR. WHAT
A LOVELY SIGHT THE
TWO OF YOU ARE
TOGETHER.

I CAN'T SPEAK
FOR MY FRIEND
HERE, SISTER, BUT
IF I HAVE TO STAND
HERE AND LISTEN TO
THAT B-GRADE GOTHIC
BANTER, I'M GOING
TO THROW UP.

LET'S JUST
DO WHAT WE'RE
HERE FOR AND GO
OUR S-SEPARATE
WAYS.





TAKE HIM
AWAY...

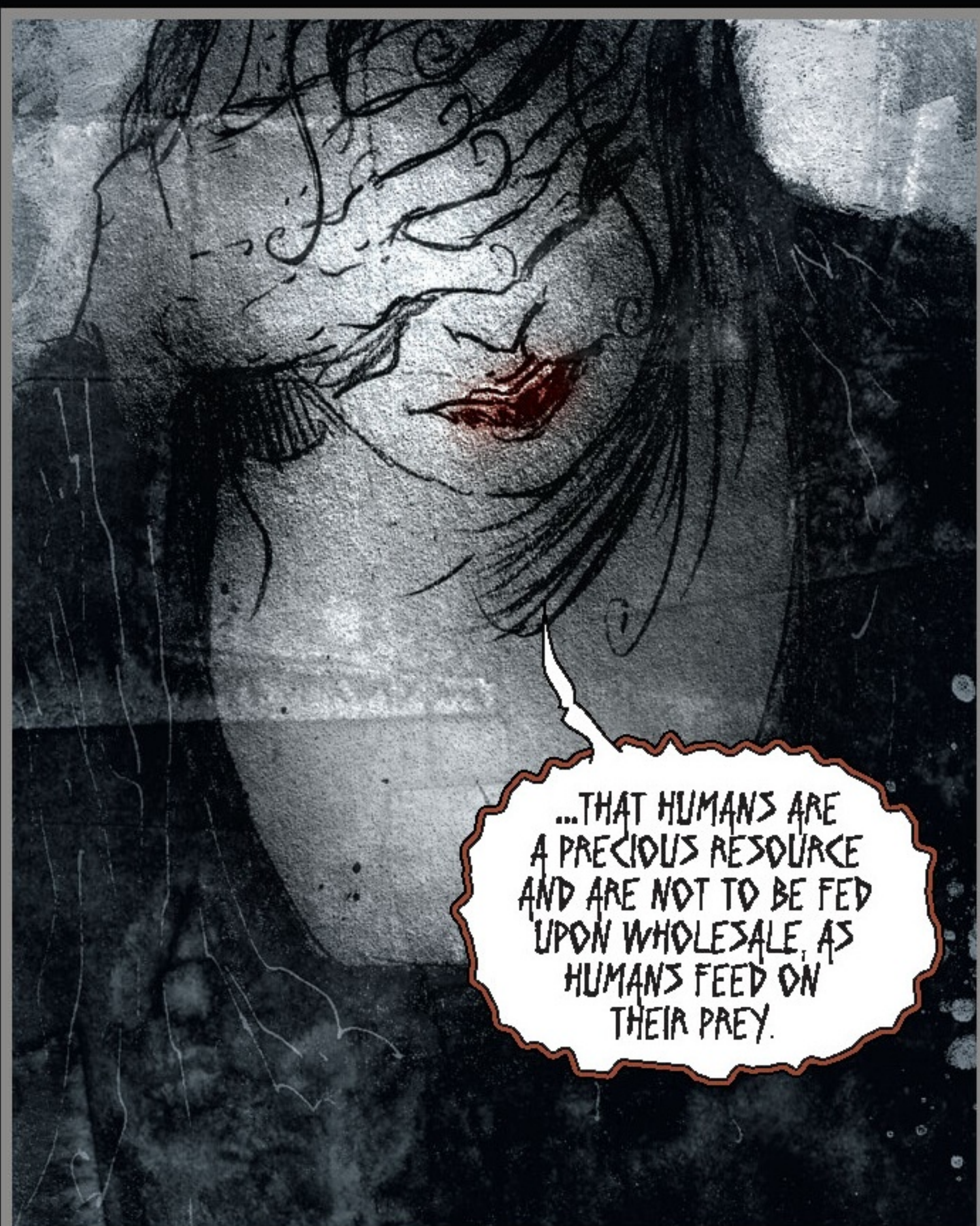
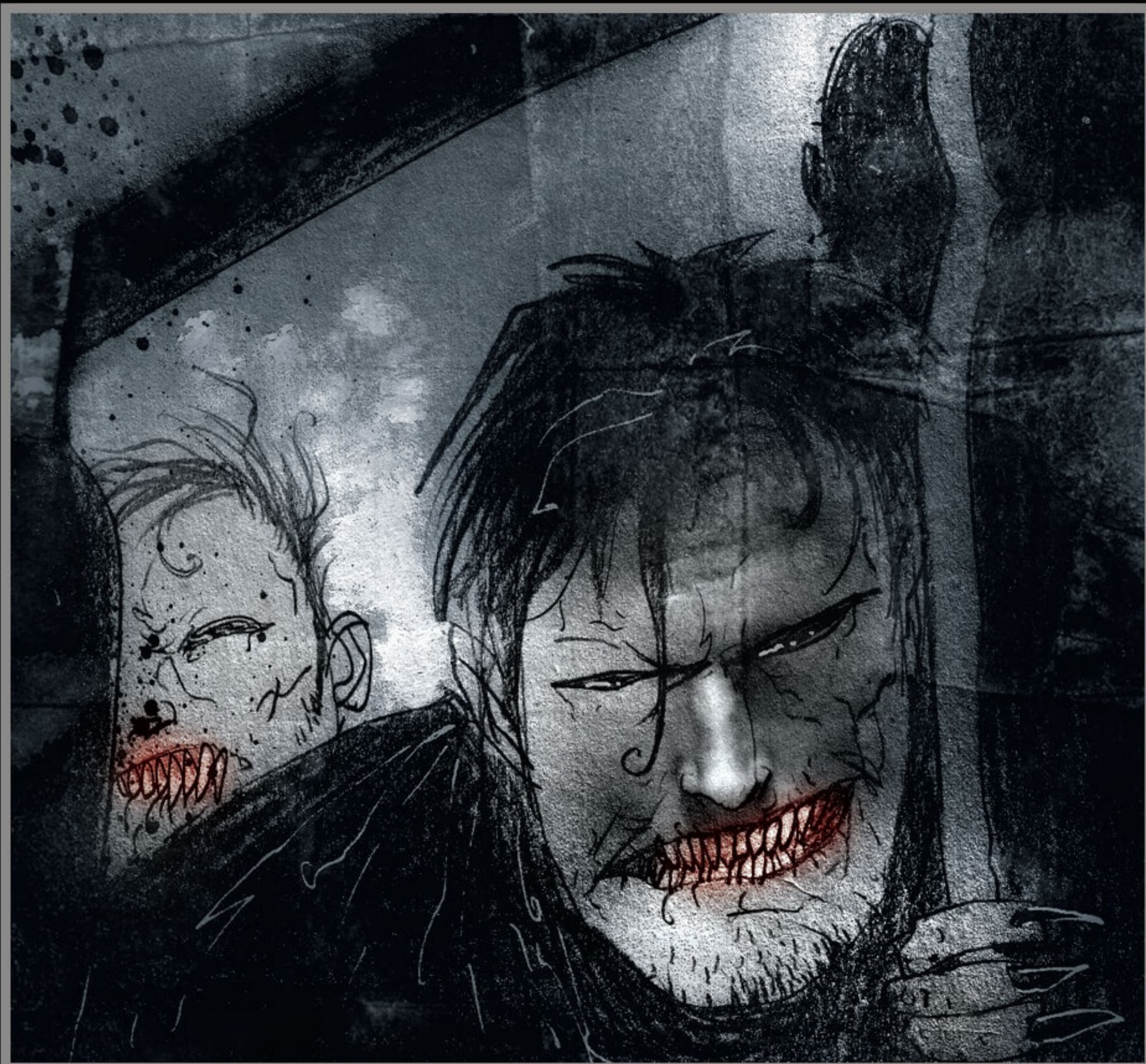


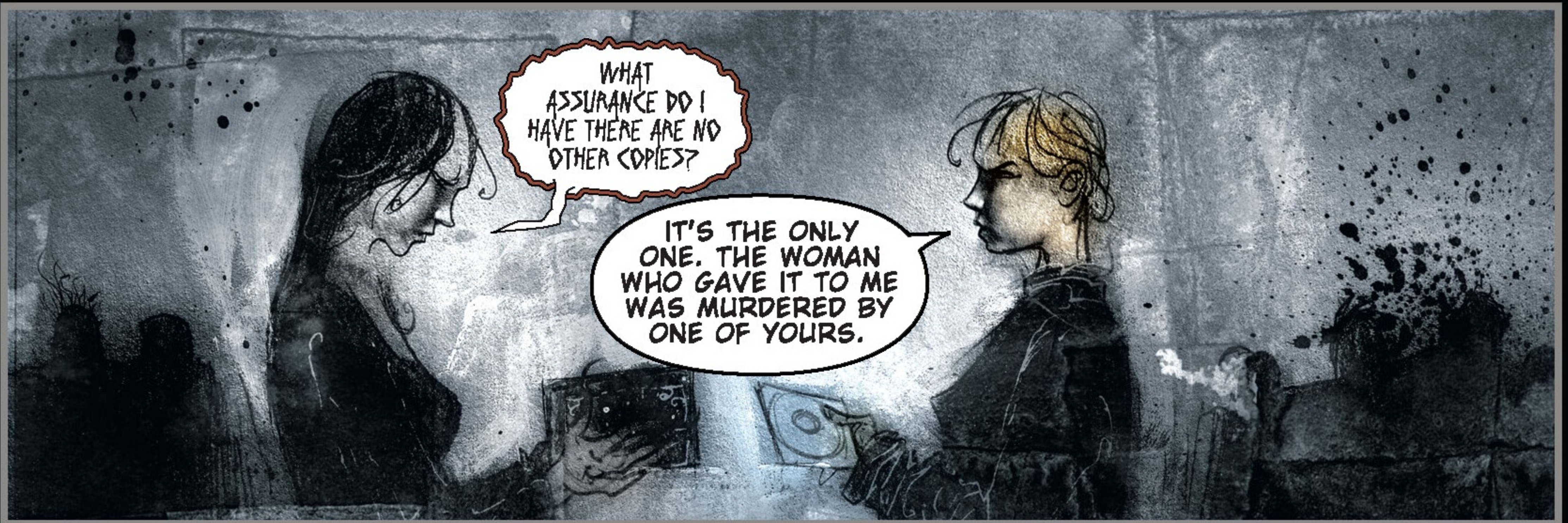
...LEAVE
HER.



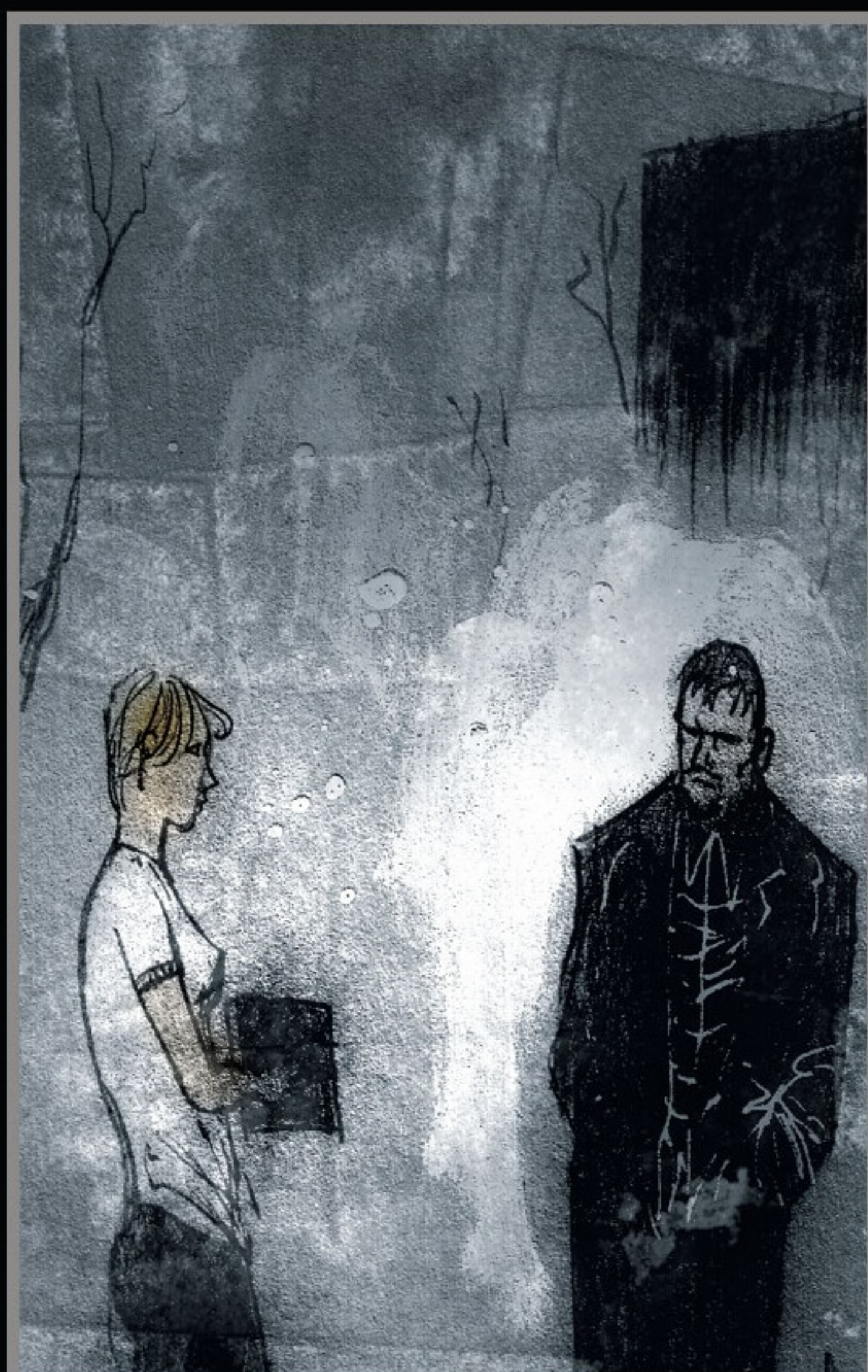






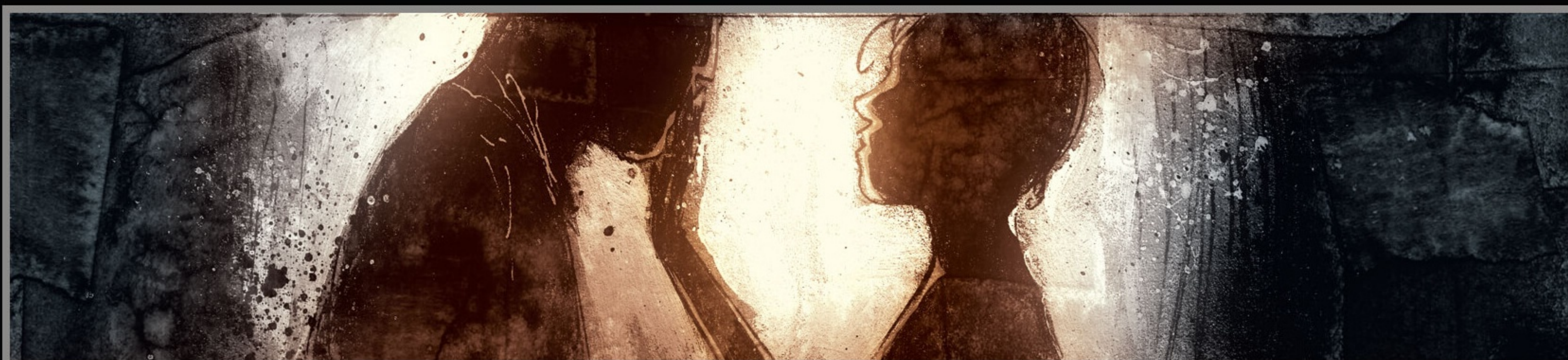








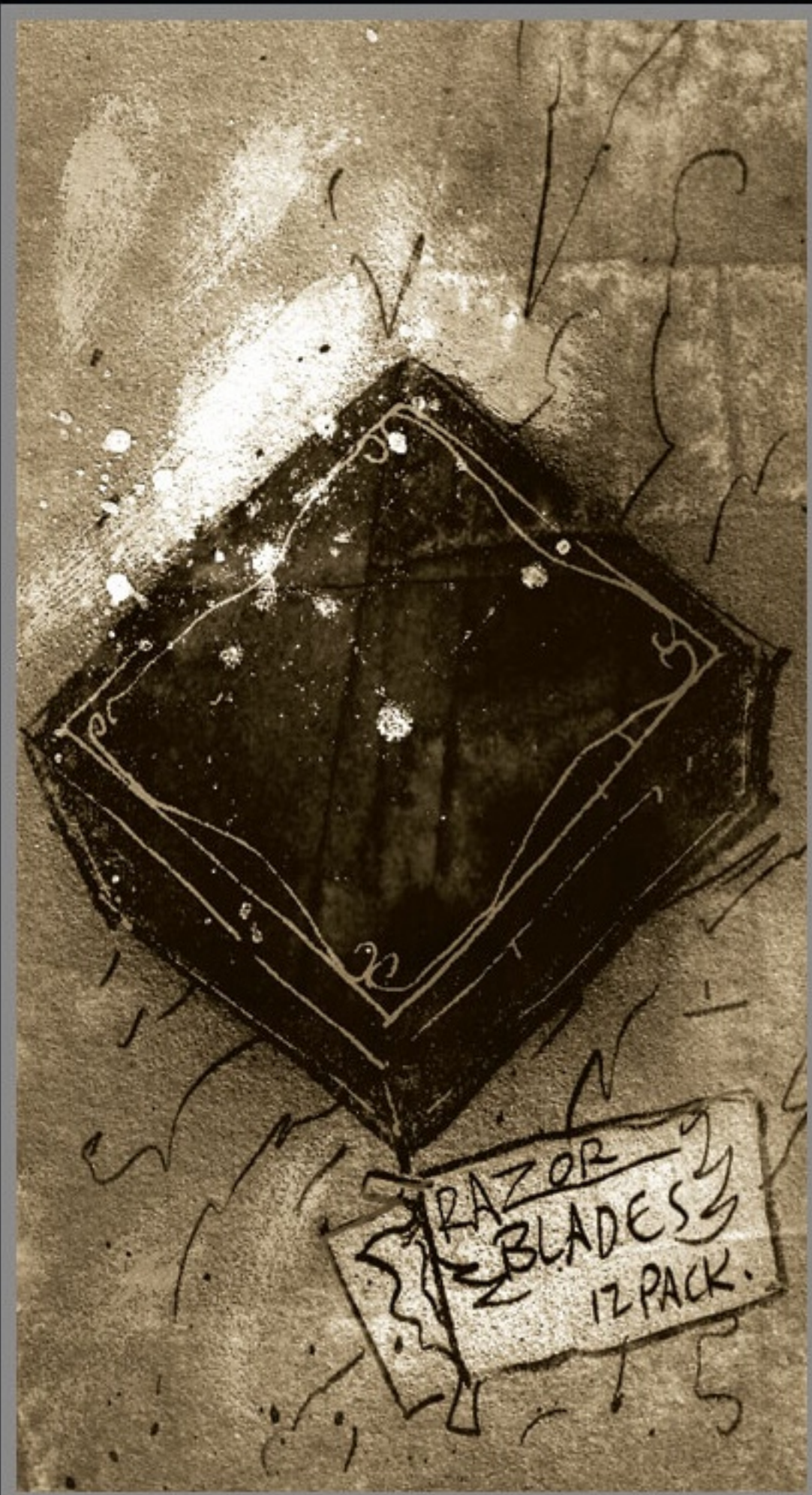
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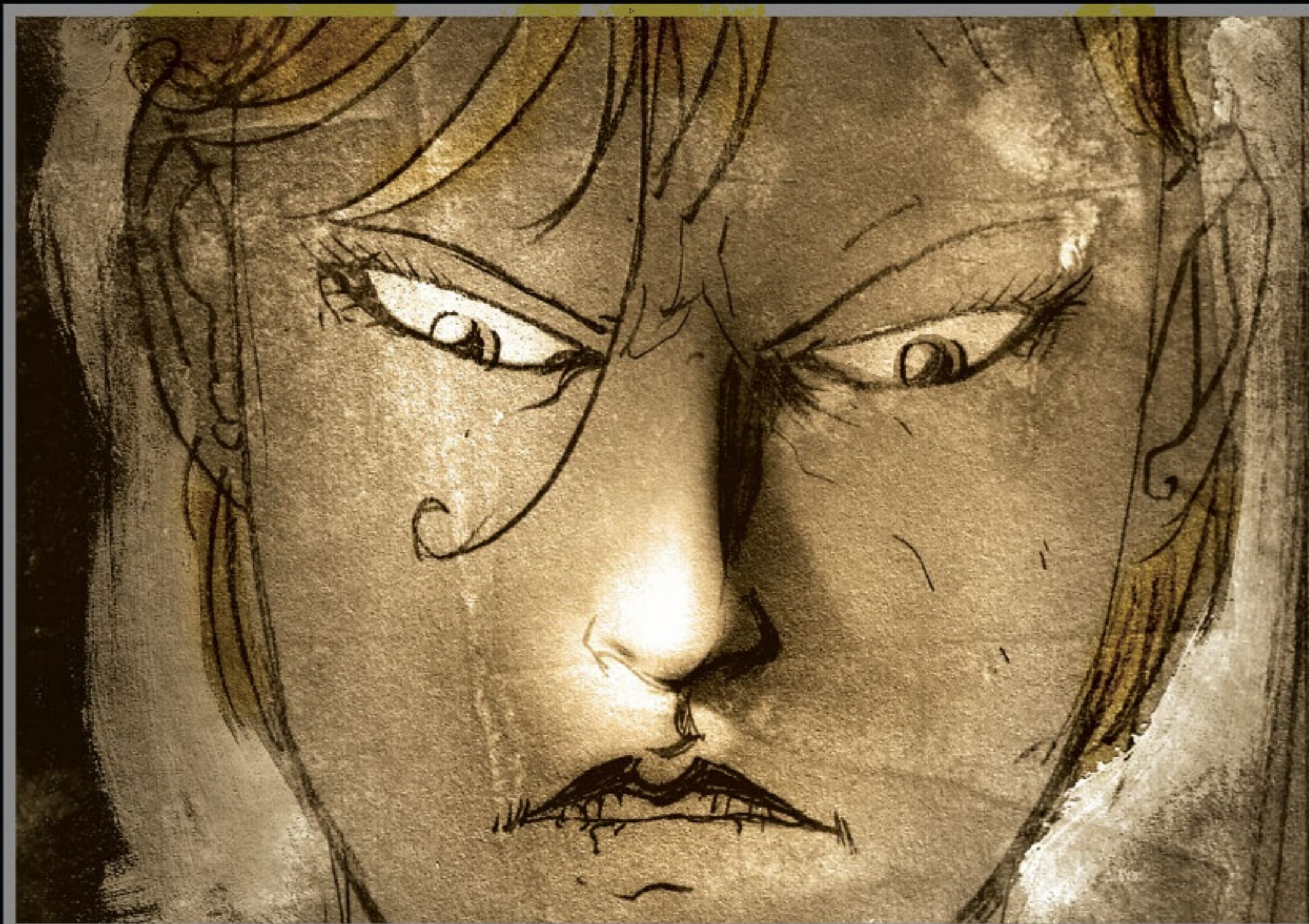


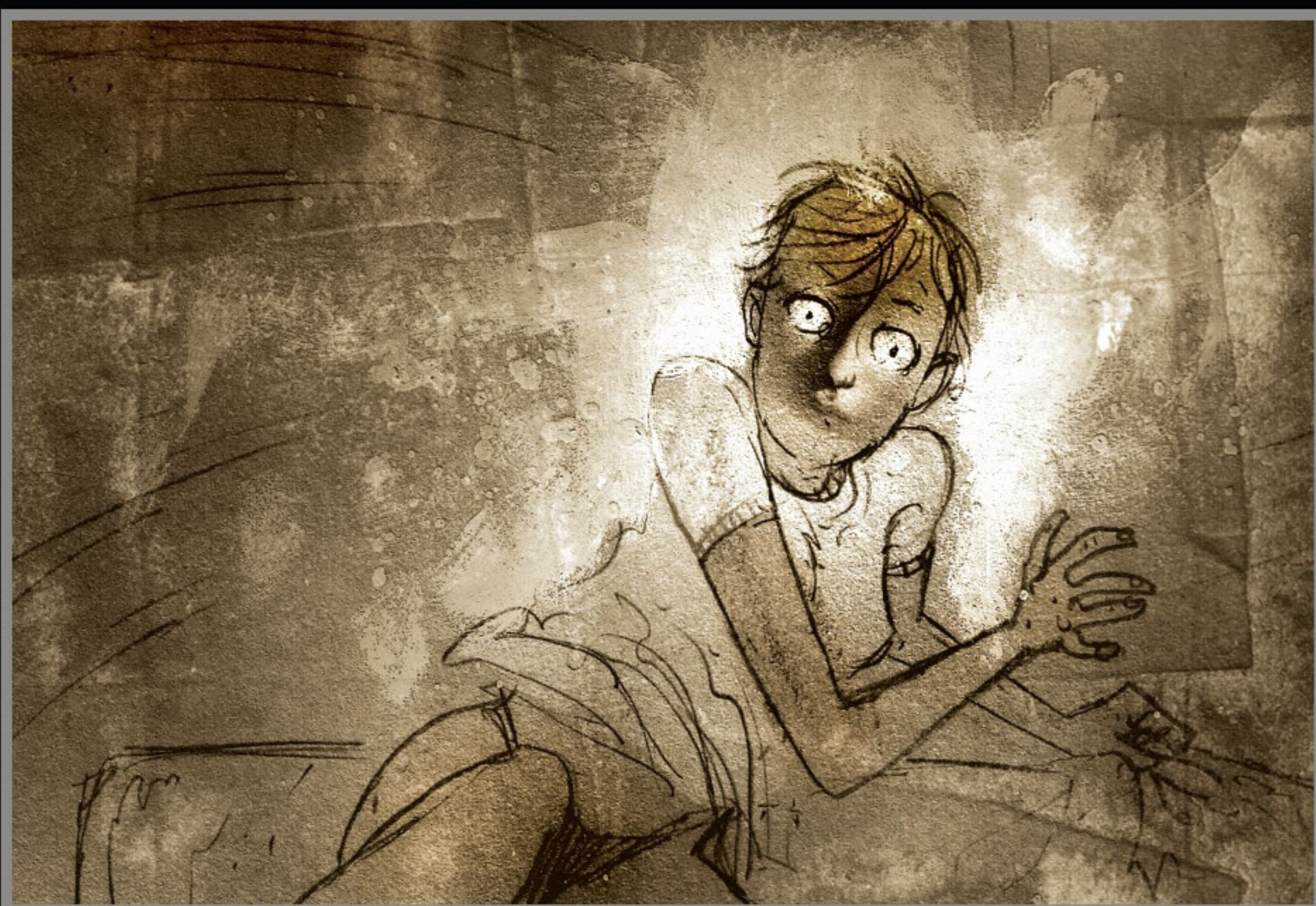


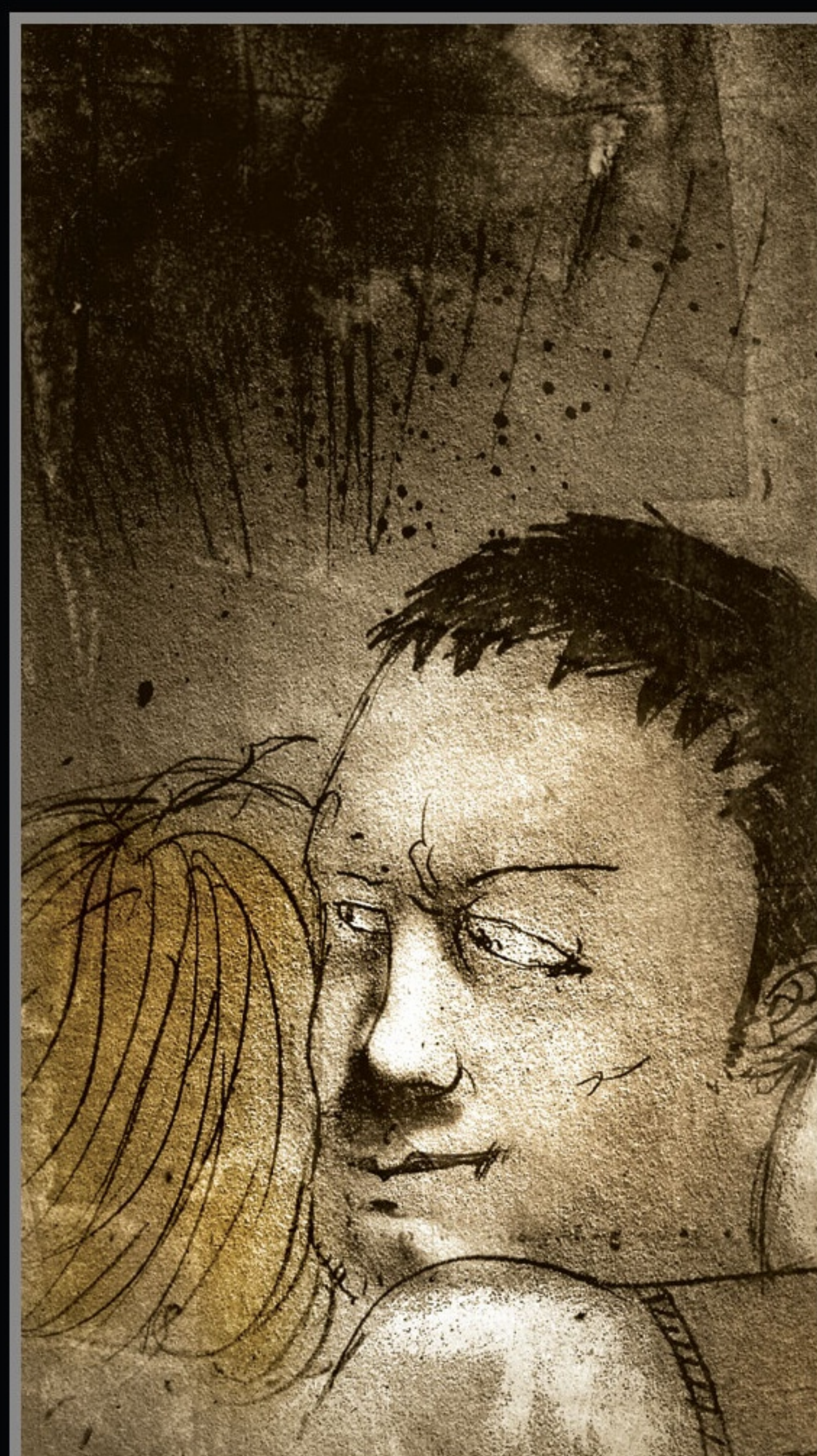


HOW DID
I END UP
HERE?











I BROUGHT
YOU BACK. I
BROUGHT YOU
BACK. I LOVE
YOU.

I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU!



I LOVE
YOU TOO,
STELLA.



AND I
ALWAYS
WILL.



THE END.

THE END.



30 DAYS OF NIGHT

ANNUAL 2004



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

SALLY HILL,
NEW JERSEY.

FRIDAY NIGHT
BOOK CLUB AT
THE HENSONS'.





I LOVED IT.
I FOUND IT
WELL WRITTEN,
FOR THE MOST
PART, AND VERY
REALISTIC.



I THOUGHT
PARTS OF IT WERE A
LITTLE FAR-FETCHED,
BUT SOME SCENES
WERE SO SCARY I **HAD**
TO PUT IT DOWN!



I THOUGHT
THE PACING WAS
TERRIBLE. IT GOT
OFF TO A GOOD START,
BUT THEN AFTER THE
VAMPIRES ATTACKED
THE TOWN, I THOUGHT
THE AUTHOR RUSHED
THE STORY TOO
MUCH.



ME TOO.
IT'S A GREAT
IDEA, BUT THE
EXECUTION
COULD'VE BEEN
BETTER.



I **LIKED** IT. I
LIKED THE WAY THE
AUTHOR MADE
HERSELF A CHARACTER
IN THE BOOK. YOU
REALLY FELT HER PAIN
WHEN SHE LOST HER
HUSBAND, EBEN.

PLUS, I
DID A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING
ONLINE AND FOUND
OUT SOME PRETTY
INTERESTING
STUFF.



FRANK...
WE AGREED YOU
WOULDN'T—

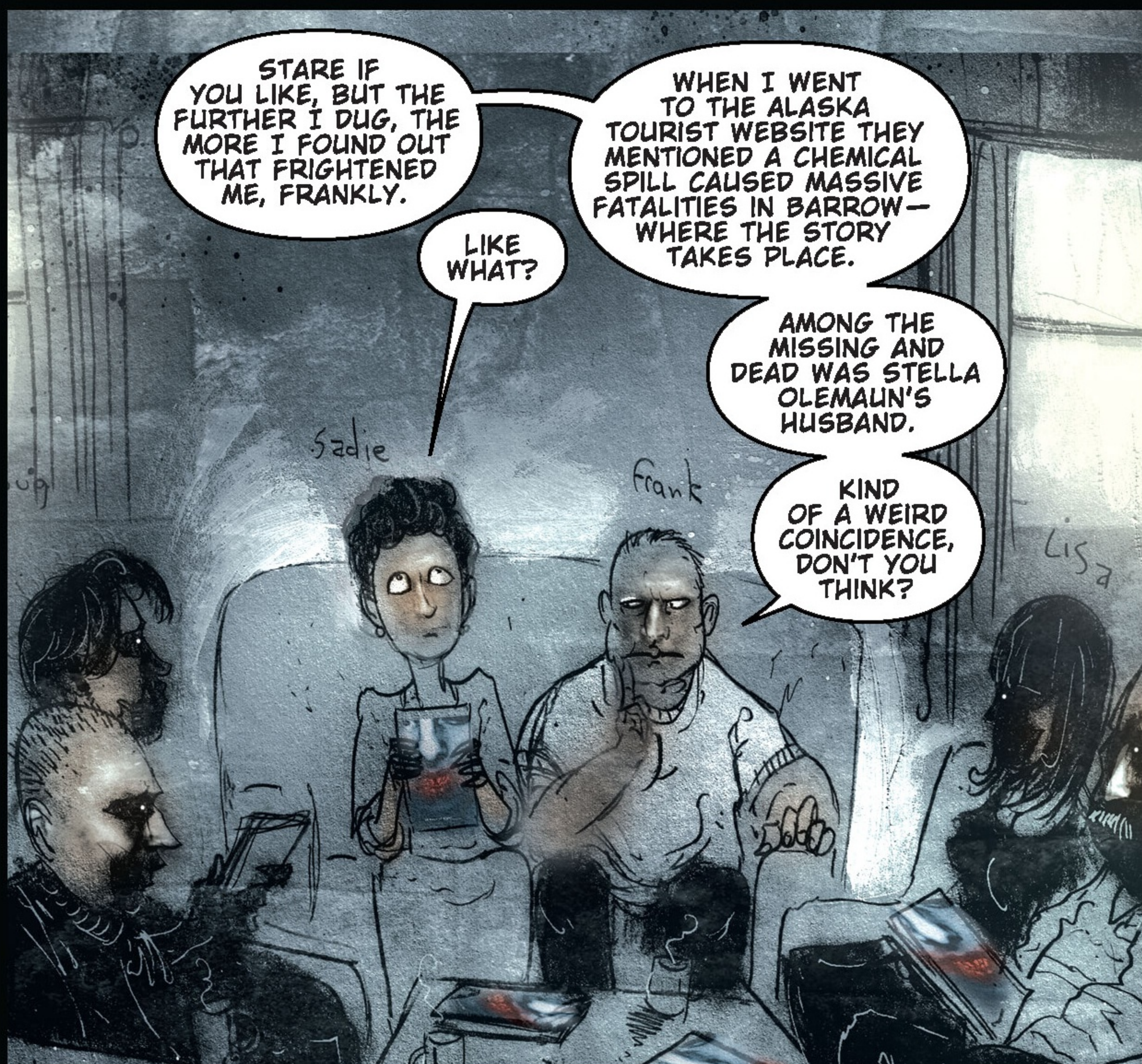
I THINK IT'S
FASCINATING, AND
WORTH TALKING
ABOUT.



COME ON,
DON'T LEAVE US
HANGING. TELL US,
THEN WE'LL START
THE CHAPTER-BY-
CHAPTER.



THE AUTHOR
OF THE BOOK,
STELLA OLEMAUN...
SHE CLAIMS THE
WHOLE THING IS
TRUE.



STARE IF
YOU LIKE, BUT THE
FURTHER I DUG, THE
MORE I FOUND OUT
THAT FRIGHTENED
ME, FRANKLY.

LIKE
WHAT?

WHEN I WENT
TO THE ALASKA
TOURIST WEBSITE THEY
MENTIONED A CHEMICAL
SPILL CAUSED MASSIVE
FATALITIES IN BARROW—
WHERE THE STORY
TAKES PLACE.

AMONG THE
MISSING AND
DEAD WAS STELLA
OLEMAUN'S
HUSBAND.

KIND
OF A WEIRD
COINCIDENCE,
DON'T YOU
THINK?



REALLY?
THAT *IS*
WEIRD.



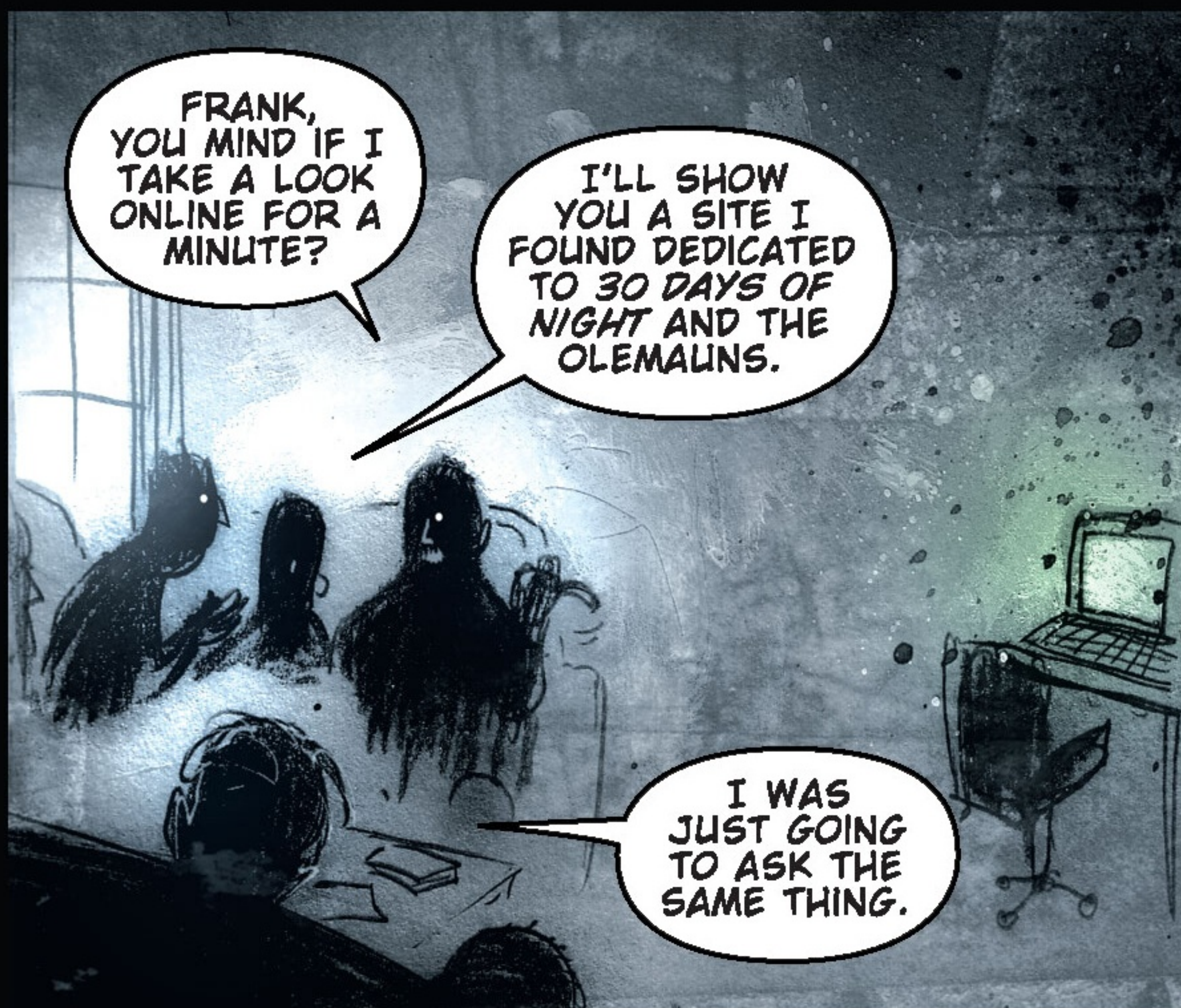
I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LAUGH... BUT... I USUALLY **HATE, HATE, HATE** SCARY NOVELS AND HORROR MOVIES AND ALL THAT KIDDIE GARBAGE... BUT THIS BOOK HAD SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON...

IT WAS THE LEVEL OF THE EMOTION.



EXACTLY! IT WAS LIKE... IT WAS LIKE SHE COULDN'T WRITE LIKE THAT AND NOT **MEAN** IT!

THE SCENE WHERE EBEN LETS GO... MAN... ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS, WHAT IF IT WAS YOU.



FRANK, YOU MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK ONLINE FOR A MINUTE?

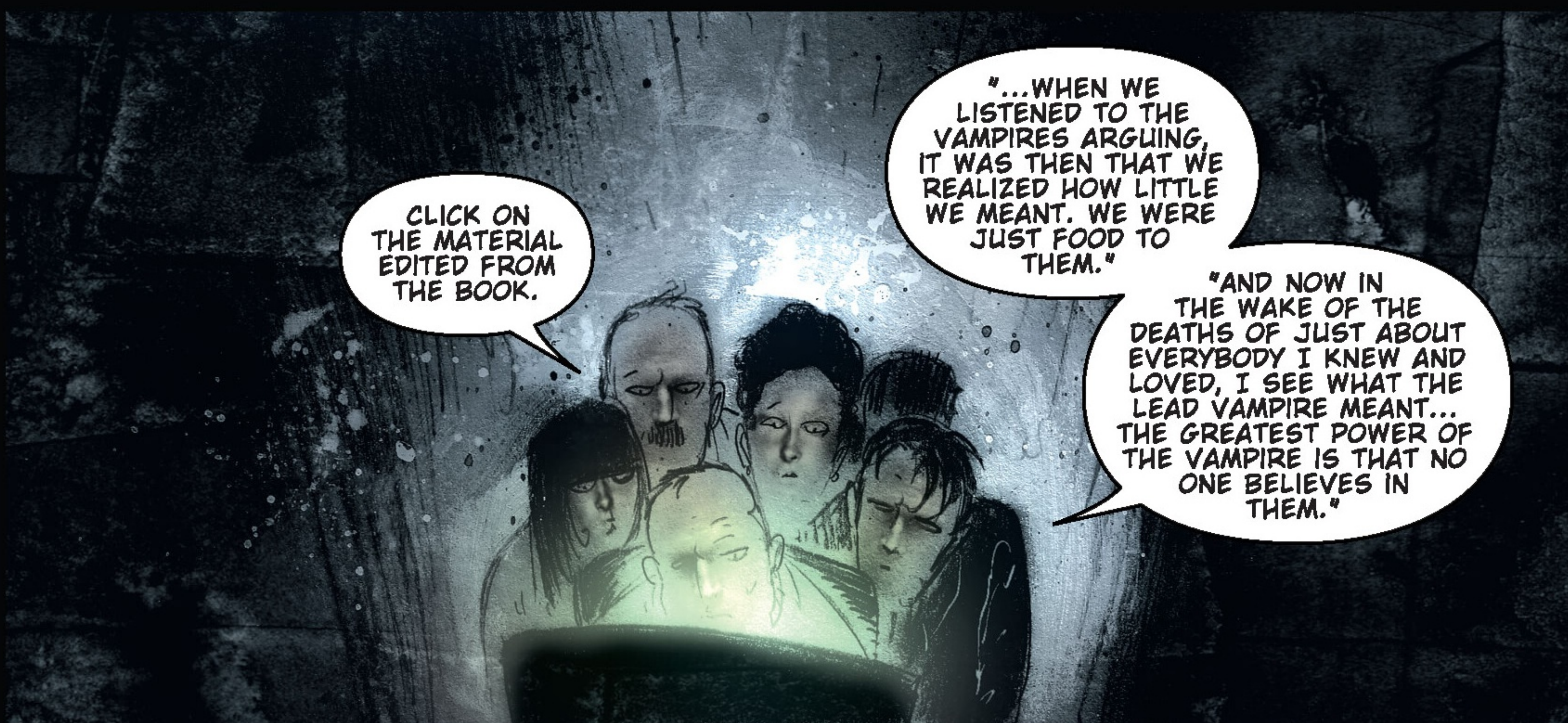
I'LL SHOW YOU A SITE I FOUND DEDICATED TO 30 DAYS OF NIGHT AND THE OLEMAUNS.

I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK THE SAME THING.



I THINK I BOOKMARKED IT... THERE!







"THE MINDSET OF THE AVERAGE CITIZEN IS THAT THE VAMPIRE IS A RIDICULOUS COUNT WHO LIVES IN A CASTLE. IT IS A STEREOTYPE VAMPIRES HAVE GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PERPETUATE..."



"...BUT THE TRUTH IS... THE STEREOTYPE NEVER EXISTED. VAMPIRES HAVE ALWAYS BLENDED, LIVING IN PLACES WHERE THEY COULD EITHER STAY ON THE MOVE OR HIDE WITH EASE DURING THE DAY, SUCH AS LARGE CITIES..."



"...BUT IT IS IN THE SPRAWLING **SUBURBS** WHERE THE AMERICAN VAMPIRE HAS FOUND ONE OF ITS MOST FERTILE HUNTING GROUNDS."



"IT IS WITHIN THE SPRAWL OF SUBURBIA, WHERE PEOPLE MOVE FREQUENTLY AND, DUE TO THE SHEER SIZE OF THE AREAS, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW **ALL** OF ONE'S NEIGHBORS."

"YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. IT'S MORE DANGEROUS OUT HERE THAN IN THE CITY."







WHOA,
WHOA, WHOA!
LISTEN TO WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING.
IT'S CRAZY.



ISN'T
IT?

NOT REALLY,
THE GUY'S CREEPY
AS SHIT. HE'S PROBABLY
GETTING READY TO GO
OUT STALKING RIGHT NOW.
I BET HE DRIVES TO THE
NEXT COUNTY AND KILLS
OVER THERE, THEN
COMES BACK HERE
BEFORE SUN-UP.

GOD, YOU
THINK?



IT'S BEEN
DARK FOR AN
HOUR AND IT
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
JUST TURNING
ON LIGHTS.

PROBABLY
JUST TO
THROW US
OFF.



WHAT'VE
YOU GOT IN
THE GARAGE,
FRANK?

EVERYTHING
CRAFTSMAN
MAKES.

LET'S
GO CHECK
OSWALD
OUT.



EVERYBODY
GRAB
SOMETHING.

BUT REMEMBER
WHERE THEY GO
BACK, OK?







I'LL ARRANGE ONLINE FOR MOVERS TO PACK AND STORE THE HOUSE, AND TRANSFER THE BANK ACCOUNTS.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?



WE CAN MAKE IT TO NEWARK BY SUNRISE. THERE ARE THREE RELIABLE SAFE HOUSES.



YES, THE
SUBURBS ARE
GETTING TOO
SCARY.



HEH, HEH,
EVIDENTLY.



THE END.



YOU LUCKY,
HANDSOME
BASTARD.

HOW YOU
SURVIVED THAT
BITCH WE MAY
NEVER KNOW. BUT
THANK FUCKING
GOD, RIGHT?

FBI AGENT JACOB
PAUL NORRIS IS ON
THE ADVENTURE OF
HIS LIFE.

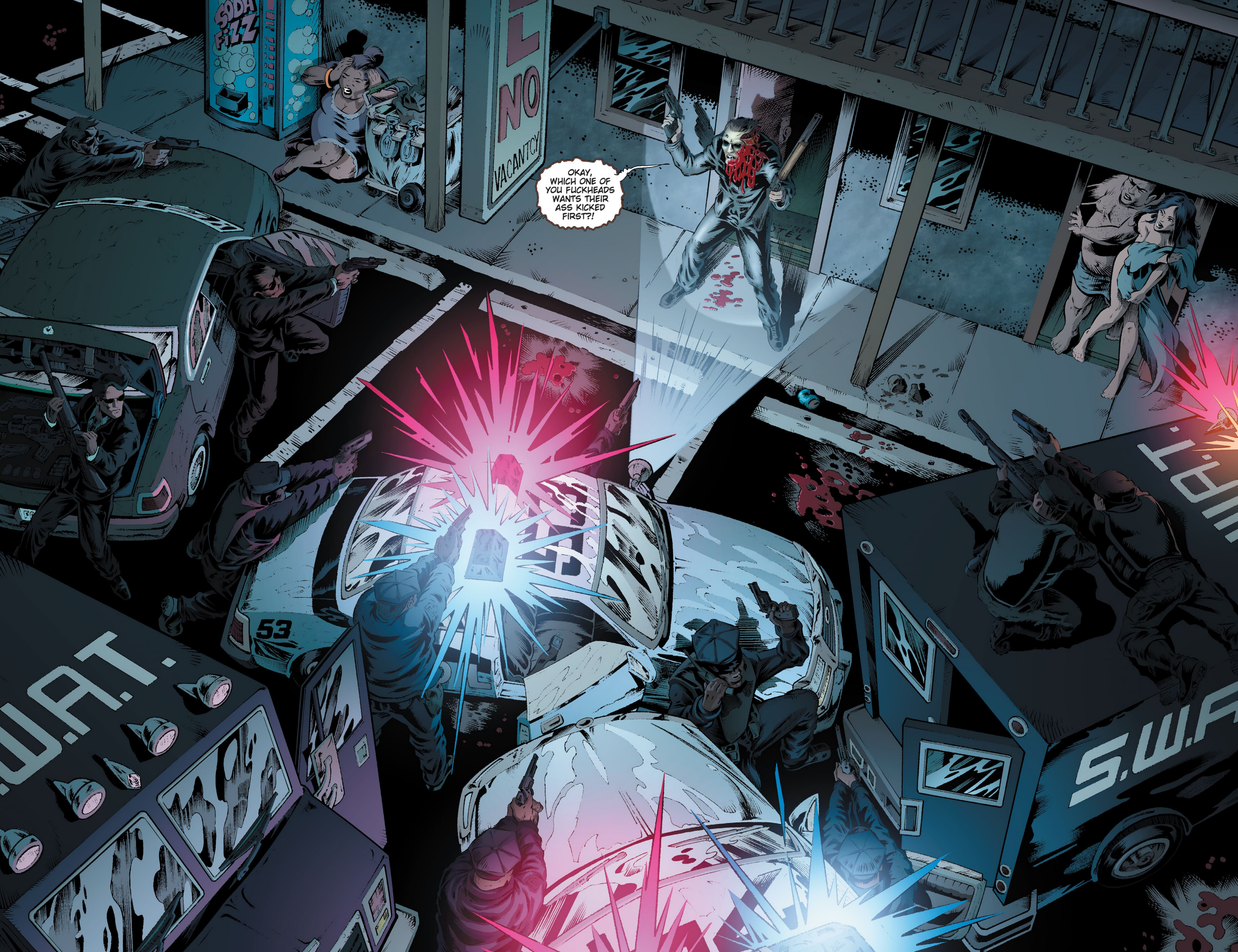
BUT HE HAD TO
DIE TO GET HERE.



NOW, WITH THE MISSUS MISSING AND PRESUMED DEAD AND THAT BITCH OLEMAUN ON THE RUN, IT WOULD SEEM NORRIS IS ON HIS OWN, STUCK SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

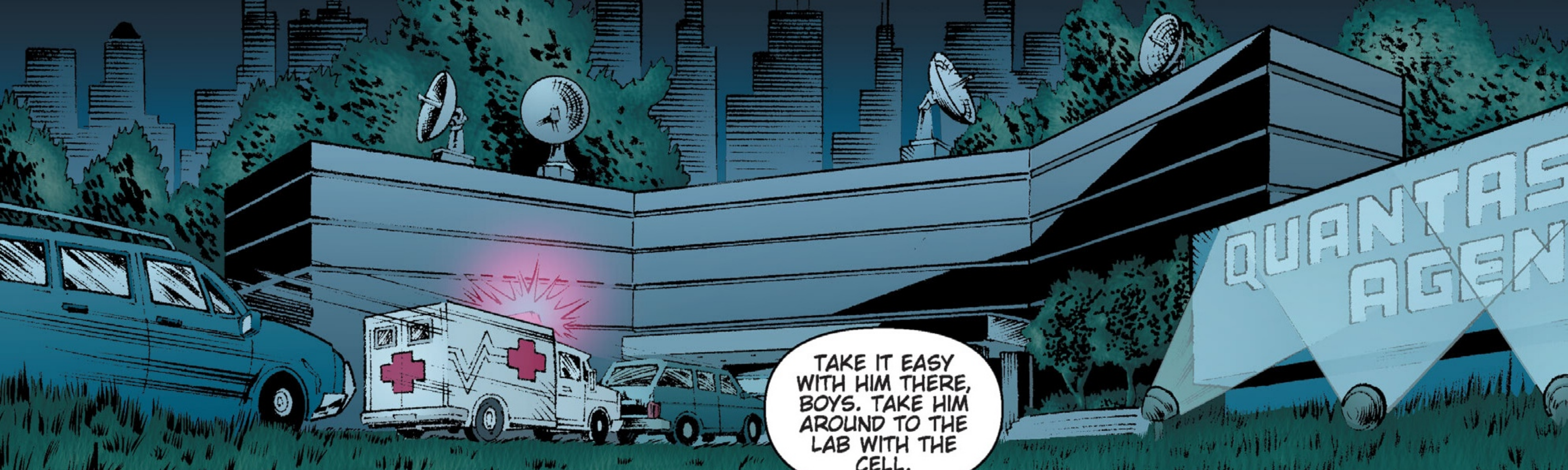






OKAY,
WHICH ONE OF
YOU FUCKHEADS
WANTS THEIR
ASS KICKED
FIRST?!





TAKE IT EASY WITH HIM THERE, BOYS. TAKE HIM AROUND TO THE LAB WITH THE CELL.

I DON'T NEED A CELL! I NEED A FUCKING DOCTOR!



ANDY? IS THAT YOU?

YES, AGENT NORRIS, IT'S ME, AGENT GRAY.

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ANDY. HOW ARE THE KIDS?



THIS LOOKS MUCH WORSE THAN IT IS.

PAUL... SHUT UP. JUST SHUT UP.



LOAD HIM IN THERE. KEEP THE STRAPS ON AND PROP HIM UP, THEN LEAVE US.

CHECK YOU OUT, ANDY. BIG BOSS MAN!





WE ALL
THOUGHT YOU
WERE DEAD,
NORRIS.

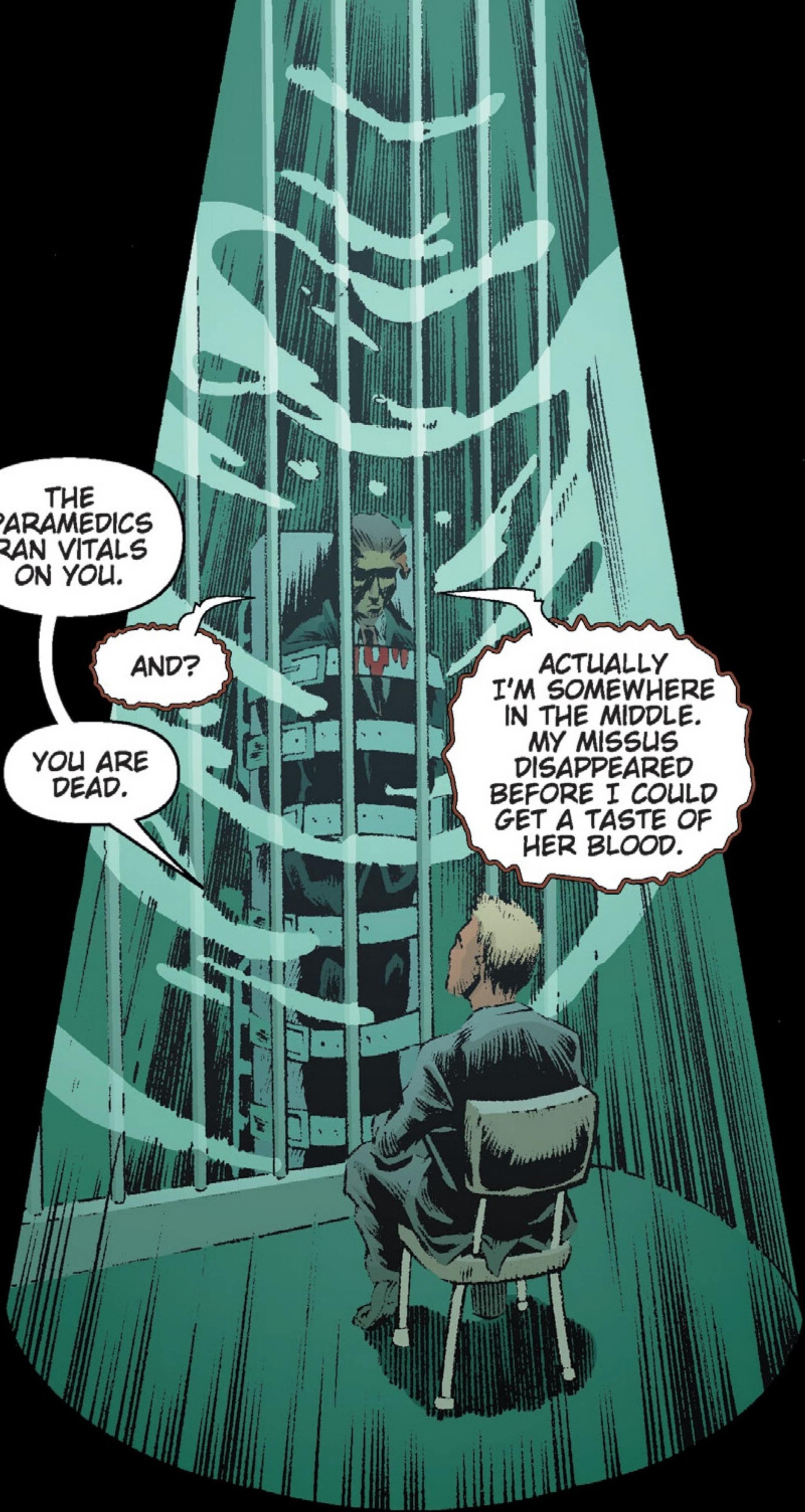


WELL,
YOU GOT IT
HALF-RIGHT.

THE
PARAMEDICS
RAN VITALS
ON YOU.

AND?

YOU ARE
DEAD.



ACTUALLY
I'M SOMEWHERE
IN THE MIDDLE.
MY MISSUS
DISAPPEARED
BEFORE I COULD
GET A TASTE OF
HER BLOOD.

BLOOD?

YES. BLOOD.
I'M TURNING INTO
SOMETHING THAT
NEEDS BLOOD TO
SURVIVE.



WE WORKED
TOGETHER IN THE
BUREAU FOR A LONG
TIME, ANDY, SO JUST
TAKE MY WORD FOR
IT. I'M BECOMING
SOMETHING ELSE.



HOW ARE
SALLY AND THE
GIRLS? DID THEY
HAVE A NICE
FUNERAL FOR
ME?



YEAH...
IT WAS
NICE.



FUCK THAT! WHAT
THE HELL HAPPENED
TO YOU OUT THERE?! I
WAITED. I WAITED FOR
FUCKING DAYS!

I TAILED THE
OLEMALIN WOMAN AS WE
WERE ASKED, BUT THEN
ANOTHER WOMAN, ONE WITH
A TASTE FOR BLOOD, CAME
ALONG AND MADE ME HER...
SERVANT. SHE TOOK ME,
ANDY. I HAD NO
CHOICE.



SO, WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?



YOU BETTER FIGURE
OUT A WAY TO KILL ME
OR GET THE FUCK OUT
OF HERE.



WHAT'S
THAT SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?



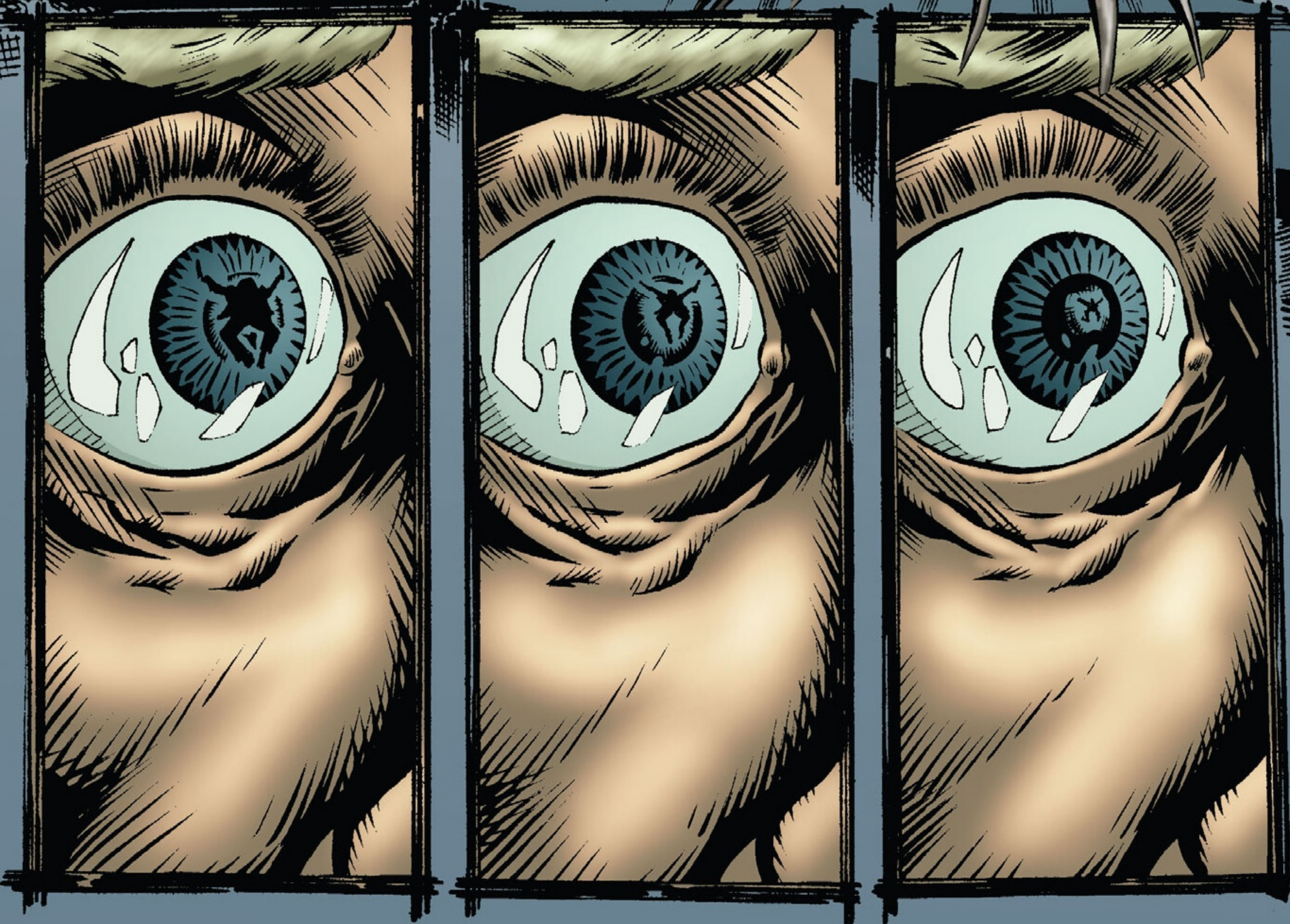






SAY HELLO
TO THE WIFE AND
KIDS FOR ME, WILL
YOU, ANDY?

AND WHEN YOU
SEE MINE, TELL THEM
PAPA'S GOT A BRAND
NEW BAG AND HE
REEEEEEALLY
LIKES IT!



THE END.



n, but what could only be described as an invading force
ept through the town, slaughtering all but a handful of
idents. The majority of deaths were from wounds inflicted
large teeth causing exsanguination. The attackers were described as being extre
ssessing an inhuman number of teeth. The surviving residents all refer to the a
ampires'. The only other information we have on the initial invading group was
me. Marrow.

A small group of survivors of the initial attack take
fuge in an unused building. This group con-
sted of Sheriff Olemaun and four or
ve others. They hid in a furnace, only
take a few trips out for food, which
or a few days.

The next event of note was started with the sound
of applause. Both Olemauns went out to investigate.
They witnessed the arrival of a man called Vincente.
The attackers, or vampires, appeared to treat this man
with great respect. It became obvious quickly



that Vince
done the
row and
displeasu
tating M
ing all
found a
bodies
watche

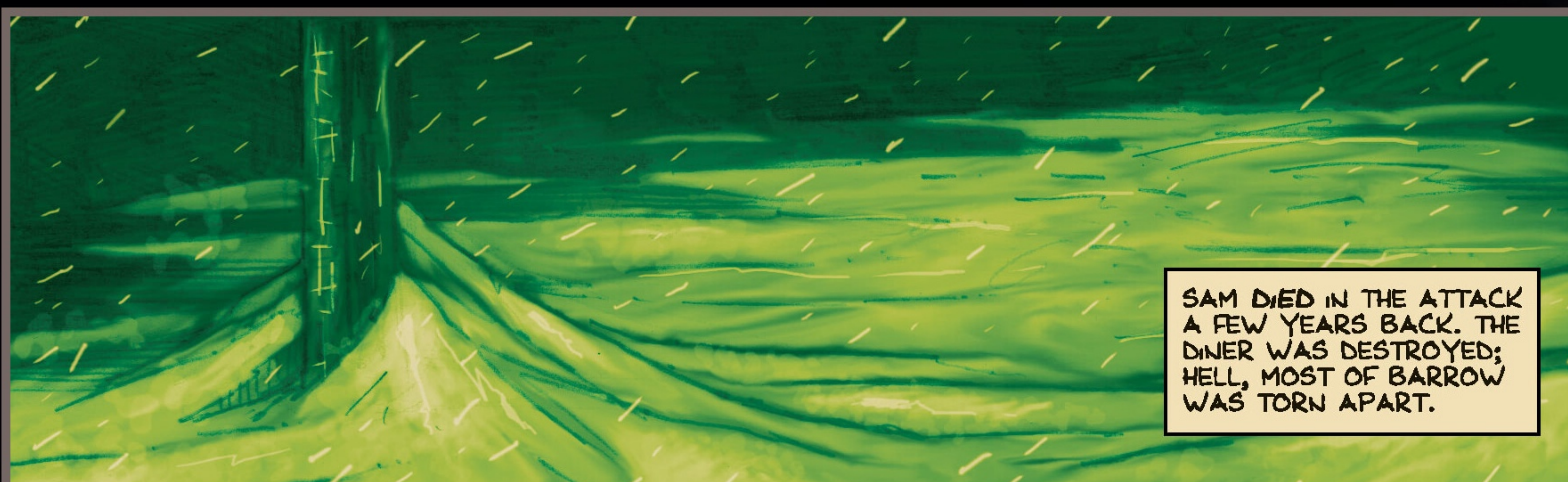




MY BROTHER SAM USED TO
RUN THE DINER IN BARROW.



IT WAS CALLED
IKOS IN HONOR
OF OUR FAMILY.



SAM DIED IN THE ATTACK
A FEW YEARS BACK. THE
DINER WAS DESTROYED;
HELL, MOST OF BARROW
WAS TORN APART.



FOLKS HAVE SAID IT WAS SOME SORT
OF MASS HYSTERIA, THAT THE PEOPLE
OF BARROW ATTACKED EACH OTHER
DUE TO SOME SORT OF CABIN FEVER.



THAT'S BULLSHIT
AND THEY KNOW IT.

EVERYBODY KNOWS
WHAT HAPPENED.



EVERYBODY
KNOWS WHAT
ATTACKED AND
KILLED MOST OF
THEM PEOPLE.



GODDAMN VAMPIRES.



THEY CAME INTO BARROW
WHEN THE SUN WAS GONE
AND THEY TORE THROUGH
THE TOWN LIKE CANCER.

KILLED EVERYBODY
THEY GOT THEIR HANDS
ON. THE LUCKY ONES,
IF YOU CAN CALL THEM
THAT, STAYED HIDDEN.



SOME OF THEM MADE
IT OUT. SOME OF THEM
FROZE TO DEATH.



AN ELDERLY MAN AND WOMAN
STARVED HIDING IN A CLOSET.

THEY WERE TOO HORRIFIED
TO LEAVE FOR FOOD.

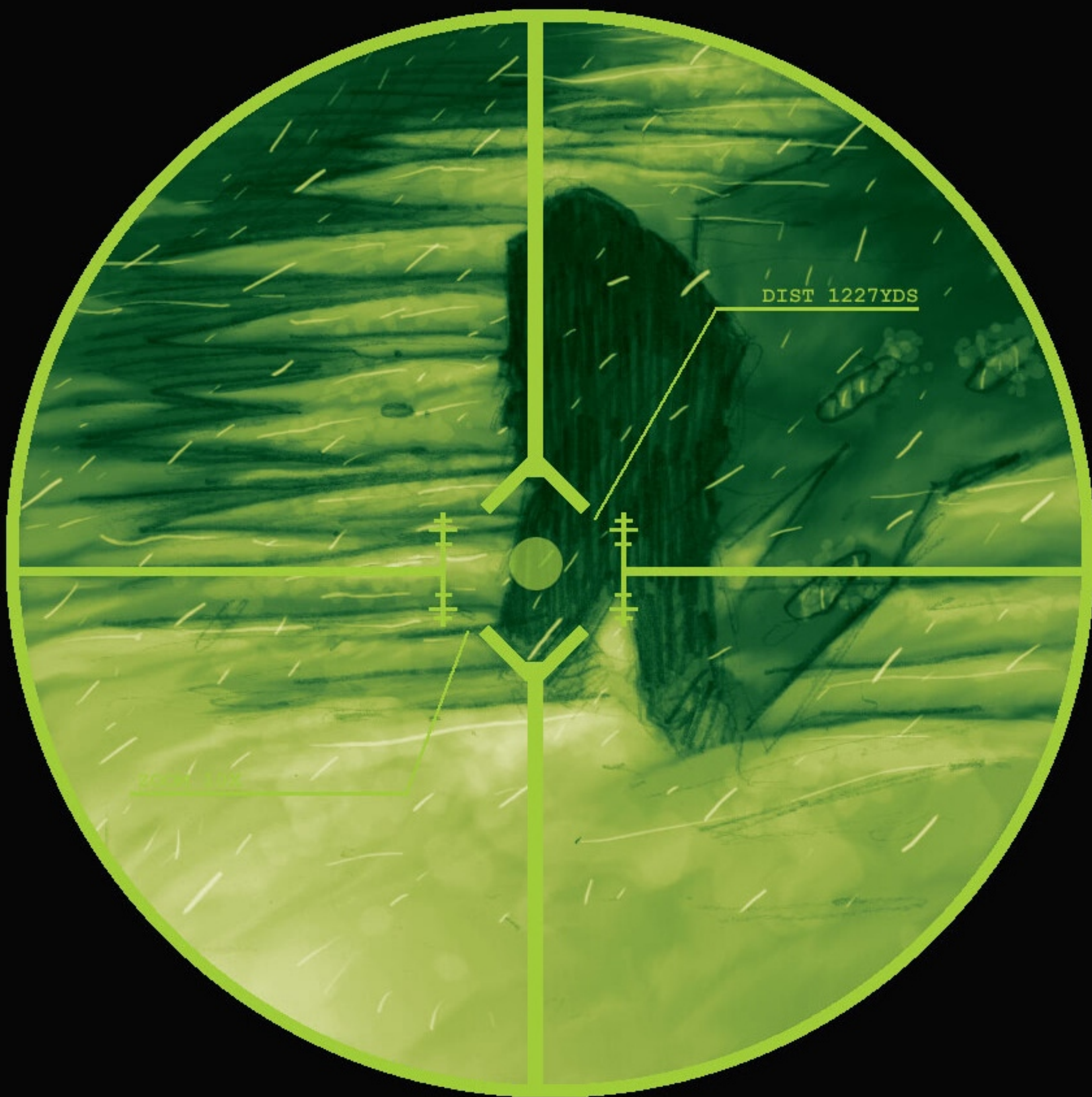


WHERE WAS IT?



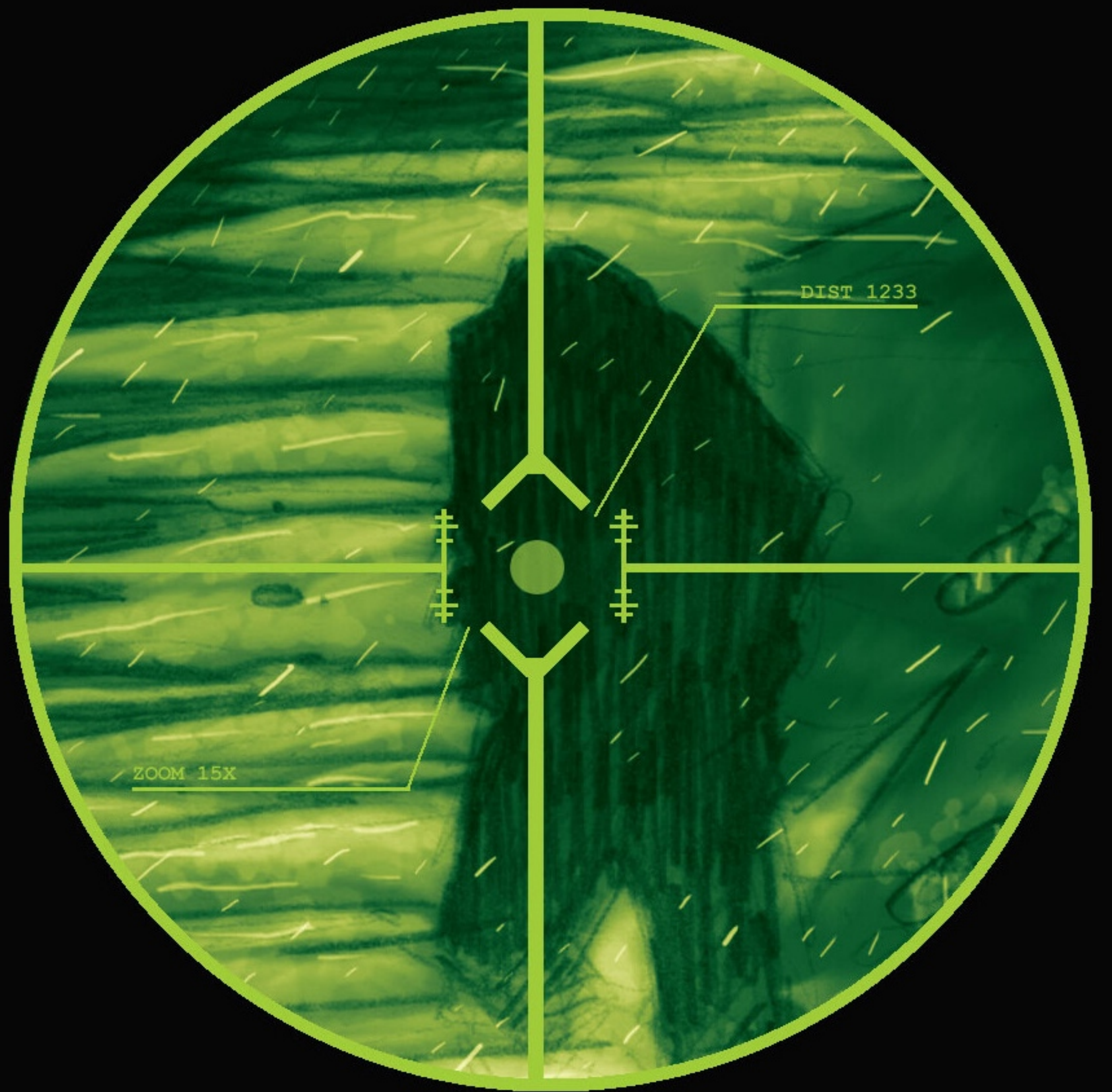
I WAS OUT HERE,
WHERE I ALWAYS
AM, HUNTING FOR
MEAT AND FUR.





I HEARD SHE GOT TURNED INTO ONE OF THEM THINGS AND SAM HAD TO WATCH HER DIE AGAIN AS THE UNDEAD.

THE DAY I CAME BACK TO TOWN THERE WAS HELICOPTERS BELOW THE NEWLY RISEN SUN AND BARROW LOOKED LIKE IT HAD BEEN BOMBED.

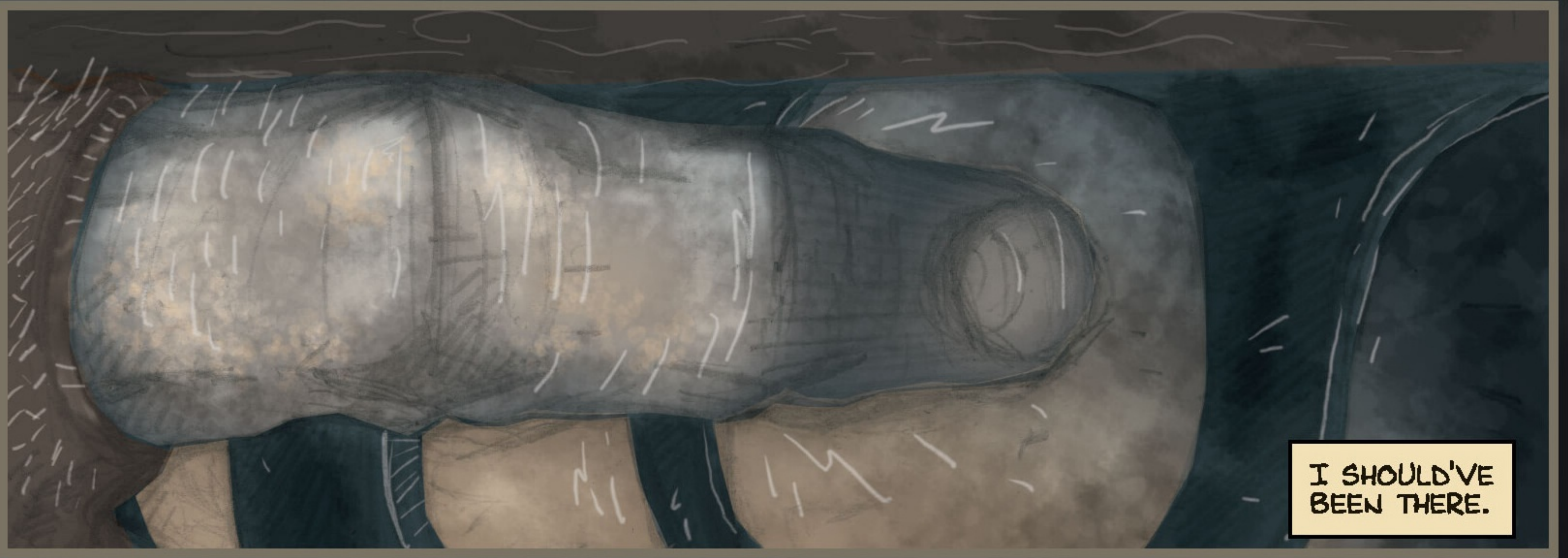


THE ENTIRE TOWN WAS SOAKED WITH BLOOD AND BODY PARTS.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHTMARE THERE WAS A BONFIRE OF BODIES. THEY FOUND SAM INSIDE THE PILE.





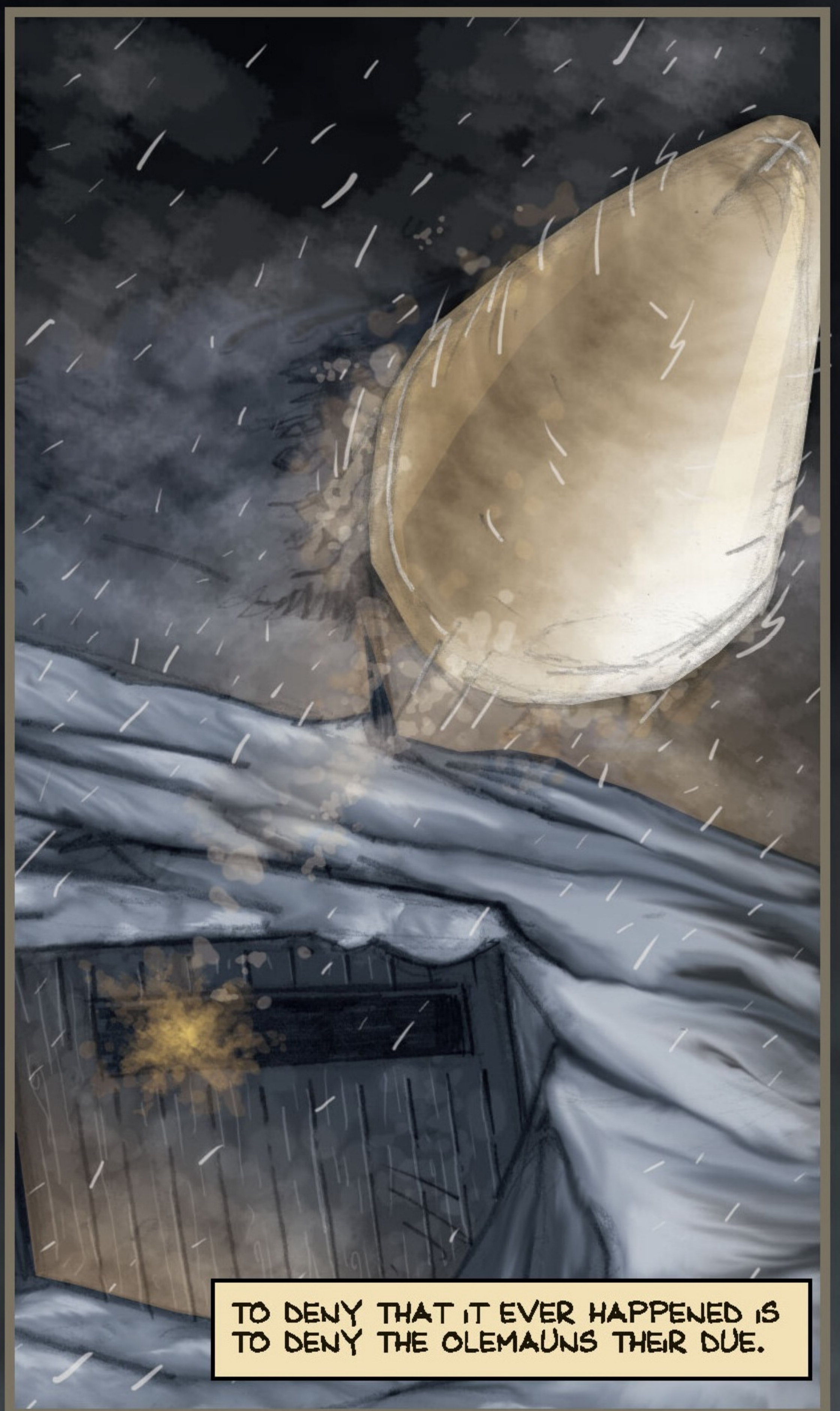
I SHOULD'VE
BEEN THERE.



I SHOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO
STAND UP AND FIGHT LIKE THEY
SAY EBEN OLEMAUN FOUGHT.



HE FOUGHT LIKE A WARRIOR,
LIKE A NATIVE ALASKAN.



TO DENY THAT IT EVER HAPPENED IS
TO DENY THE OLEMAUNS THEIR DUE.

THAT'S LIKE SPITTING
IN THEIR FACE.

CAN'T HAVE THAT.



I HUNT A LITTLE CLOSER
TO TOWN NOW.



PROTECTING THE PERIMETER.



LIKE I SAID, HERE IN
BARROW WE HAVE A
COUPLE THINGS WE'RE
KNOWN FOR; PERIODS
OF TOTAL DARKNESS,
UNBEARABLE COLD,
AND...





...VAMPIRES.

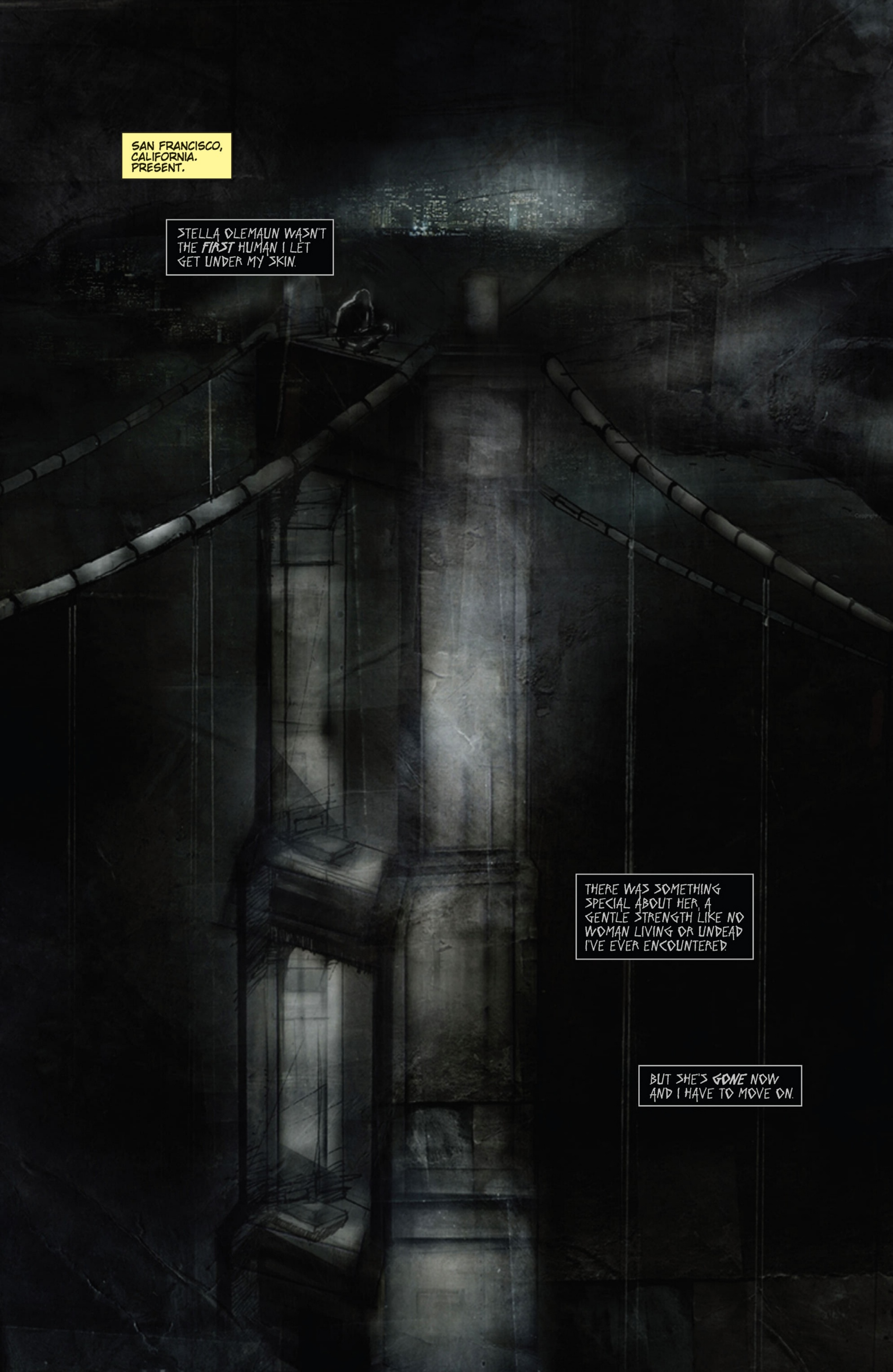
THEY STILL COME SNIFFING
AROUND EVERY YEAR.

DIFFERENCE IS...



...THIS TIME SOME
OF US ARE READY.

THE END.



SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.
PRESENT.

STELLA OLEMAUN WASN'T
THE *FIRST* HUMAN I LET
GET UNDER MY SKIN.

THERE WAS SOMETHING
SPECIAL ABOUT HER, A
GENTLE STRENGTH LIKE NO
WOMAN LIVING OR UNDEAD
I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.

BUT SHE'S ~~GONE~~ NOW
AND I HAVE TO MOVE ON.



BUT UNLIKE THE OTHERS,
STELLA DIDN'T DIE OF OLD
AGE OR RUN IN FEAR.



SHE GAVE ME LOVE
AND THEN REJECTED ME
IN HOPES OF HER DEAD
HUSBAND RETURNING.



SHE BLEW MY HAND
OFF, LOVED ME, AND
REJECTED ME.



MAN, WHEN I GET
BIT I GET BIT HARD.



I DECIDED TO COME TO FRISCO IN
HOPES OF LOCATING A DOCTOR
PETER LEVIN, A SURGEON KNOWN
FOR LIMB REPLACEMENT.



LUCKY FOR ME THE
GOOD DOCTOR NOT
ONLY WORKS LATE,
BUT HE LIKES TO
WORK ALONE.

29

DR. PETER ROLAND
LEVIN
MICROVASCULAR
SURGEON

WHA?
WHO ARE
YOU?! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
IN HERE?!

I WISH YOU NO
HARM, DOCTOR, BUT I
HEAR THAT YOU'RE
THE TOP MAN IN HAND
REATTACHMENT
SURGERY.

THOSE
TEETH! I... IT
CAN'T BE. IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHAT I
SAID AFTER I DIED AND
WOKE UP THE NEXT DAY,
BUT IT'S TRUE... I AM A
VAMPIRE AND I NEED
YOUR HELP.

IF YOU
ARE WHAT YOU
CLAIM TO BE,
THEN WHY THE
WEAPON?

IT'S A LITTLE TOUGH
TO HOLD SOMEONE AT
FANG-POINT. I THOUGHT
THE PISTOL WOULD BE
MORE CONVINCING.



LET ME
SEE THE
INJURY.



FASCINATING...
THE FLESH IS CLEARLY
DEAD, YET THERE ARE NO
SIGNS OF DECOMPOSITION.



VERY WELL...
BUT WE WILL NEED
A HAND. I DON'T HAVE
STOCK, YOU KNOW.

FUNNY LITTLE
GUY. I LIKE HIM.

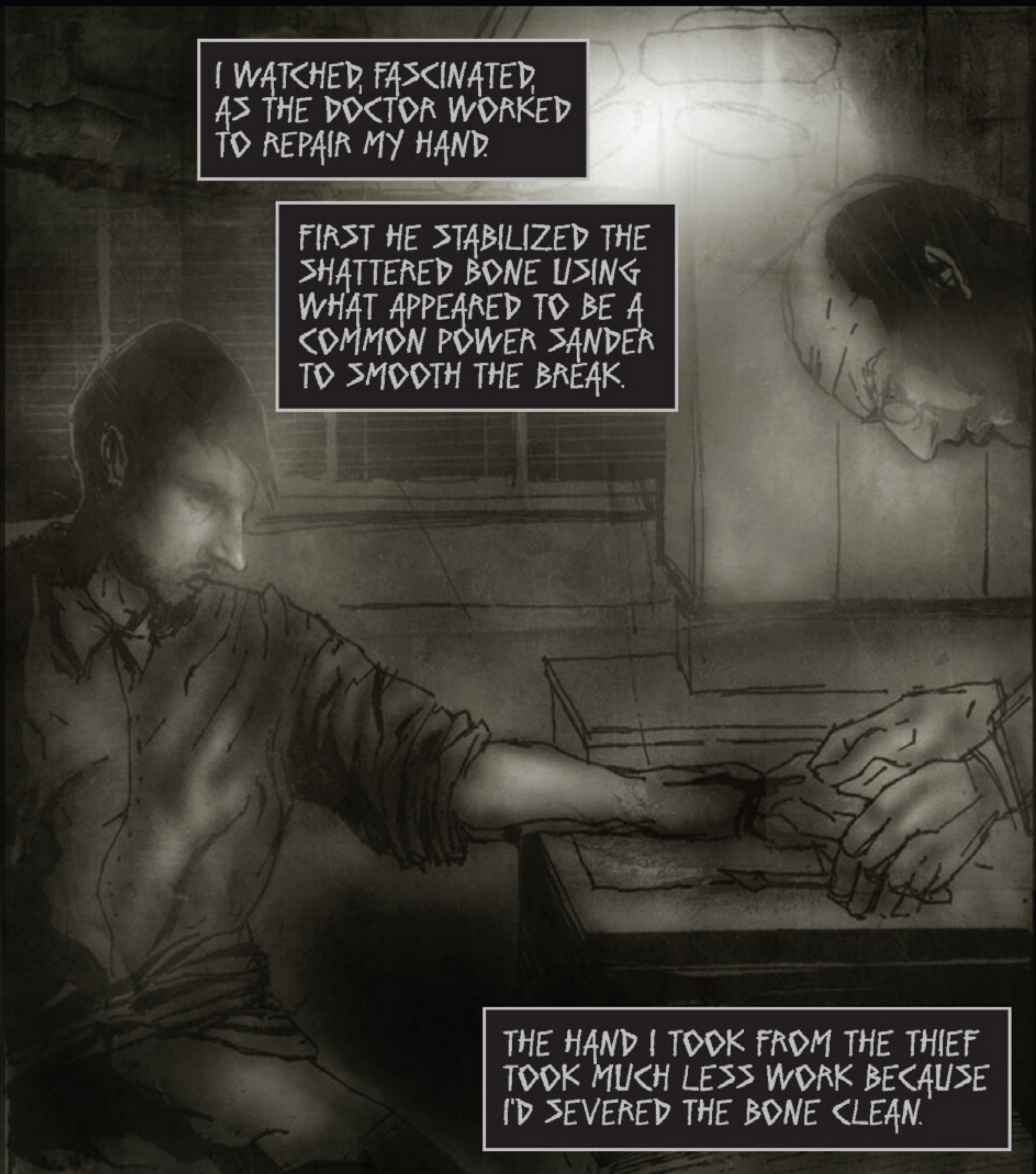


I CAME
PREPARED.

SAME HAND
THAT HELD THE
GUN. IT'S EITHER
FUNNY OR IRONIC,
I CAN'T DECIDE.

THUD





I WATCHED, FASCINATED,
AS THE DOCTOR WORKED
TO REPAIR MY HAND.

FIRST HE STABILIZED THE
SHATTERED BONE USING
WHAT APPEARED TO BE A
COMMON POWER SANDER
TO SMOOTH THE BREAK.

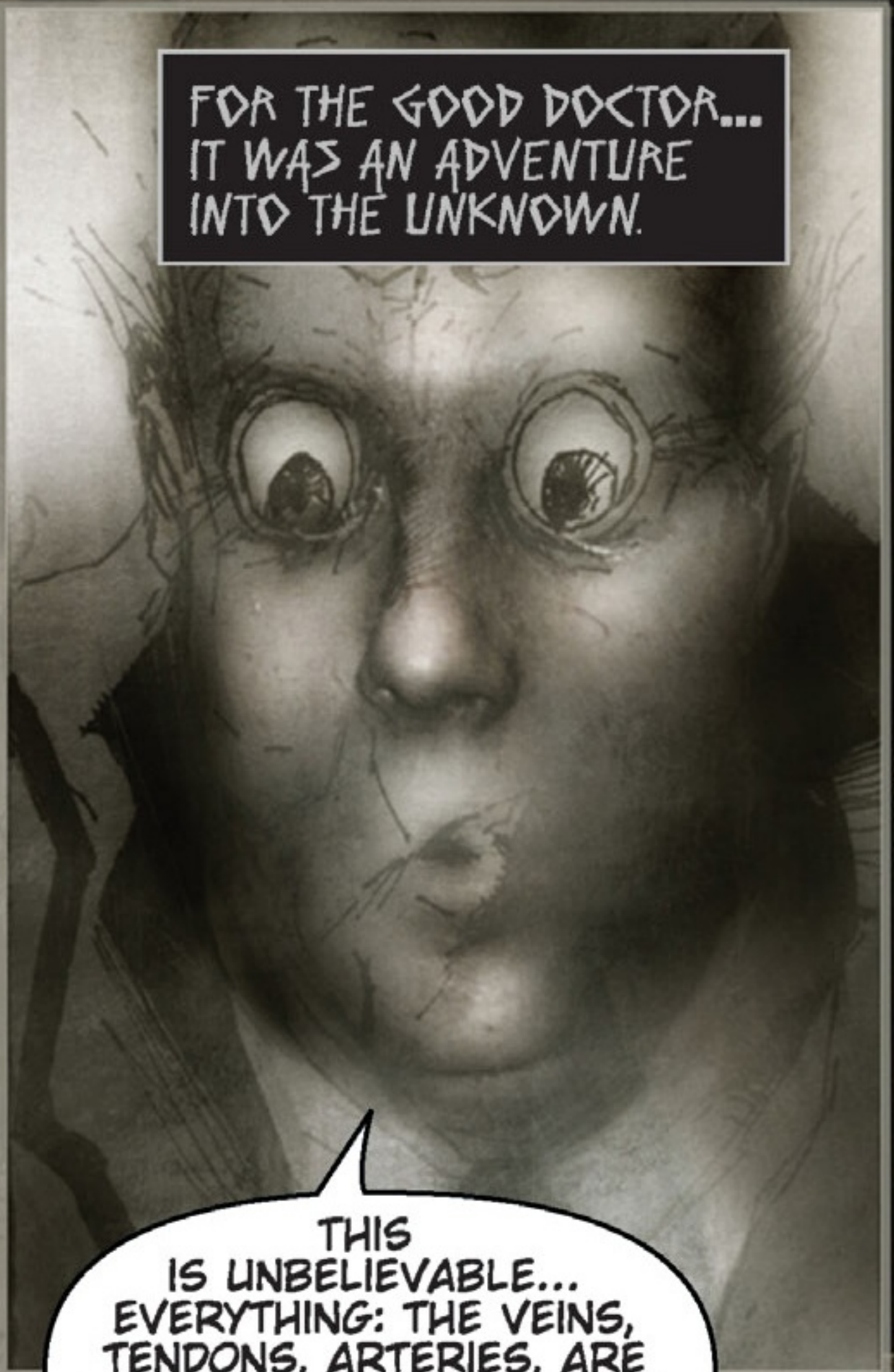
THE HAND I TOOK FROM THE THIEF
TOOK MUCH LESS WORK BECAUSE
I'D SEVERED THE BONE CLEAN.



ONCE THE TWO BONES
WERE PREPPED, DR. LEVIN
USED METAL PINS AND
PLATES TO SECURE MY
BONE TO THE NEW ONE



HOURS PASSED, BUT
I DON'T THINK EITHER
OF US NOTICED. FOR
ME, WATCHING THE
ELABORATE PROCEDURE
WAS FASCINATING.



FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR...
IT WAS AN ADVENTURE
INTO THE UNKNOWN.

THIS
IS UNBELIEVABLE...
EVERYTHING: THE VEINS,
TENDONS, ARTERIES, ARE
DEAD BY ANY MEASURABLE
STANDARDS, YET THEY
REMAIN FUNCTIONING.



DO YOU
HAVE ANY CLUE
TO WORKINGS
OF YOUR...

VAMPIRE?

YES... YOUR
VAMPIRE BODILY
PROCESSES?



ALL I CAN
TELL YOU IS I WAS
ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE
NAMED MARLOW, IN THE
WINTER OF 1965.

I DIED.

I FELT MY
DEATH COME AND A
BLACKNESS OVERTOOK
ME, THEN A RUSH OF
EXHILARATION CAME OVER
ME AND I FELT ALIVE, BUT
WITH... STRANGE NEW
CRAVINGS.

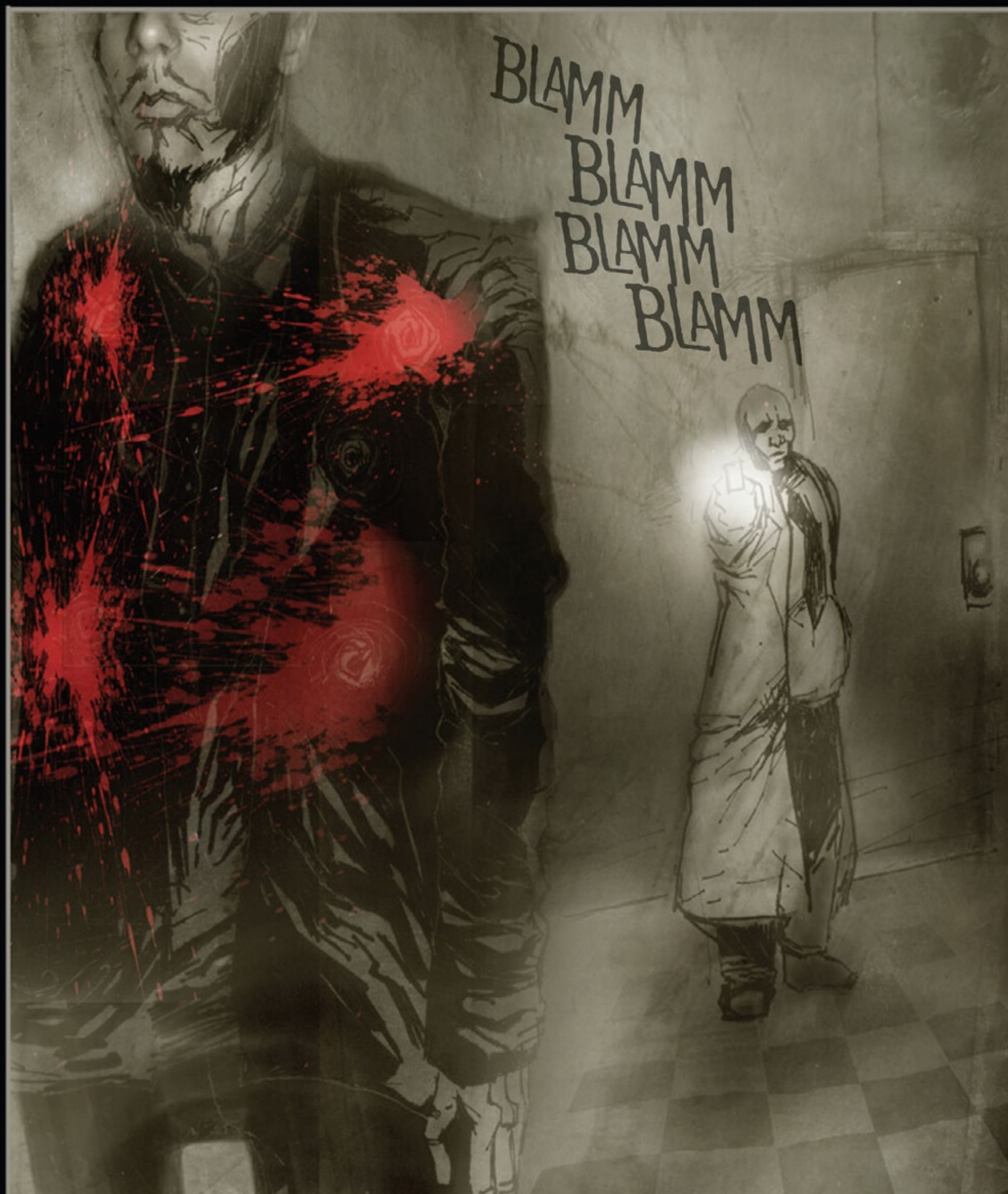
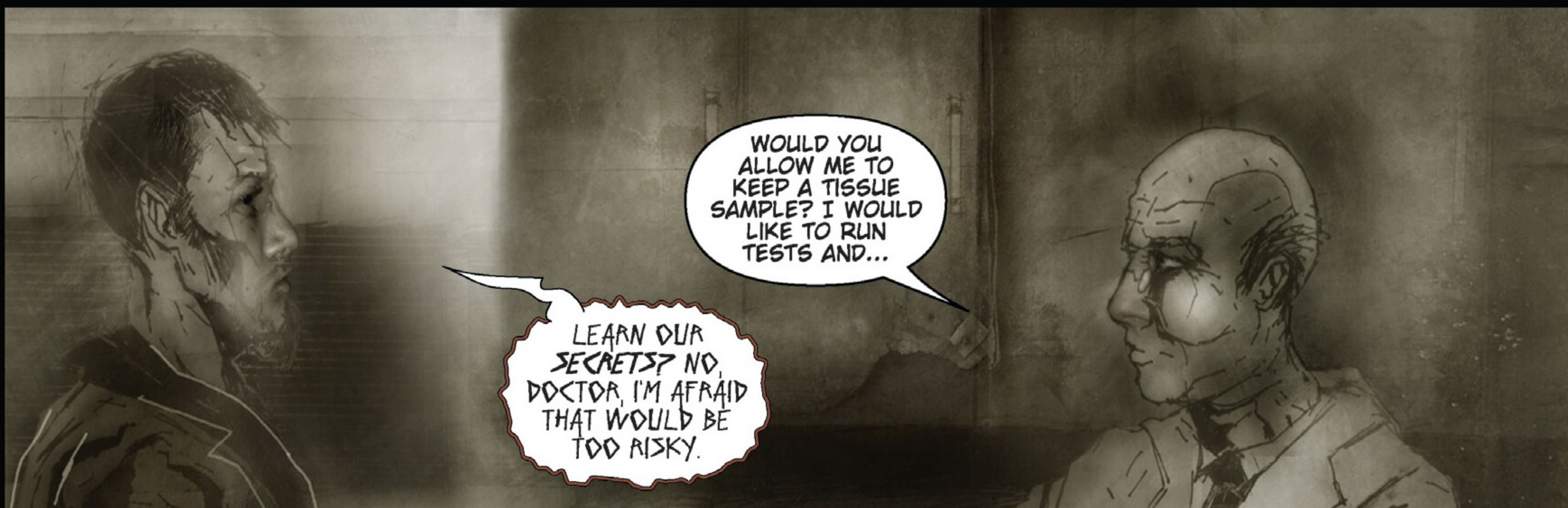


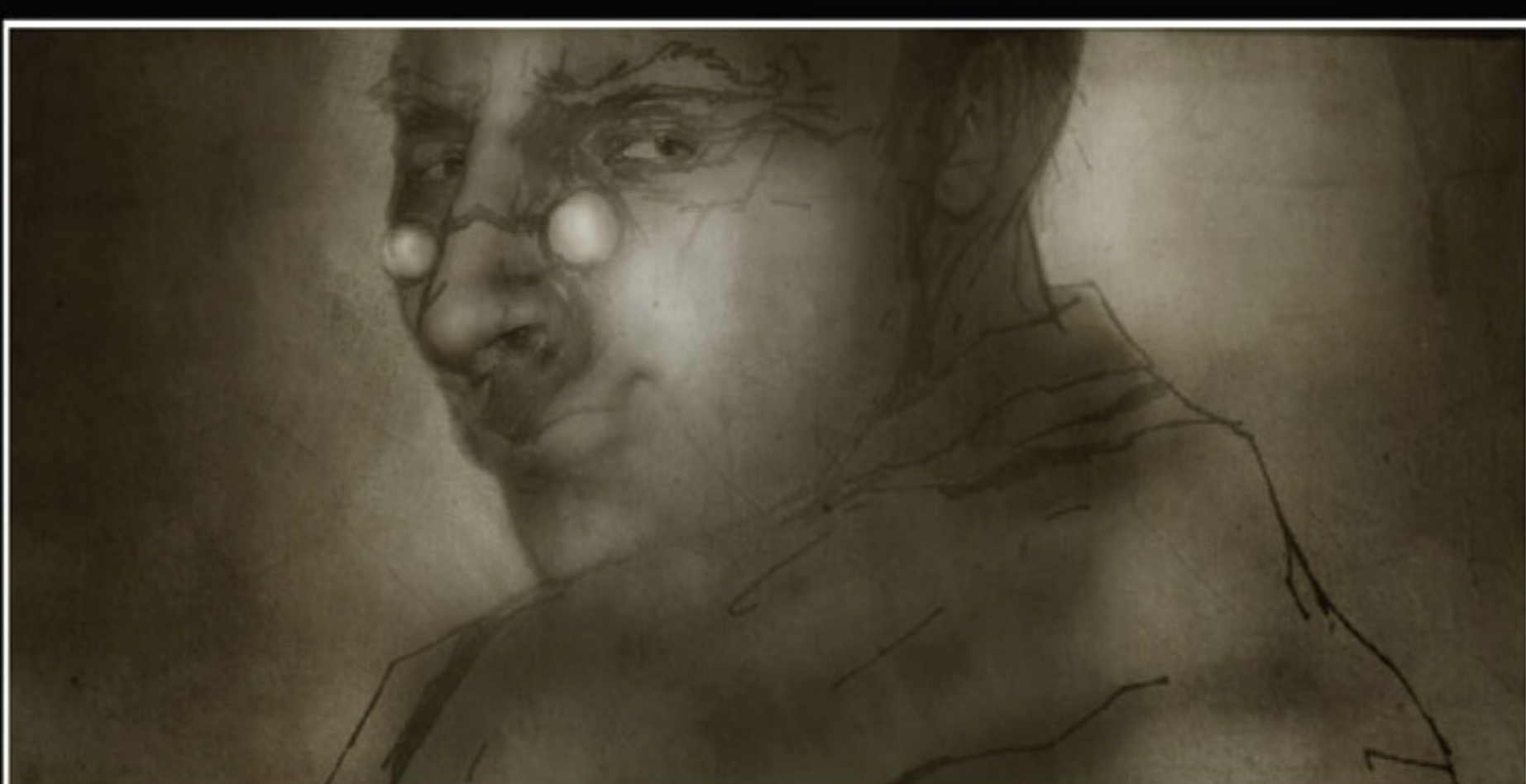
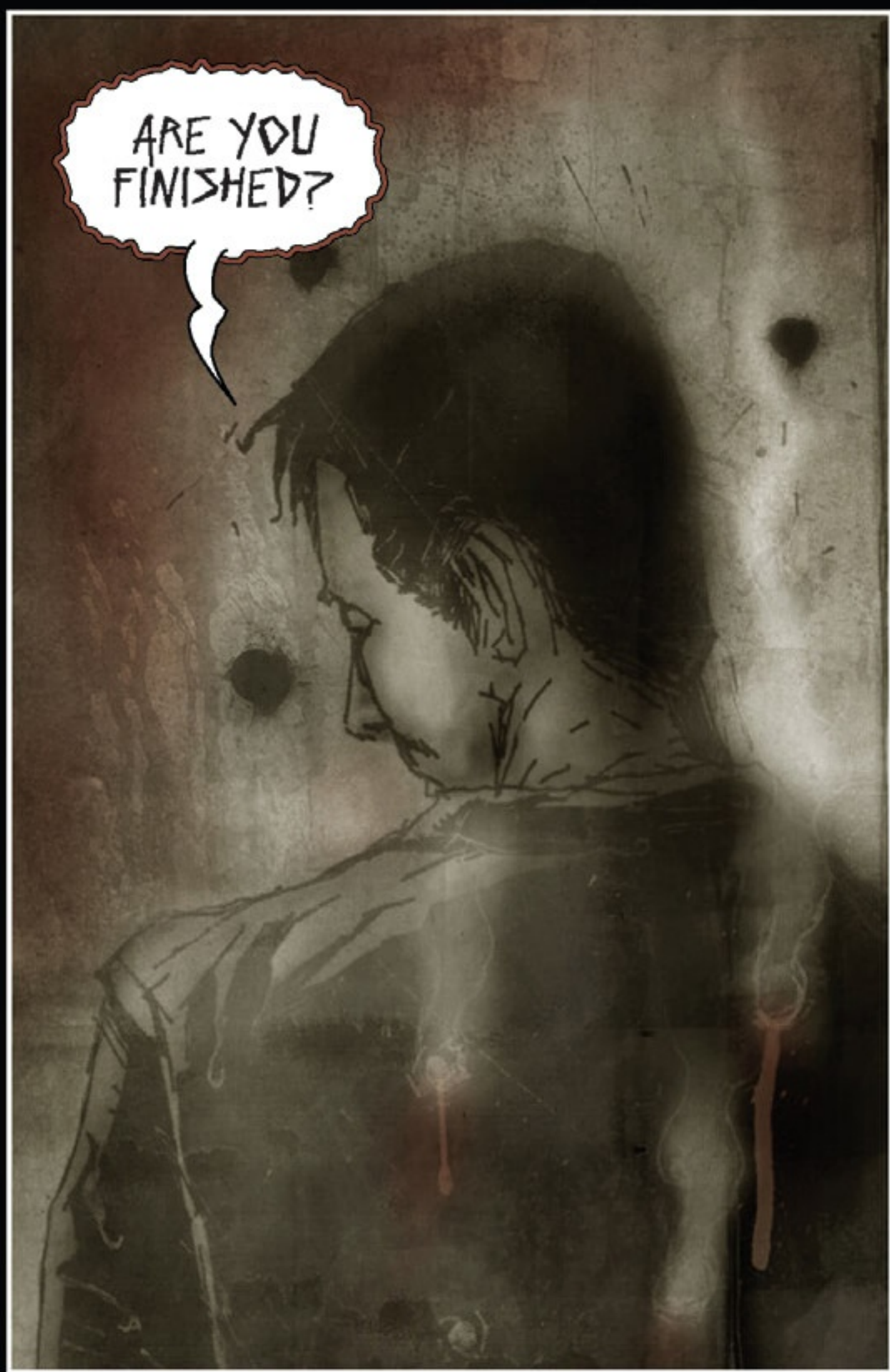
THAT SHOULD
DO IT. MOVEMENT WILL
BE DIFFICULT FOR A
WHILE, BUT I SUSPECT
WITH YOUR EXTRAORDINARY
PHYSIOLOGY, IT WILL
COME BACK FASTER
THAN MOST.



SEEMS TO BE
WORKING FINE.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
I'D LIKE TO REPAY
YOU IF THERE'S
A WAY.







YOU KNOW,
ON SECOND
THOUGHT, MAYBE I
AM HUNGRY.



THE END.

*SOME THINGS CAN BE
LOST AND FOUND AGAIN...*

*...BUT A THING LIKE WHAT
HAPPENED UP IN BARROW...*

...YOU DON'T FORGET THAT.

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE.



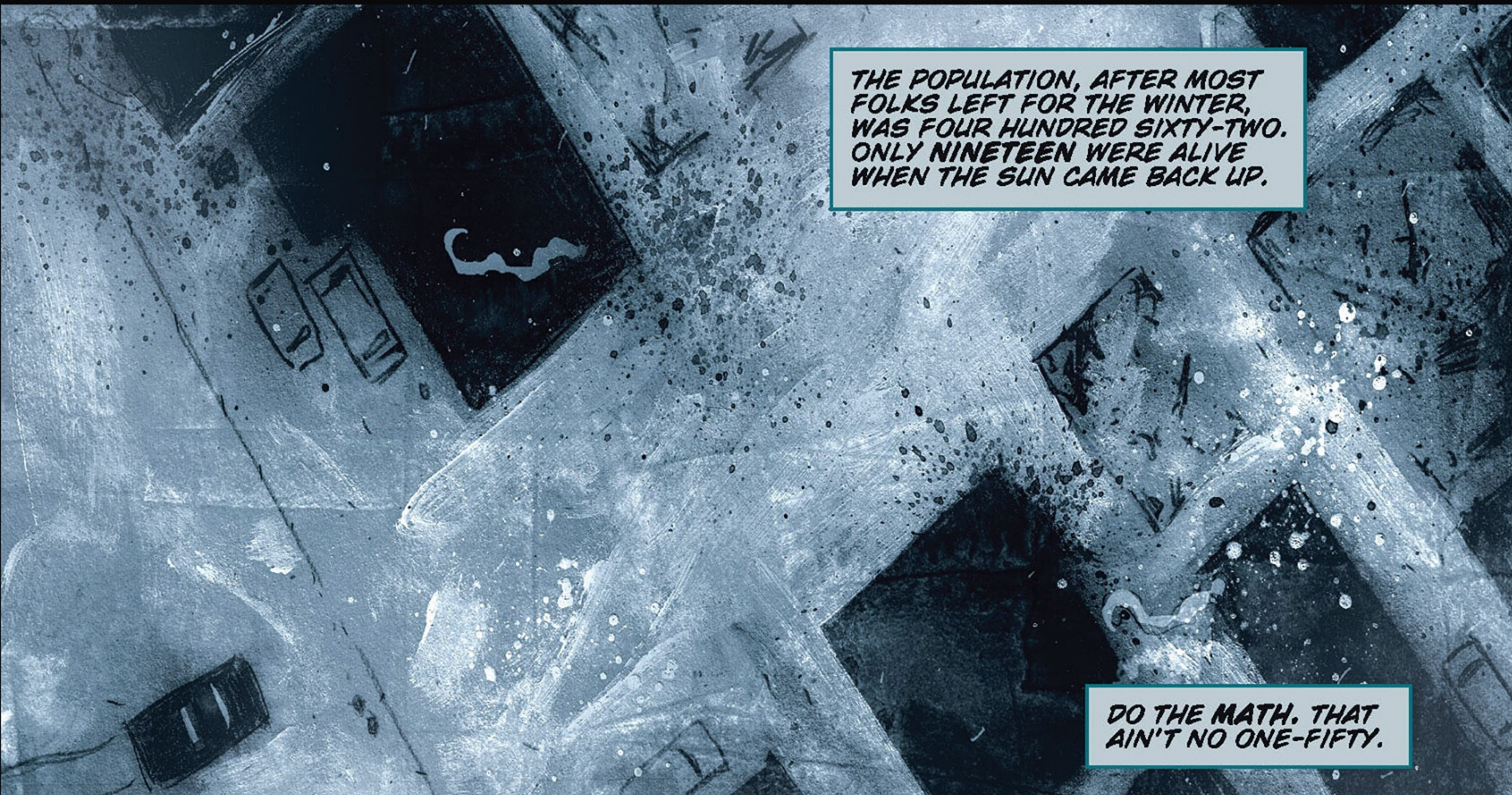
WHAT GOT LOST WILL
PROBABLY STAY LOST
FOREVER.

AND IT'S ONLY BEEN 3 YEARS
SINCE THE UNDEAD ATTACKED
DURING THE DARK DAYS.



THE AUTHORITIES SAY ALMOST ONE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY FINE RESIDENTS
OF BARROW LOST THEIR LIVES.

ANYBODY WHO KNOWS
ANYTHING KNOWS
THAT'S A LIE.



THE POPULATION, AFTER MOST
FOLKS LEFT FOR THE WINTER,
WAS FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-TWO.
ONLY NINETEEN WERE ALIVE
WHEN THE SUN CAME BACK UP.

DO THE MATH. THAT
AIN'T NO ONE-FIFTY.



MY BROTHER WAS WILLIAM KITKA.
HIS BODY WAS AMONG THE DEAD.

THEY FOUND HIS BODY PARTIALLY BURNED IN A PILE
OF DEAD CONSISTING OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.



I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE, TO FIND
OUT HOW SOMETHING LIKE THAT COULD HAPPEN.

AND TO TAKE A JOB THAT
NEEDS FILLING IN THE
NEW, LAWLESS BARROW.



MY NAME IS
WAYNE KITKA.

I WAS BORN HERE, AND NOW I'VE
COME BACK AS THE NEW SHERIFF.
MY BOY MARCUS IS WITH ME.

IN FOUR DAYS...
BARROW GOES DARK.

I HAVE SOME SEARCHING TO DO. THE WAY IT LOOKS, MY BROTHER KILLED HIS WIFE AND KIDS AND SOMEHOW WOUND UP ON A BONFIRE.



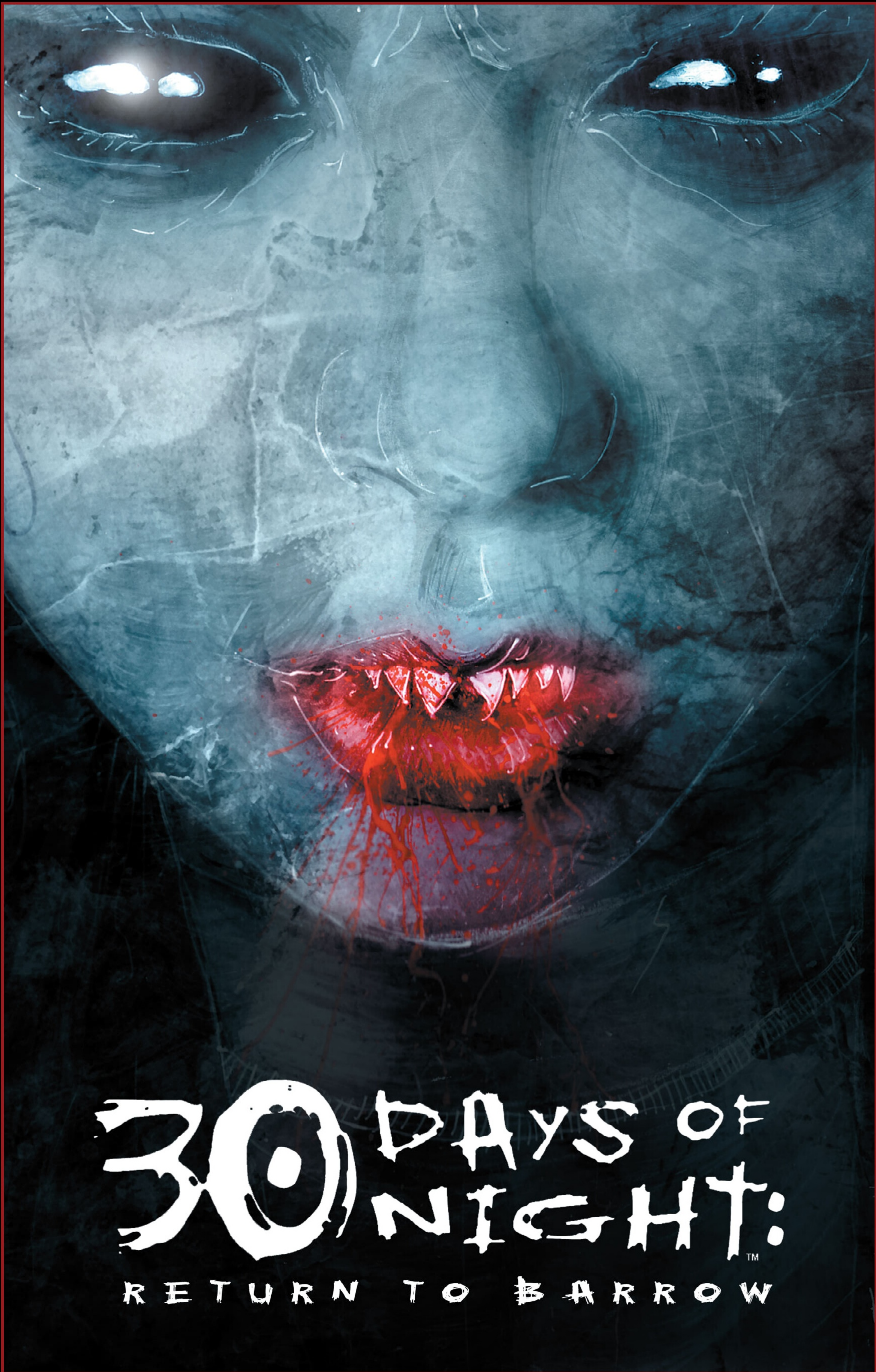
MY BROTHER DIDN'T HAVE MURDER IN HIM.



I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED, CLEAR HIS NAME, AND BRING SOME SANITY BACK TO BARROW.







30 DAYS OF NIGHT:

RETURN TO BARROW



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH





*SOME THINGS CAN BE
LOST AND FOUND AGAIN...*

*...BUT A THING LIKE WHAT
HAPPENED UP IN BARROW...*

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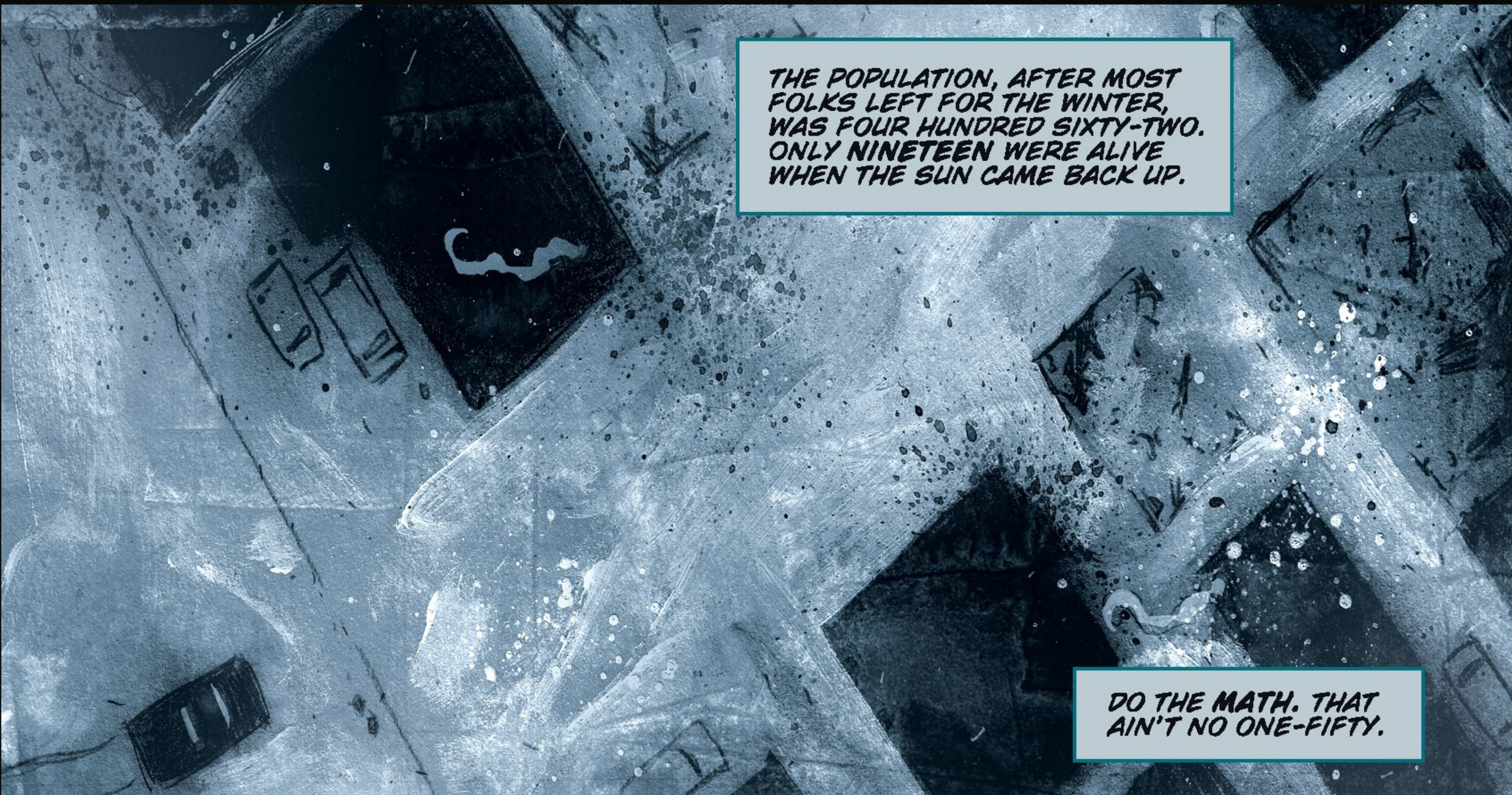
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THE AUTHORITIES SAY ALMOST ONE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY FINE RESIDENTS
OF BARROW LOST THEIR LIVES.

ANYBODY WHO KNOWS
ANYTHING KNOWS
THAT'S A LIE.



THE POPULATION, AFTER MOST
FOLKS LEFT FOR THE WINTER,
WAS FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-TWO.
ONLY NINETEEN WERE ALIVE
WHEN THE SUN CAME BACK UP.

DO THE MATH. THAT
AIN'T NO ONE-FIFTY.



**MY BROTHER WAS WILLIAM KITKA.
HIS BODY WAS AMONG THE DEAD.**

**THEY FOUND HIS BODY PARTIALLY BURNED IN A PILE
OF DEAD CONSISTING OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.**



**I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY I
CAME HERE, TO FIND OUT
HOW SOMETHING LIKE
THAT COULD HAPPEN.**

**AND TO TAKE A JOB THAT
NEEDS FILLING IN THE
NEW LAWLESS BARROW.**



**MY NAME IS
BRIAN KITKA.**

**I WAS BORN HERE, AND
NOW I'VE COME BACK AS
THE NEW SHERIFF. MY
BOY MARCUS IS WITH ME.**

**IN FOUR DAYS...
BARROW GOES
DARK.**

I HAVE SOME SEARCHING TO DO. THE WAY IT LOOKS, MY BROTHER KILLED HIS WIFE AND KIDS AND SOMEHOW WOUND UP ON A BONFIRE.



MY BROTHER DIDN'T HAVE MURDER IN HIM.



I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED, CLEAR HIS NAME, AND BRING SOME SANITY BACK TO BARROW.





THE HOUSE
IS GREAT!
IT'S FU—

WHOAH!

FREAKING.
FREAKING
HUGE!



HOW
COME WE
CAN AFFORD A
BIGGER HOUSE
UP HERE?

WELL,
PROPERTY
VALUES AREN'T
WHAT THEY
ONCE WERE
HERE.



THAT BECAUSE
OF WHAT THEY
SAY? ABOUT HOW
THIS TOWN IS
HAUNTED?

YOU'RE
SMARTER THAN
THAT, MARCUS.
YOU KNOW
THERE'S NO SUCH
THING AS...

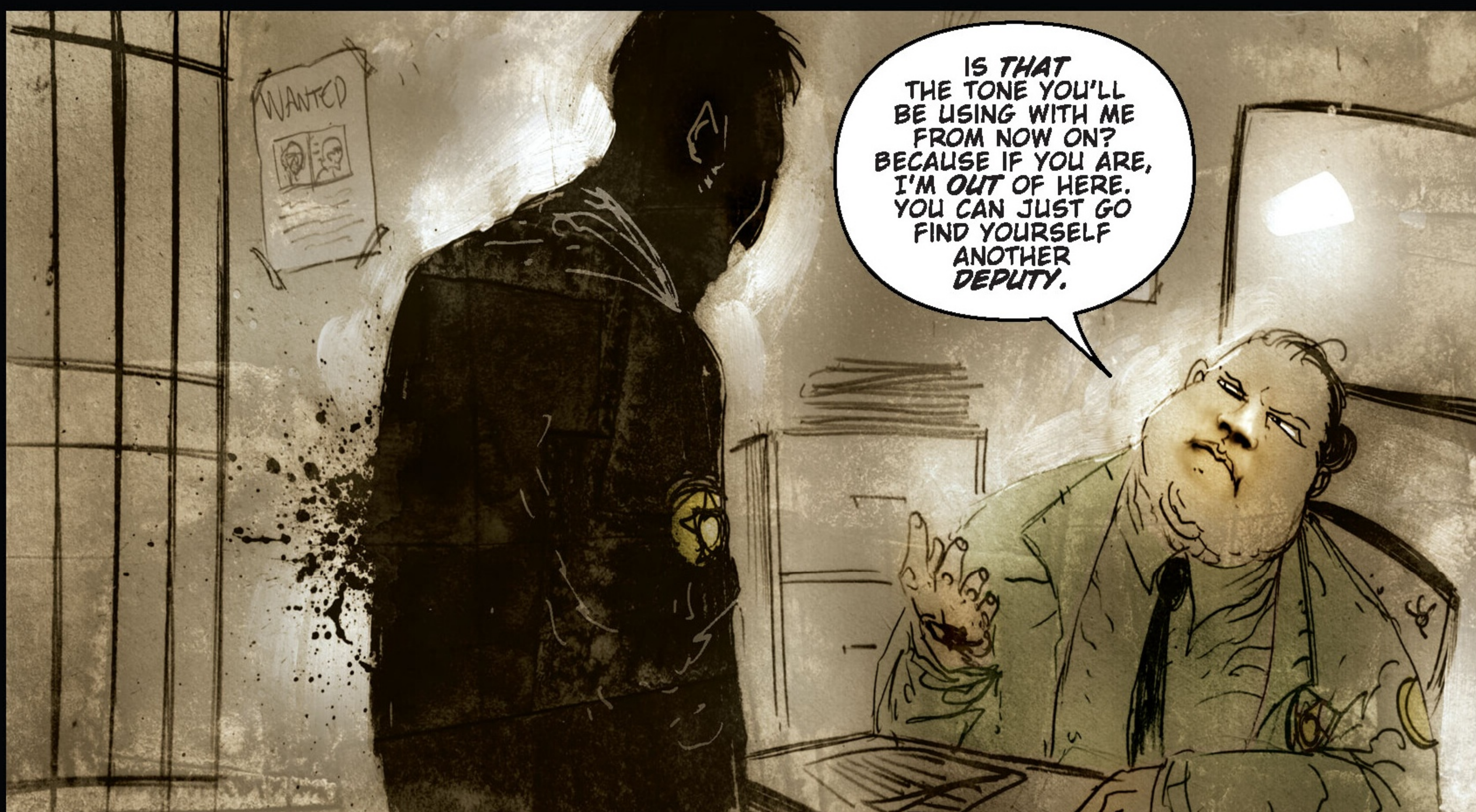
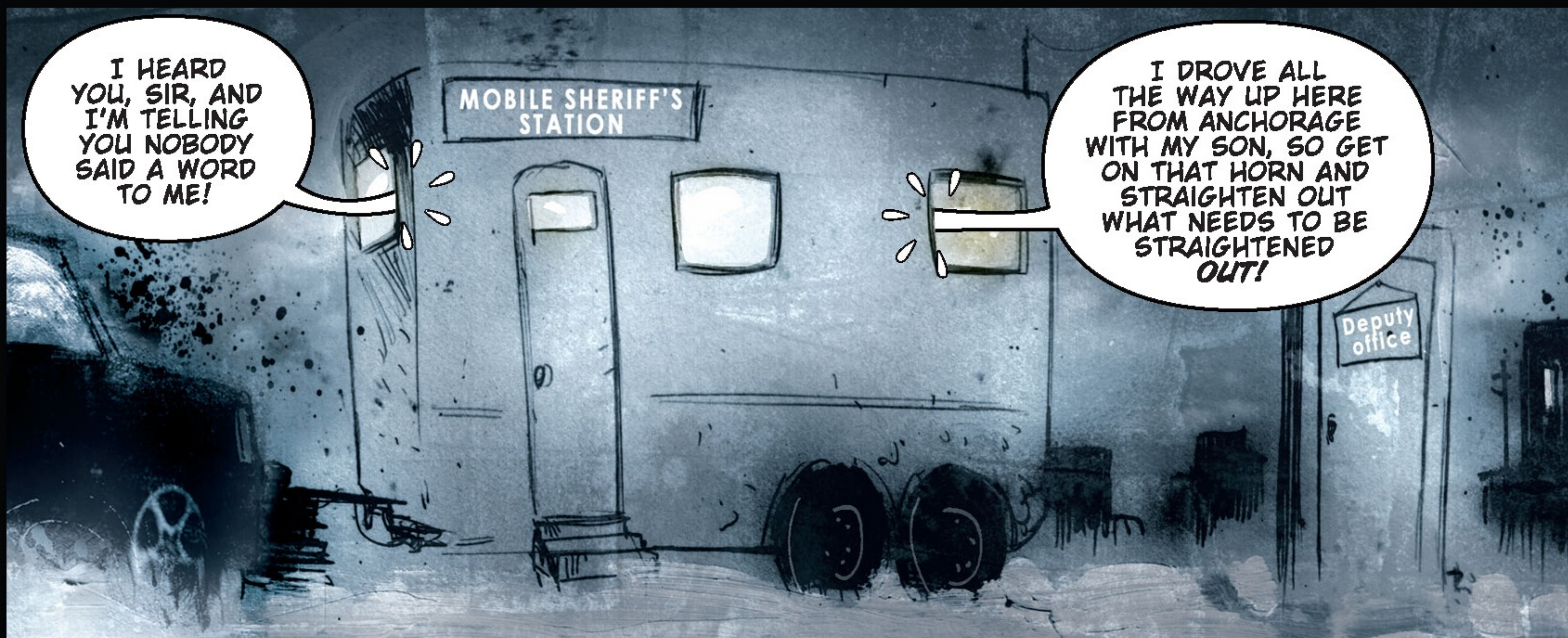


...HAUNTED
PLACES.



WOW!
IT'S FREAKIN'
HUGE!

I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
NEED TO GET MORE
FURNITURE.







AND THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT?

NO, THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY ABOUT IT.



LOTS TO DO AROUND HERE. LAST FOUR DAYS OF LIGHT BEFORE THE WINTER DARK COMES. LOTS. TO. DO.

WELL, I NEED TO KNOW THE TRUTH.



WE HAVE A SAYING AROUND HERE; KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED AND YOUR EYES OPEN. TRUST ME... IT'S A GOOD SAYING.



THAT'S ALL I'M GETTING OUT OF YOU?

FOR NOW.





SHIT.



YOU THE
NEW LAWMAN?



WHAT GAVE
ME AWAY... THE
BADGE OR THE
DOUGHNUT?



FUNNY
SHERIFF. LAST
SHERIFF WAS
FUNNY TOO, BUT
HE'S **DEAD**
NOW.

YOU
TALKING ABOUT
OLEMAUN?



NO, OLEMAUN
SAVED US. HE
WEREN'T TOO FUNNY
EITHER. I'M TALKING
ABOUT LAST WINTER'S
SHERIFF. DON'T
REMEMBER HIS NAME,
BUT HE MADE
JOKES.



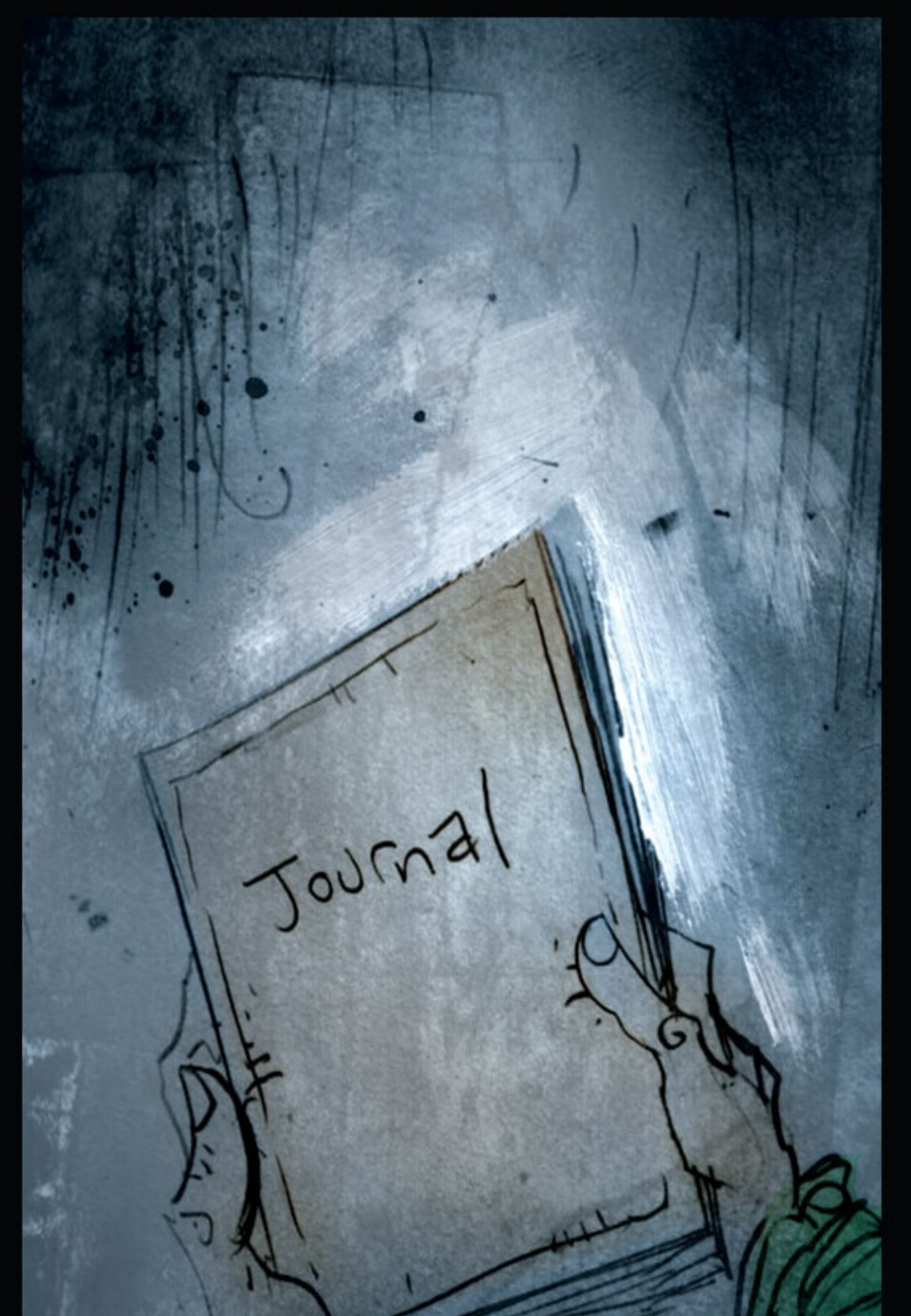
I WAS TOLD
THE LAST SHERIFF
WANDERED AWAY
FROM TOWN. THAT
HE **RAN AWAY**.



HE
WANDERED
AWAY WHEN IT
WAS **DARK**. HE
DIED. TRUST
ME ON THAT.









MY BROTHER'S JOURNAL.
FROM THE ATTACK.



DOES IT
DETAIL...?
IT TELLS
THE STORY...
MAYBE NOT THE
DETAIL OF STELLA
OLEMAUN'S BOOK,
BUT—WELL, YOU
READ IT AND
SEE.



YOU SURE
THAT WAS
SMART?
HE'S GOTTA
LEARN ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER. MIGHT
AS WELL GIVE HIM A
PUSH. IN LESS THAN
FOUR DAYS HE'S
GOING TO SINK
OR SWIM.

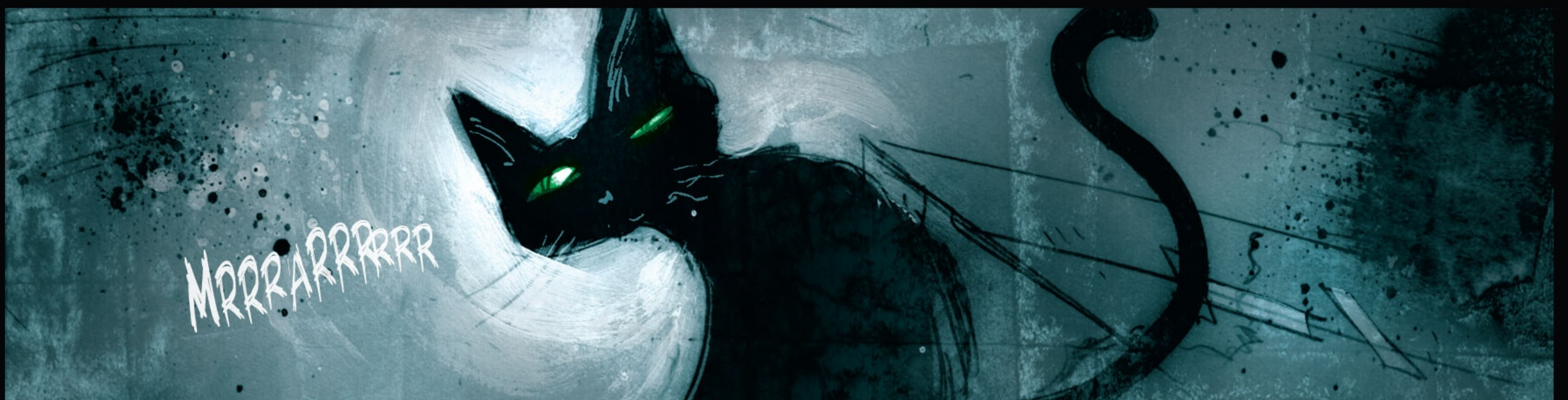


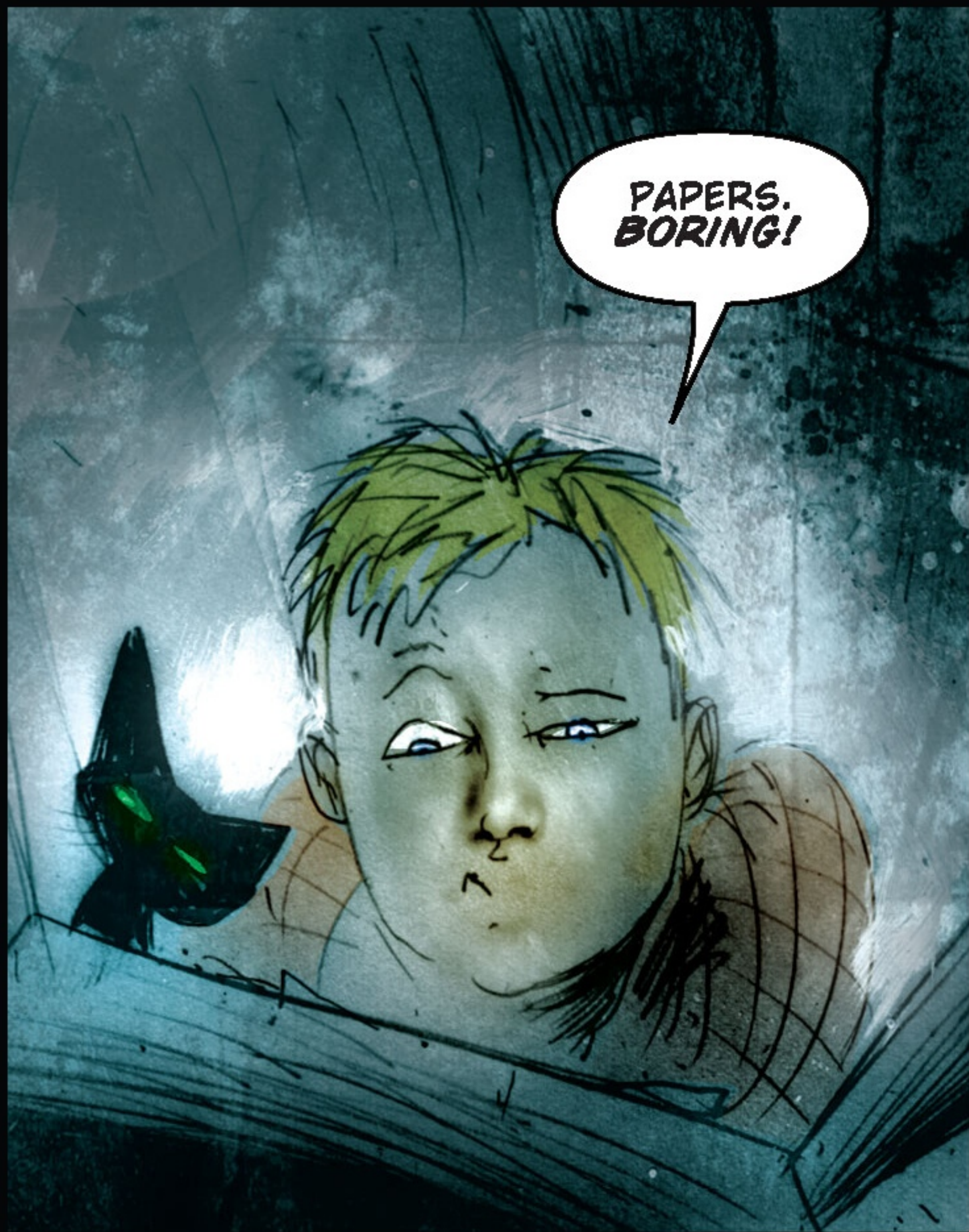
HELL,
I ALREADY
CAUGHT A COUPLE
TRYING TO SNEAK
OVER THE ICE
RIDGE.
ALREADY?











PAPERS.
BORING!



MRRRRRRARRR



HEE, HEE.
COME ON, KITTY!
I'M TRYING TO
GET IT OPEN!



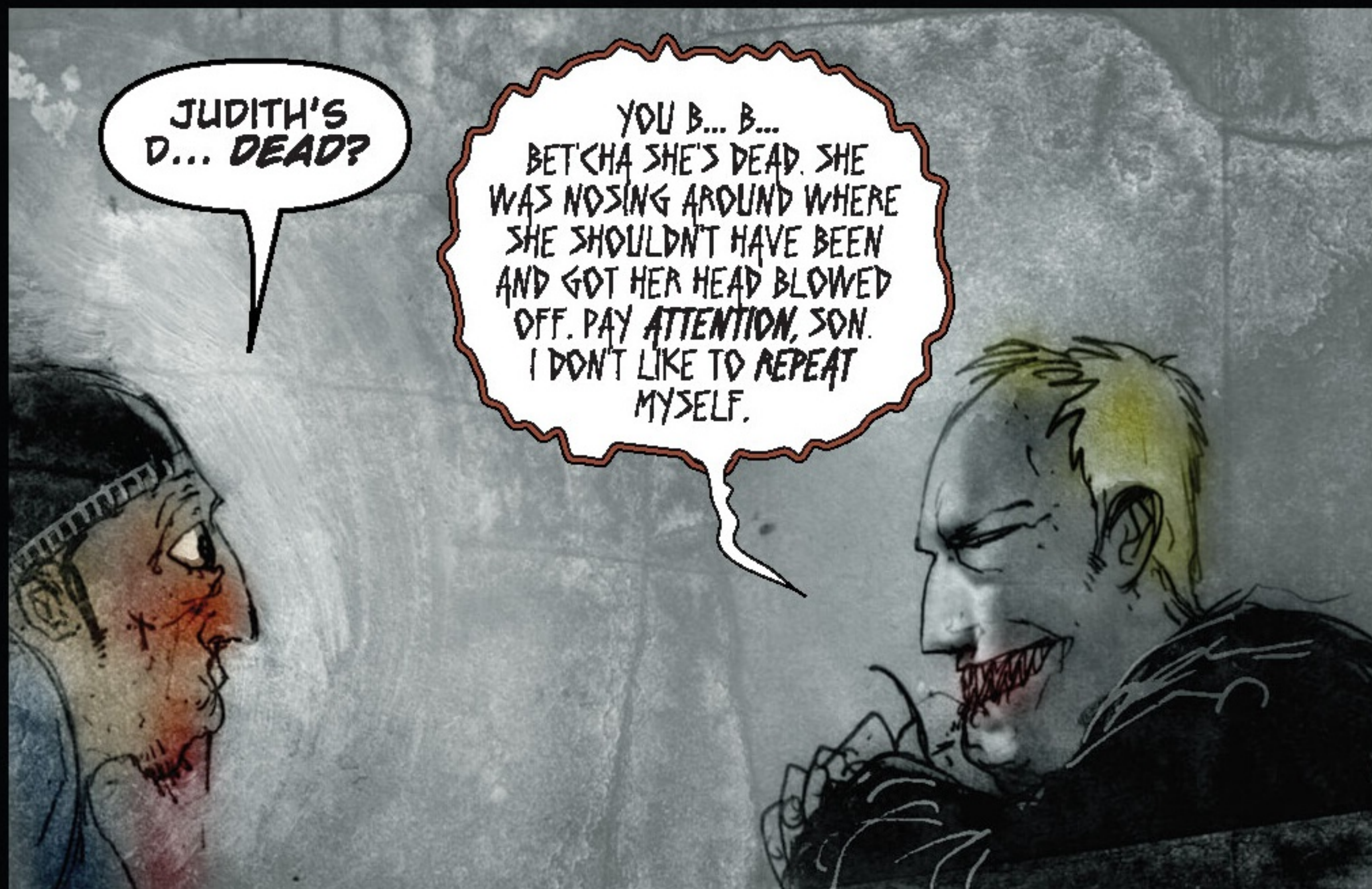
wedding



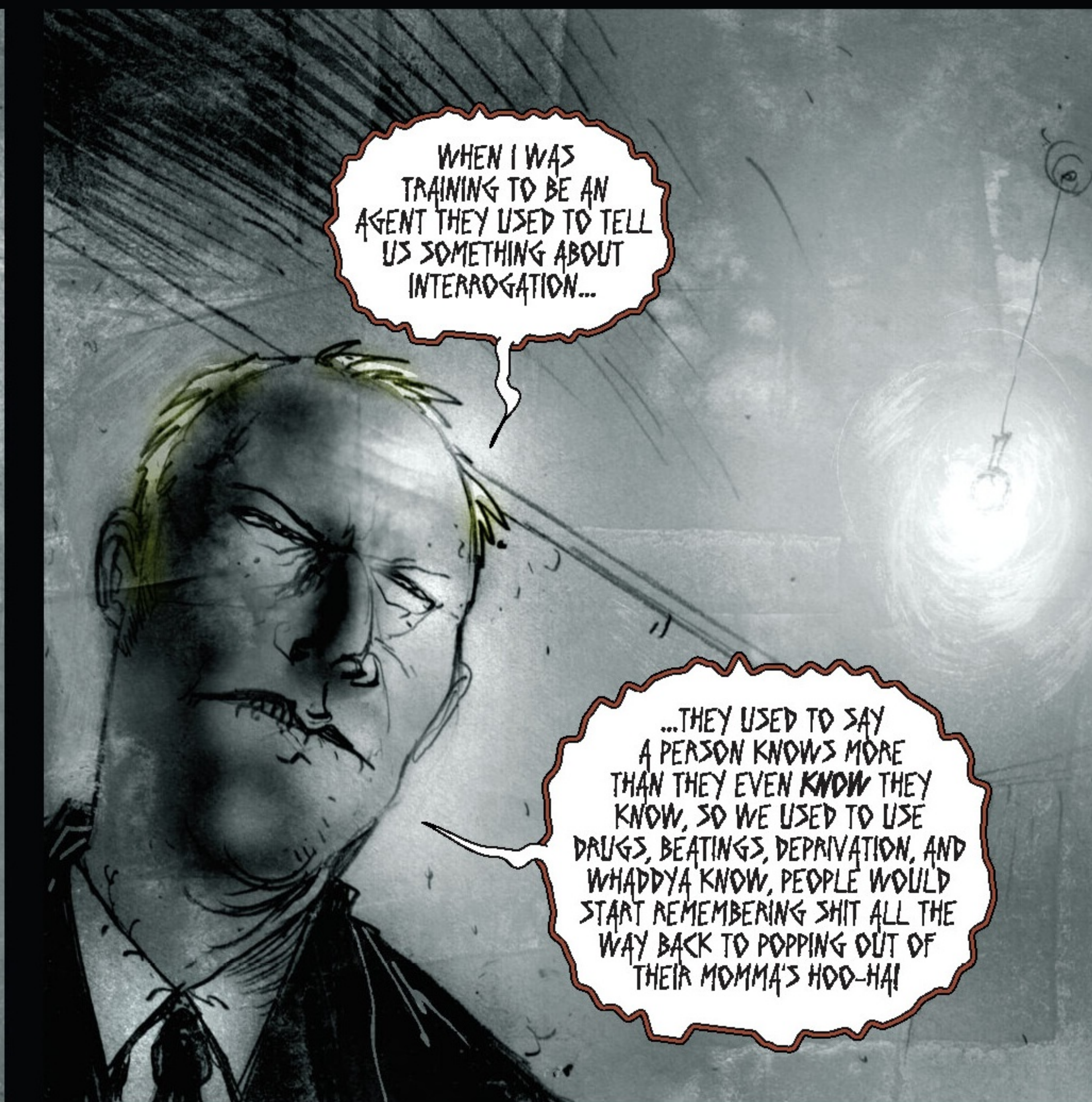
Just Married
Even and Stella











...THEY USED TO SAY A PERSON KNOWS MORE THAN THEY EVEN KNOW THEY KNOW, SO WE USED TO USE DRUGS, BEATINGS, DEPRIVATION, AND WHADDYA KNOW, PEOPLE WOULD START REMEMBERING SHIT ALL THE WAY BACK TO POPPING OUT OF THEIR MOMMA'S HOOD-HAI



P... PLEASE... DON'T...



November 22nd, 2001.

We're being attacked.

November 24th, 2001

We tried to get out today.

Peggy bundled up the kids and we headed towards town center to see what all the commotion was. It was bad.

There was smoke and fire in spots. Most of town was burned and there was blood all over the streets, whole building was torn apart. We didn't see nobody until Peggy spotted some kind of shape. Looked to me human, running along in the snow, but something told us to keep a safe distance. They were dragging a body behind them like a wolf drags its prey.

December 1st, 2001

Those things come looking for more people. They walk by the house. We can hear them outside and on the roof. We can hear their footsteps crunching through the layer of ice on the snow. We can hear them kicking in doors and breaking glass. They don't speak often, but when they do, their voices sound like the rasp of a hissing snake.

Supposedly there was a stranger at the counter causing a disturbance, so Eben and Stella (they're the law I just mentioned) had to arrest the guy.

Next thing I hear is the man went nuts and the Olemans had to shoot the guy dead.

Then the lights went out. I didn't take no chances. I gathered up the family and looked them indoors while I tried to contact Eben Oleman or anybody at the sheriff's to see if they knew what was happening, but they didn't answer.

Hours after that the phones went dead altogether and I heard what sounded like gun blasts echoing around town. I don't know what's happening, but we're staying until we know it's safe to go outside.

November 22nd, 2001
We're being

December 5th, 2001

There are more of those things. They are going house to house looking for people, but seem to be skipping ones like ours that have already been searched/ransacked.

Roger's boy Greg said the things are vampires. It seems to fit, but vampires don't exist.



December 6th, 2001
More snow fell today. At
least it covers the blood.



December 8th, 2001

We have begun to accept that
the creatures might be
vampires. If they are, then all
we have to do is wait for the
sun to come back, but that is
weeks away and food is short.



Day?

We've lost all track of time and have
no way to find out. We heard explosions
not too long ago and we can see fires
burning at all four corners of town.



They are trying
to kill us all.

Tonight, I can feel
myself slipping.

Peggy sleeps for hours on end. Her lips are blue. Her beautiful hair has broken off from the cold. Little Olivia spoke today. She asked me when it was going to be over.

I told her it would be over soon.



...Entry...

I killed Peggy and Olivia.

They were sleeping. I shot them each once in the head. I pray to God that I've done the right thing. I hope I set them free. I hope I ended the horror.

I saved a bullet for me, but the gun jammed...

Peggy. Olivia. Charlie.

Barrow.

What did we do to deserve this?

Vampires rule the streets. I can see them running along walls, defying gravity, through the slits in the debris I use for cover. They are talking, some of them, and barking orders to the others.



If you read this, if this notebook
is ever found, if Barrow is ever
saved, please know this...

I only hurt them
to save them.

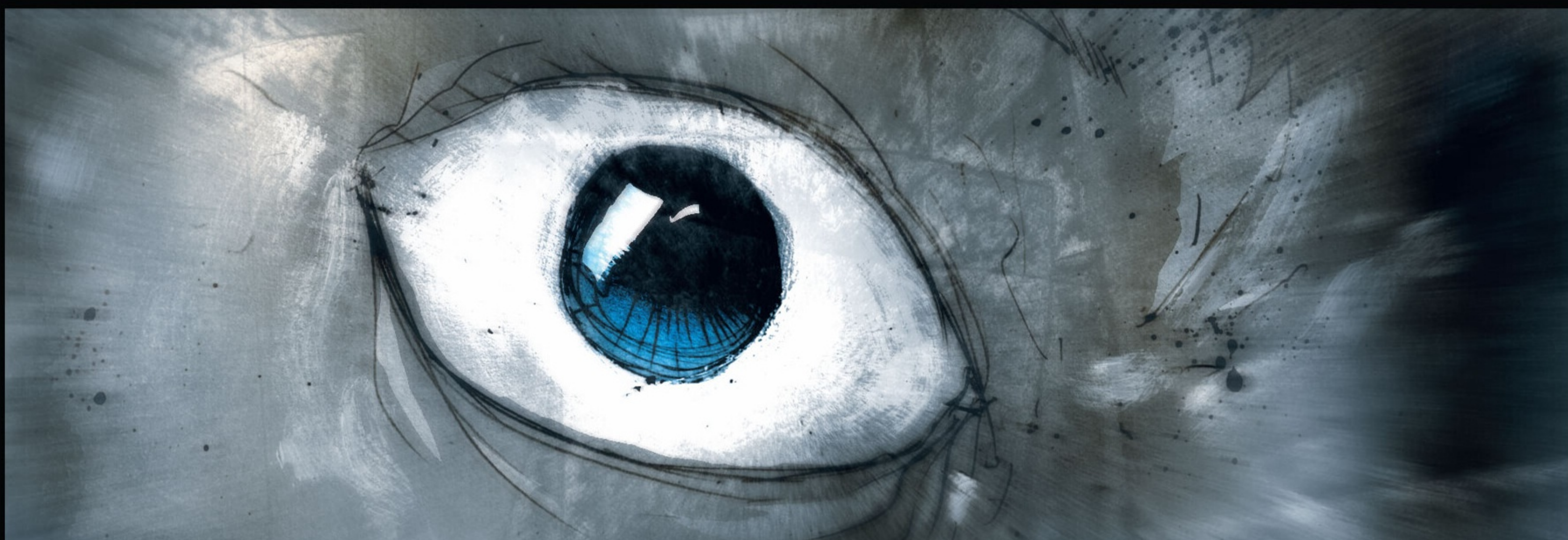
Please don't judge me.

My name is William Kittka.
I have a wonderful wife,
Peggy, and two beautiful
children, Olivia and Charlie.

And please...

...When you come back
to Barrow... know there
is evil in the darkness.











I'M GUESSING
YOU READ YOUR
BROTHER'S
JOURNAL.

YEAH.



SORRY TO
DUMP IT ON YOU
LIKE THAT, BUT IT'S
OUR *REALITY* NOW. WE
DON'T HAVE A LOT OF
TIME TO CODDLE AND
NURSE FOLKS UP
HERE.



SO...
I GUESS YOU
AND YOUR BOY
WILL BE LEAVING
ON THE LAST
FLIGHT OUT OF
HERE THEN,
HUH?



YOU READ
ME *WRONG*,
TRAPPER. I
DON'T RUN
AWAY.

I JUST WANT YOU TO
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
GETTING YOURSELF
INTO.

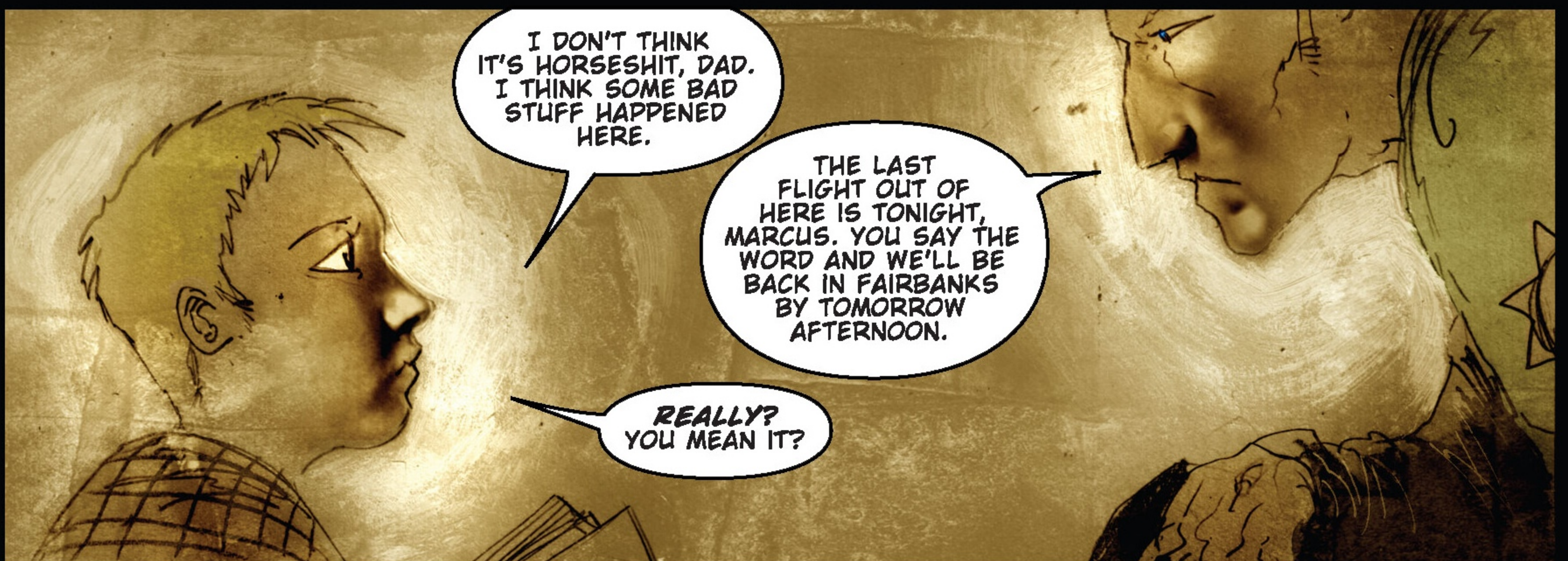
STILL TWO
DAYS UNTIL THE
SUN'S GONE—NOT
THAT IT MATTERS WITH
THE OVERCAST—AND
WE ALREADY GOT
SCOUTS SNIFFING
AROUND.



THIS ONE
ISN'T... ONE
OF THEM?

COULD BE.
DON'T KNOW,
REALLY. TOO
LATE TO TELL
WITH HIS HEAD
BLOWN OFF
AND ALL.







DONNA,
IT'S SHERIFF
KITKA. YEAH,
I *READ* IT.

LOOK, I
WANT *TWO*
TICKETS ON
THAT FLIGHT
OUT OF HERE
TONIGHT.



WHAT'D YOU
MEAN, IT ALREADY
LEFT? BUT IT WAS...
YEAH... SORRY. LOOK,
IS THERE *ANYTHING*
OUT OF HERE? IF NOT
FOR ME, FOR MY
BOY?

PLEASE,
DONNA. THERE'S
GOT TO BE
SOMETHING.



WE CAN'T
LEAVE
HERE, CAN
WE, DAD?



DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE IT.
NOT UNTIL THE
SUN COMES
BACK.



PLEASE...
I'VE TOLD...
YOU EVERYTHING.
I NEED A HIT. IF
I HAD A HIT I'D
REMEMBER
MORE.

HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE I
HEARD THAT?



LOOK, GEORGE,
YOU SEEM LIKE A
NICE ENOUGH JUNKIE,
BUT I NEED SOME
INFO ON MY ILK.

I NEED TO KNOW
WHAT TO DO NEXT. I'M
LIKE SOME WEIRD UNDEAD
DAPHAN. I'VE GOT ALL
THESE FEELINGS AND
NOTHING TO DO.



YOU FOLLOW ME?
I GOT NO TEACHER,
NOBODY TO **GUIDE** ME
THROUGH. THE LADY WHO
MADE ME WHAT I AM
IS DEAD.

YOU HEAR ME,
JUNKIE? I FEEL THIS
PULL... TO A COMMON
CAUSE... OF SELF-
PRESERVATION.



PLEASE...
JUST ONE
HIT... I'LL
DIE IF I
DON'T HAVE
A HIT.









THAT'S
INFORMATION...
OUR GREATEST
ENEMY.



I THINK WE
NEED TO SILENCE
THE VOICES, SEVER THE
THROATS AND SHUT
SOME MOUTHS.



DO YOU FEEL
THE PULL?

YESSSSS.

LOOKS LIKE
WE HAVE A LONG
TRIP AHEAD OF US,
GEORGE.



KANSAS CITY,
MISSOURI.

SWOPE PARK.

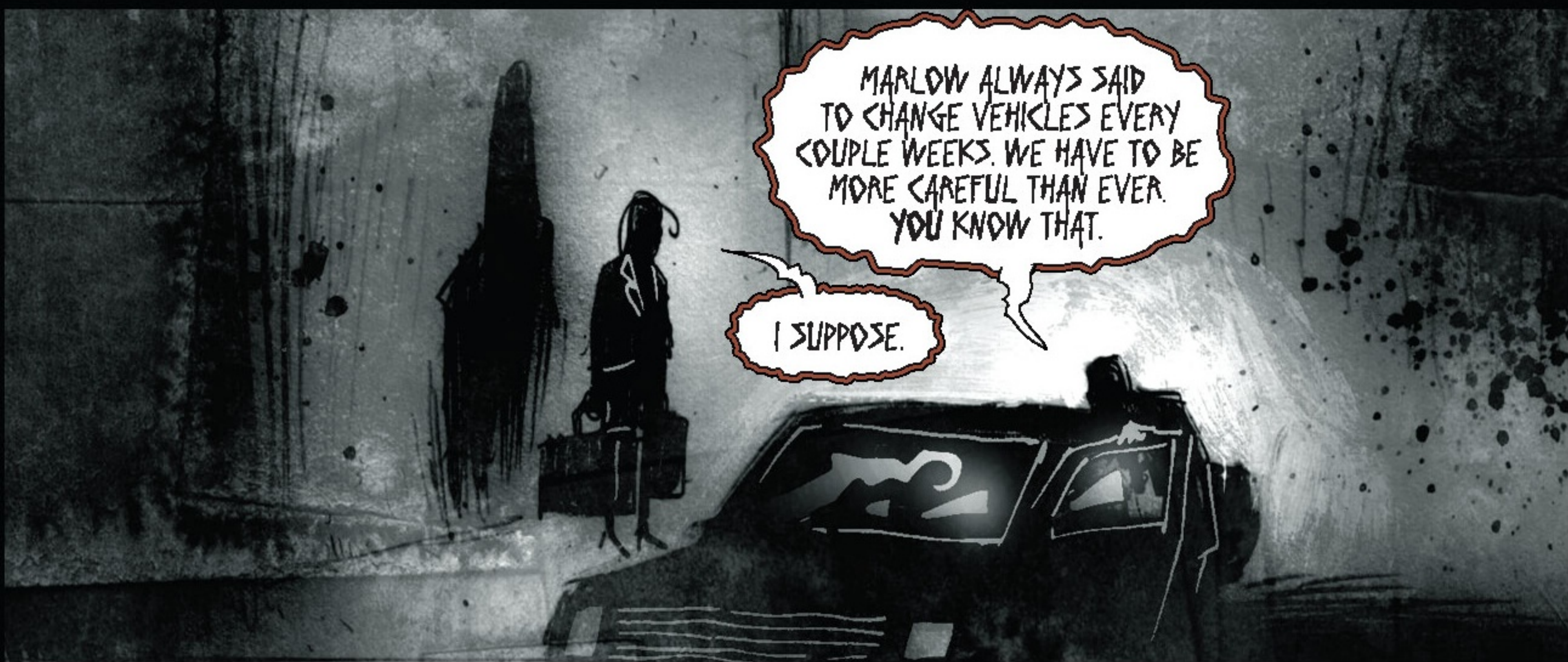


ONLY TWO THINGS
HAPPEN HERE: DRUG
DEALS AND MURDER.



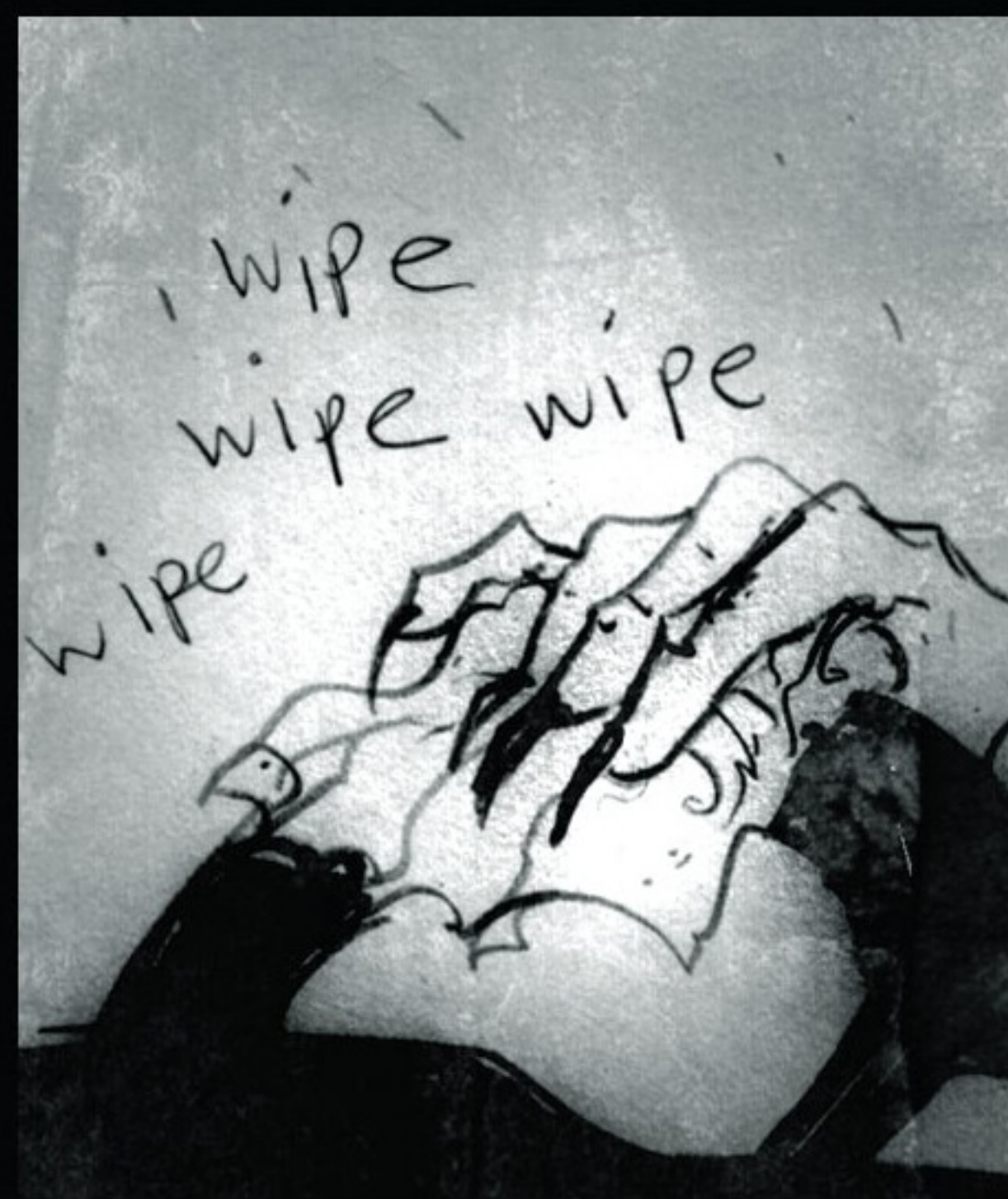
MAKE SURE
YOU HAVE
EVERYTHING.

ARE YOU
SURE WE CAN'T
KEEP IT?



MARLOW ALWAYS SAID
TO CHANGE VEHICLES EVERY
COUPLE WEEKS. WE HAVE TO BE
MORE CAREFUL THAN EVER.
YOU KNOW THAT.

I SUPPOSE.



BUT FOR SOME IT
SERVES OTHER
PURPOSES.

BESIDES, WE'VE
HAD THIS ONE SINCE
JERSEY, DARCY.



IT'S ALSO AN EXCELLENT PLACE TO
DESTROY EVIDENCE OF YOUR EXISTENCE.

I FORGOT THE
CD CHANGER.

WELL, IT'S TOO
LATE NOW.

IT'S SOMETHING YOU
HAVE TO BE AWARE OF,
IF YOUR EXISTENCE IS
AMONG THE UNDEAD.





HELLO.

YOU
STARTLED
ME.

WE CAN
SEE THAT.



MY NAME IS
DANE. HOW DO
YOU DO?

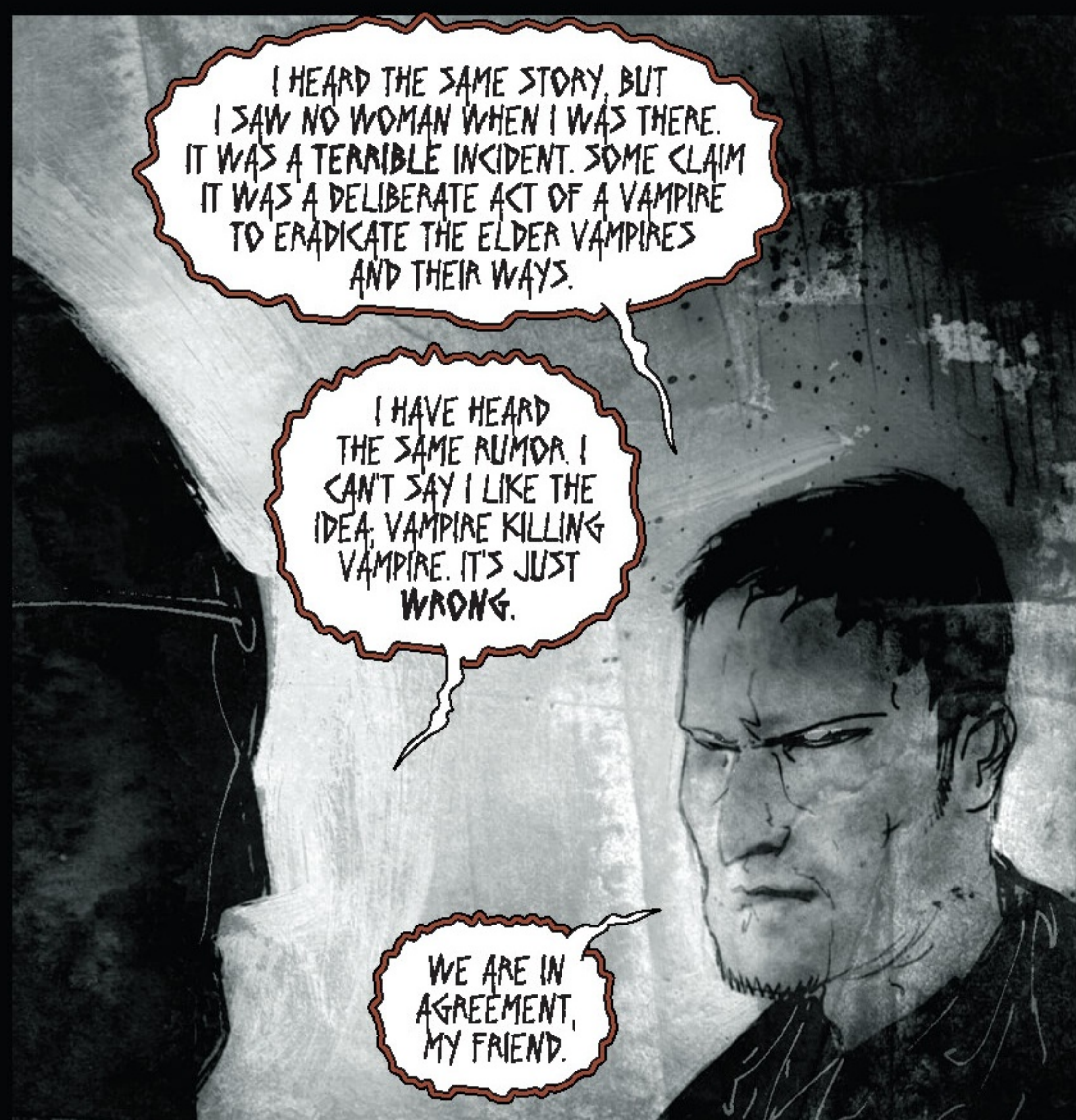
I AM LIAM, AND THIS
IS MY PARTNER DARCY.
ARE YOU THE DANE WHO
ESCAPED THE FIRE THAT
KILLED LILITH?

I AM.



WE HEARD A LOT
OF OUR BROTHERS AND
SISTERS DIED AND THAT A
HUMAN WAS RESPONSIBLE...
THE WOMAN WHO WROTE
30 DAYS OF NIGHT.

MA'AM.



I HEARD THE SAME STORY, BUT
I SAW NO WOMAN WHEN I WAS THERE.
IT WAS A TERRIBLE INCIDENT. SOME CLAIM
IT WAS A DELIBERATE ACT OF A VAMPIRE
TO ERADICATE THE ELDER VAMPIRES
AND THEIR WAYS.

I HAVE HEARD
THE SAME RUMOR. I
CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE
IDEA, VAMPIRE KILLING
VAMPIRE. IT'S JUST
WRONG.

WE ARE IN
AGREEMENT,
MY FRIEND.



TO TELL
THE TRUTH, I AM
BEGINNING TO TIRE
OF ALL KILLING.

YES.

AND THE RUNNING,
THE CONSTANT RELOCATING.
THESE "SAFE HOUSES"
ARE JUST TEMPORARY
TOMBS.

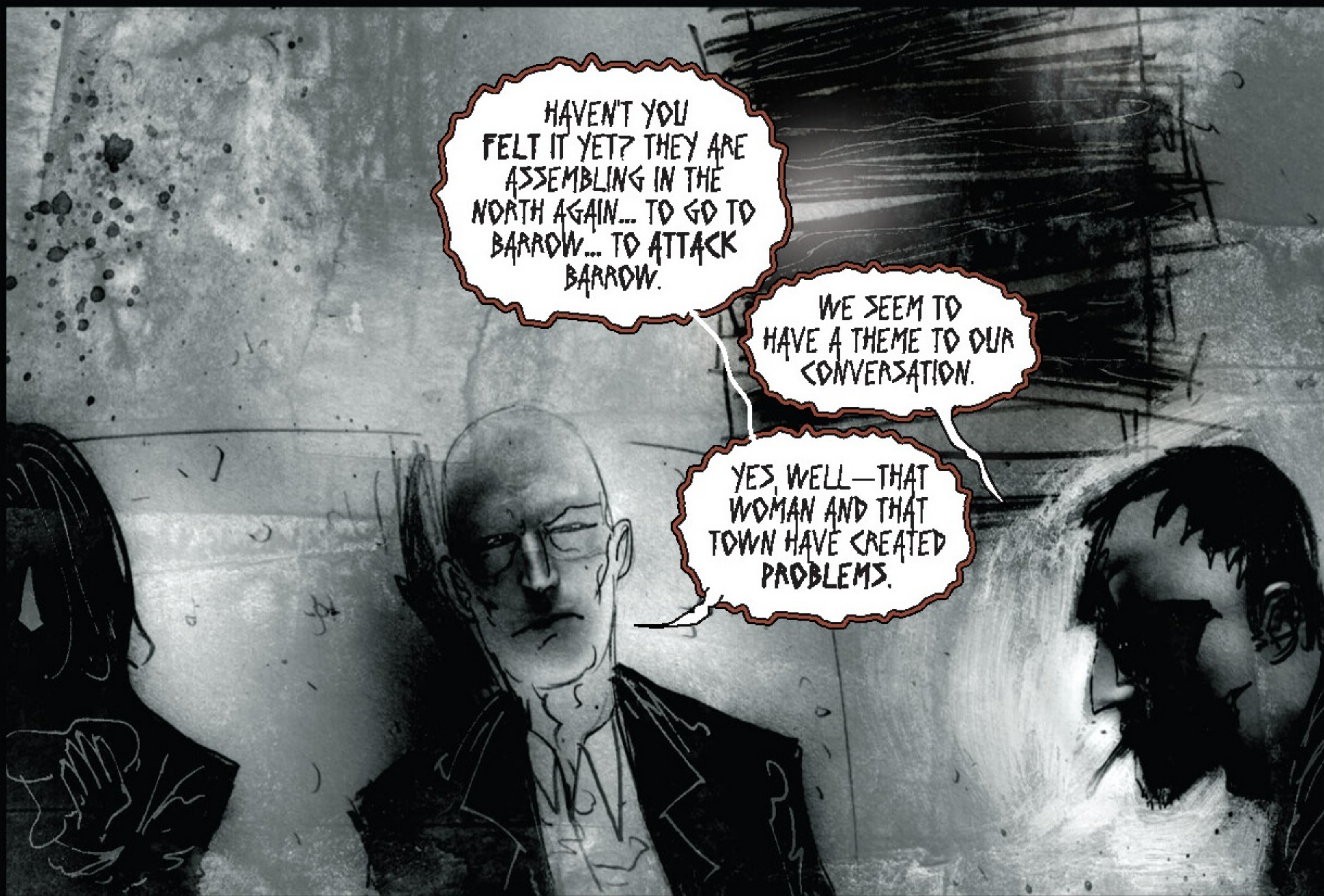


ARE YOU
HEADED TOWARDS
THE FEEDING?

I'M NOT HEADING
ANYWHERE, REALLY.



WHAT
FEEDING?



HAVEN'T YOU
FELT IT YET? THEY ARE
ASSEMBLING IN THE
NORTH AGAIN... TO GO TO
BARROW... TO ATTACK
BARROW.

WE SEEM TO
HAVE A THEME TO OUR
CONVERSATION.

YES, WELL—THAT
WOMAN AND THAT
TOWN HAVE CREATED
PROBLEMS.



IT SHOULD BE
LEFT ALONE. WE
FAILED ONCE. WHY
TRY AGAIN?



FAILED? IN
THE END, WE WERE
DEFEATED BY OUR OWN.
THIS IS OUR CHANCE FOR
REDEMPTION.

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT
ALL OF US SHOULD NOT
FORGET OUR RESPONSIBILITY
TO EXTINGUISH TALES OF
OUR EXISTENCE.

HOW WOULD
ANOTHER ATTACK
REDEEM US? WE SHOULD
WALK AWAY. LET THE
MEMORIES FADE.



BUT THAT'S THE PROBLEM, ISN'T IT? MEMORIES DON'T FADE, AND WITH EACH PASSING YEAR THE STORIES GROW.

ALREADY THERE ARE RUMORS OF THEM FIGHTING BACK... IN FACT, WE JUST FLED A HOME WHERE SUSPICION WAS RAISED BY THAT DAMN OLEMAUN WOMAN'S BOOK.



WOULD YOU LIKE SOME?

YES, THANK YOU.



IF THEY BELIEVE IN US, THEY DO NOT FEAR US. IF THEY DO NOT FEAR US, WE CAN BE DEFEATED.

HOW LONG HAVE THOSE WORDS FOLLOWED THE UNDEAD? AND IF THOSE WORDS ARE TRUE, THEN ISN'T IT WE WHO ARE LIVING IN FEAR?

WE ALL LIVE IN FEAR, DANE.



THAT IS WHY WE MUST REMAIN A MYSTERY. WE CAN'T HAVE TOWNS FIGHTING BACK AND WRITING BOOKS AS THEY PLEASE.



SO THIS TOWN—BARROW—IT HAS TO FALL BECAUSE OF OUR MISTAKES?

WORD IT AS YOU LIKE...



...EITHER WAY BARROW, ALASKA WILL PAY US IN BLOOD.



BARROW.



HOLD
IT RIGHT
THERE.



YOU'RE LATE, DAN. WE
THOUGHT YOU LEFT US
HIGH AND DRY.

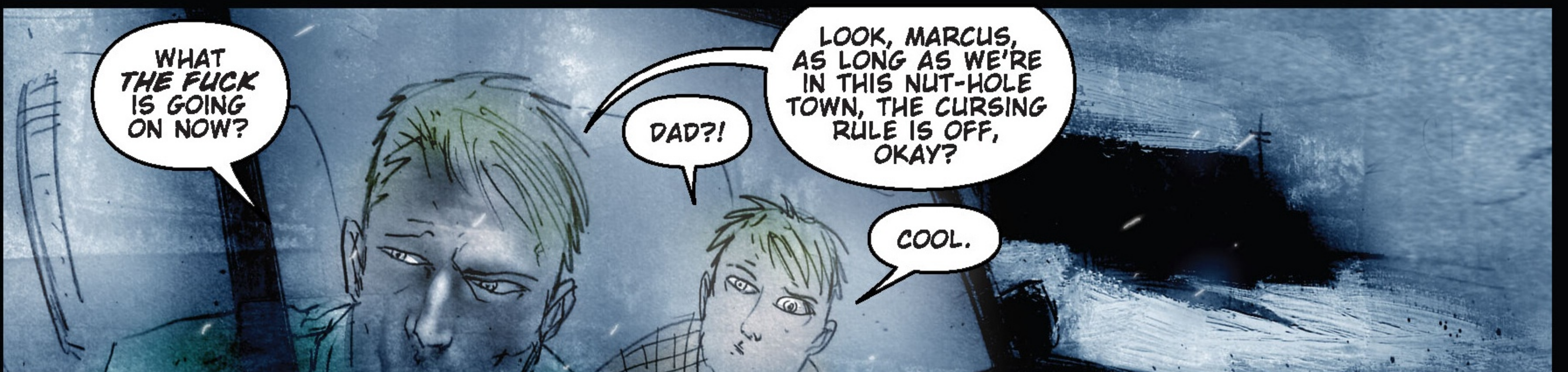
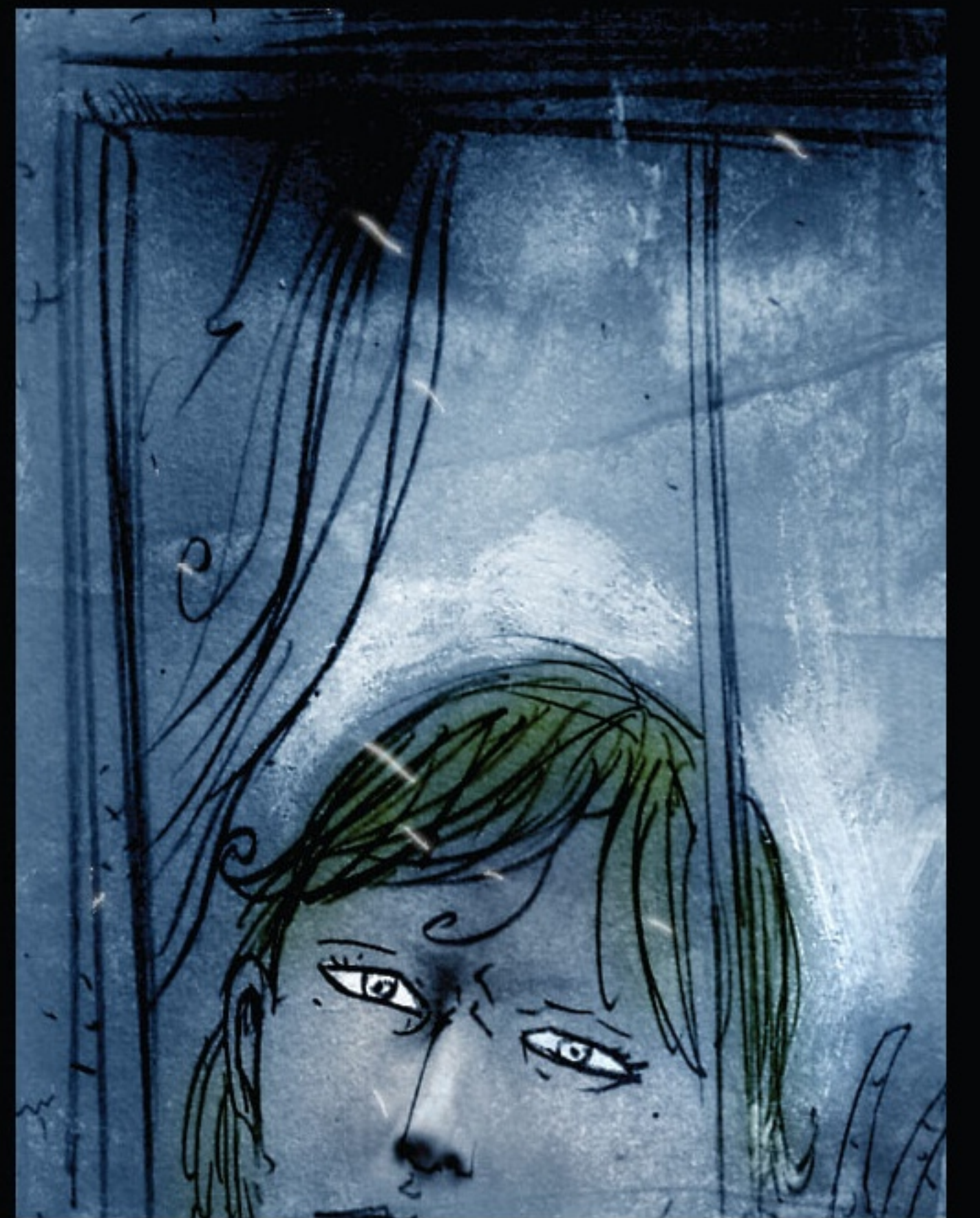
I HAD SOME TROUBLE
GETTING THROUGH BROWER
PASS. DIDN'T EXPECT THE SNOW
TO COME ON SO HEAVY THIS
EARLY.



WELL, WE
HAVE ALL WINTER TO
CHAT, DAN. LET'S GO!
LET'S GET THAT STUFF
IN HERE AND HANDED
OUT 'FORE FOLKS
GET KILLED!



PETE!
LET FOLKS
KNOW DAN
GOT HERE!





...SOME
SUPPLIES FOR
THE WINTER!

GUNS

Lots

GUNS



WHAT THE HELL?

LOOK AT ALL THOSE GUNS, DAD. DAMN!

I SEE IT, AND I DON'T LIKE IT ONE DAMN BIT.



WELL, SHERIFF, FEEL FREE TO ARREST THE WHOLE TOWN WHEN THE SUN COMES BACK.



I THOUGHT I HAD YOU CONVINCED, KITKA.



THIS DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT. I CAN'T HAVE THESE WEAPONS HANDED OUT LIKE BALLOONS. I'M THE LAW HERE!

CAN'T SAY THAT MEANS MUCH AROUND HERE ANYMORE.



IT MEANS SOMETHING TO ME!



AND YOU EVER TALK TO ME LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF MY BOY AGAIN, I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW MUCH IT MEANS. YOU GOT THAT, TRAPPER?

I DIDN'T—



IF YOU BOYS
ARE DONE TAKING THE
PISS OUT OF EACH
OTHER, I'D LIKE TO GET
SHERIFF KITKA UP TO
SPEED ON WINTER
SECURITY.



COME ON, SHERIFF.
THERE'RE SOME
FOLKS I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET.



EVERYBODY? I
WANT YOU ALL TO
MEET SHERIFF BRIAN
KITKA AND HIS BOY
MARCUS.

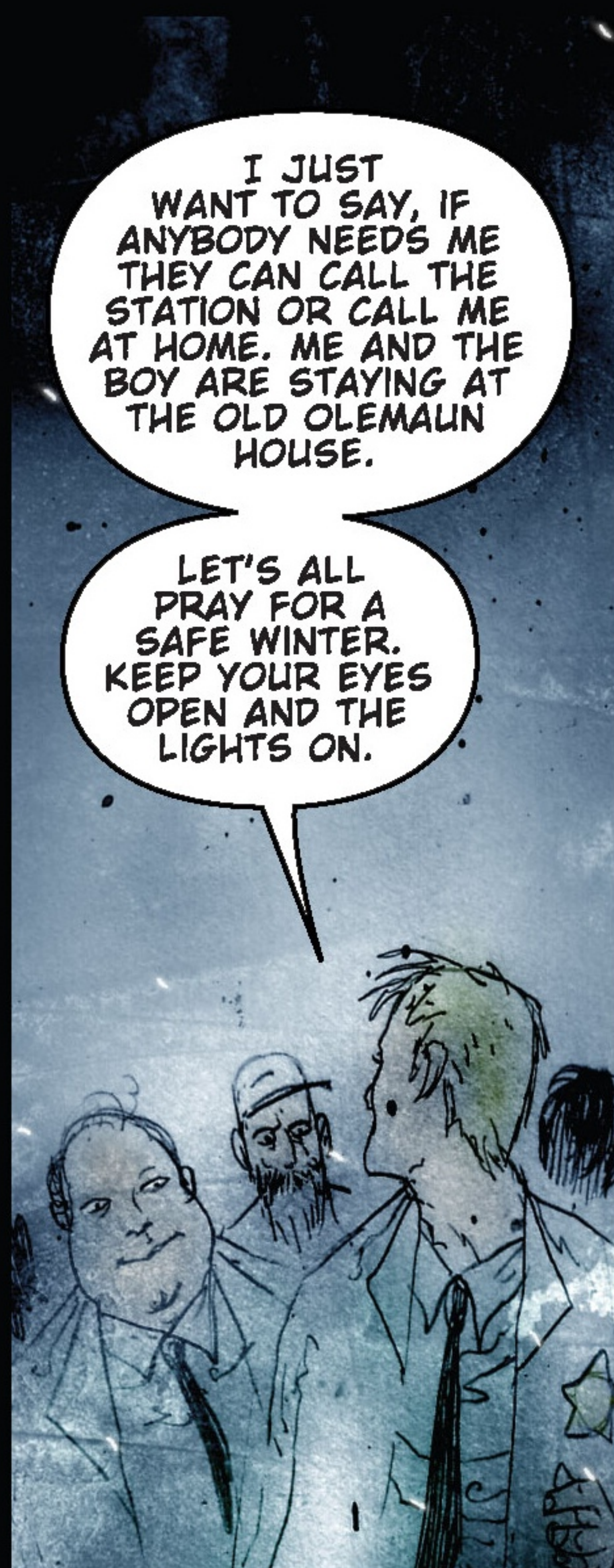
GOOD TO
MEET YOU.

WELCOME
TO BARROW.

GLAD TO BE
HERE, FOLKS.
THANKS FOR THE
WELCOME.



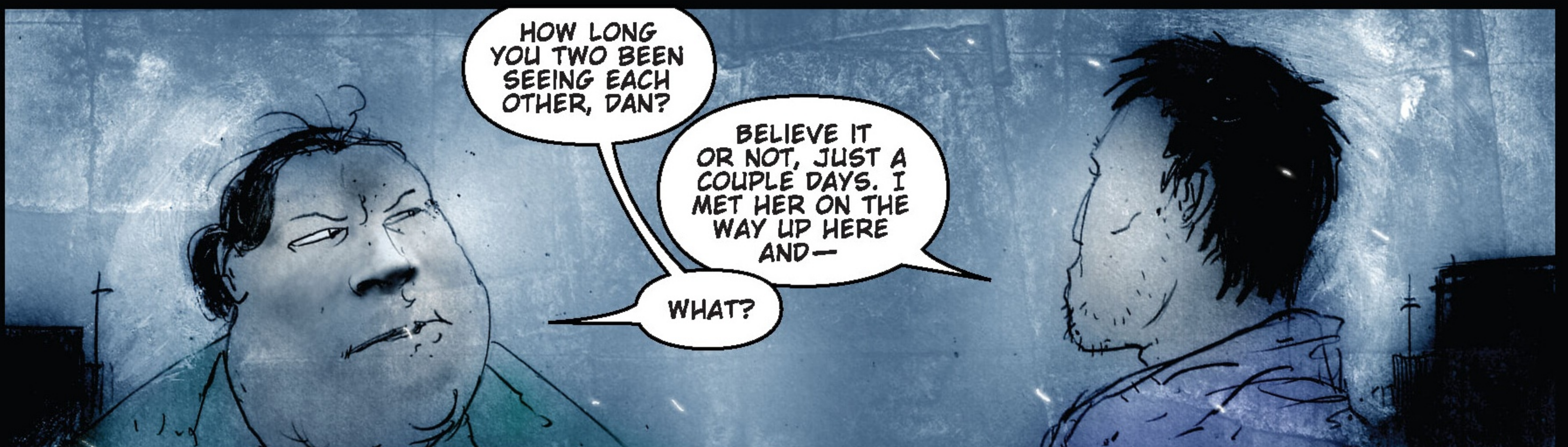
I...
UH...



I JUST
WANT TO SAY, IF
ANYBODY NEEDS ME
THEY CAN CALL THE
STATION OR CALL ME
AT HOME. ME AND THE
BOY ARE STAYING AT
THE OLD OLEMAUN
HOUSE.

LET'S ALL
PRAY FOR A
SAFE WINTER.
KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN AND THE
LIGHTS ON.





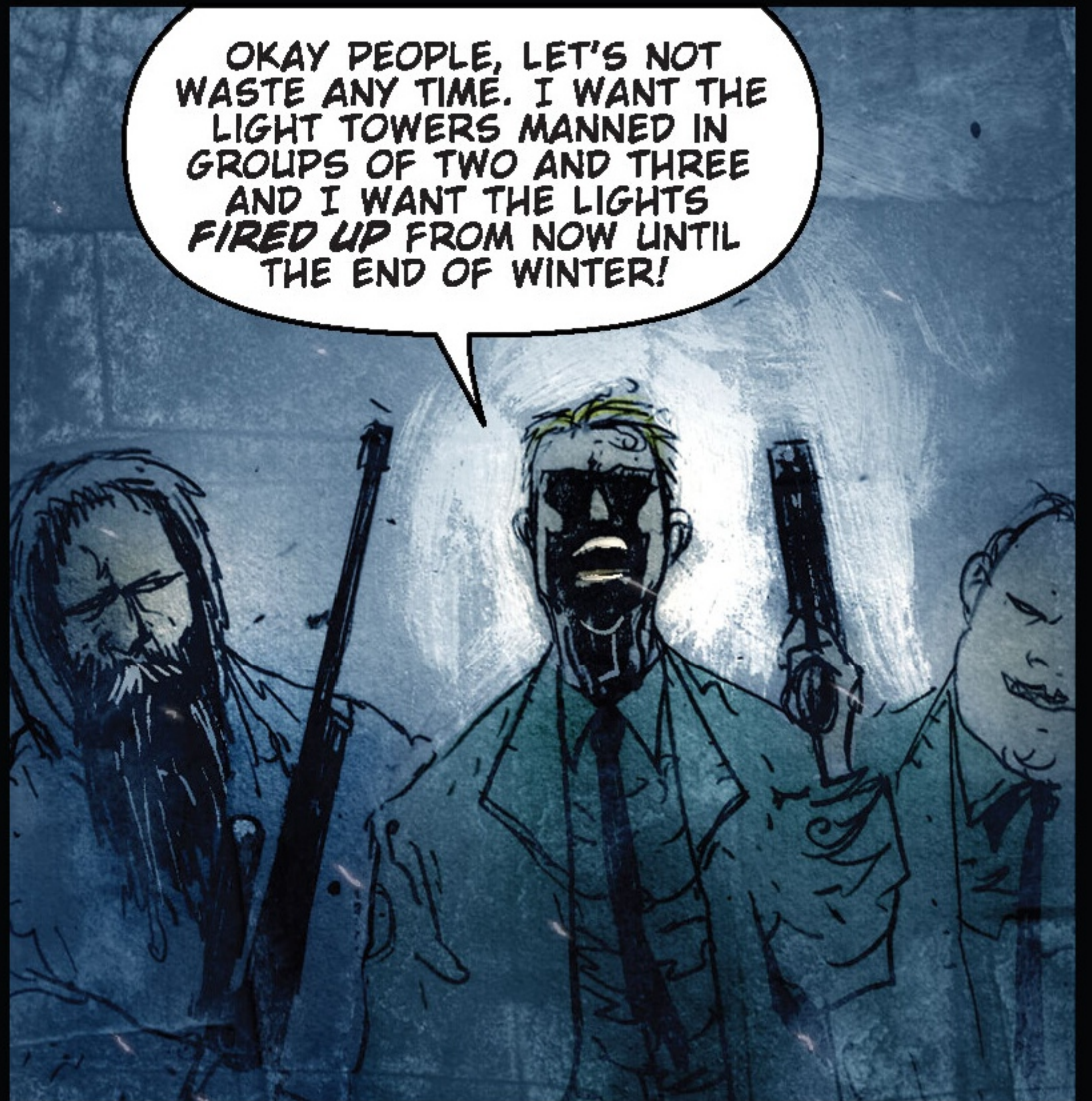


WE HAVE ONE
LOOSE IN THE TOWN.
SHE'S ABOUT 5'6",
WITH DARK BRAIDED
HAIR, WEARING A RED
PARKA VEST.

WE JUST LOST
HER A **SECOND** AGO,
SO IF WE FAN OUT
QUICK WE CAN FIND
HER BEFORE SHE
DIGS IN!



YOU MIGHT
WANT TO MAKE
SURE ALL SIX OF THE
LIGHT TOWERS ARE
MANNED AND TELL
THEM TO GET THE
LIGHTS ON.



OKAY PEOPLE, LET'S NOT
WASTE ANY TIME. I WANT THE
LIGHT TOWERS MANNED IN
GROUPS OF TWO AND THREE
AND I WANT THE LIGHTS
FIRED UP FROM NOW UNTIL
THE END OF WINTER!



THANKS.

NO SWEAT.



DOOR TO
DOOR, PEOPLE.
THE LONGER IT
TAKES, THE
DEEPER THEY
DIG IN.

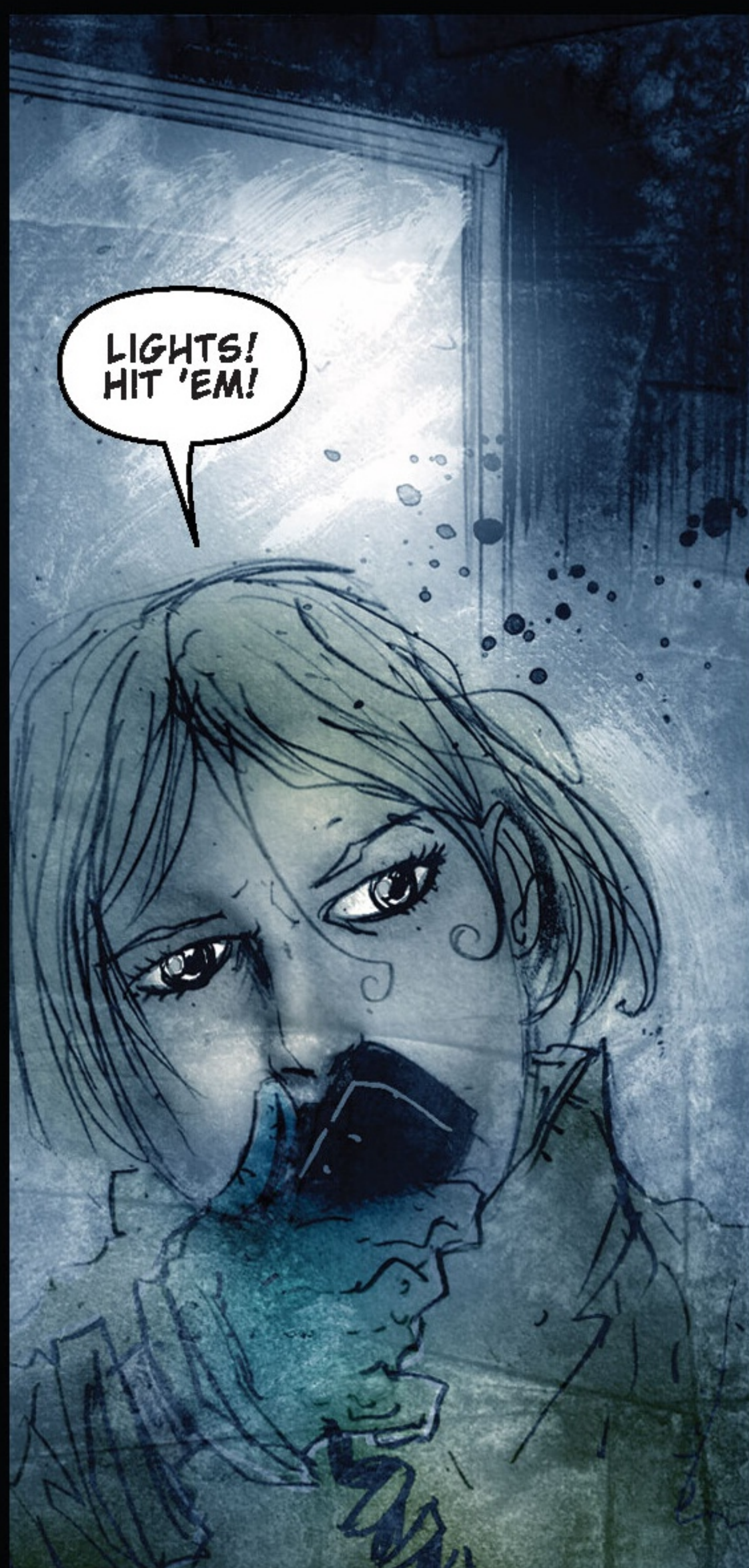


CAN WE
GET SOME
LIGHT?!

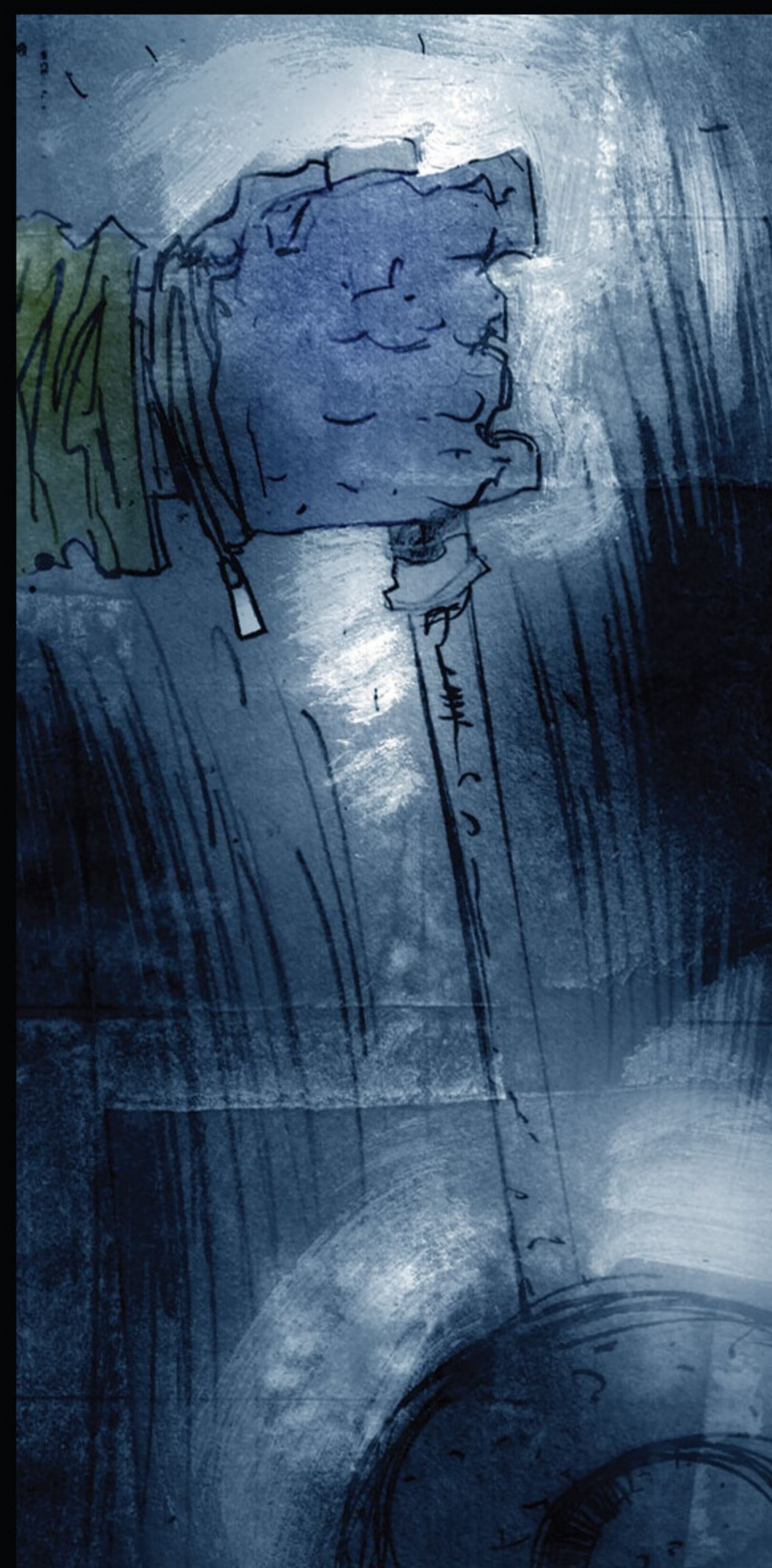
UV LIGHT. NOT
ONLY LIGHTS IT UP,
BUT IT HURTS THE
BLOODSUCKERS.
THEY CAN'T
STAND IT.



HIT THE
LIGHTS!

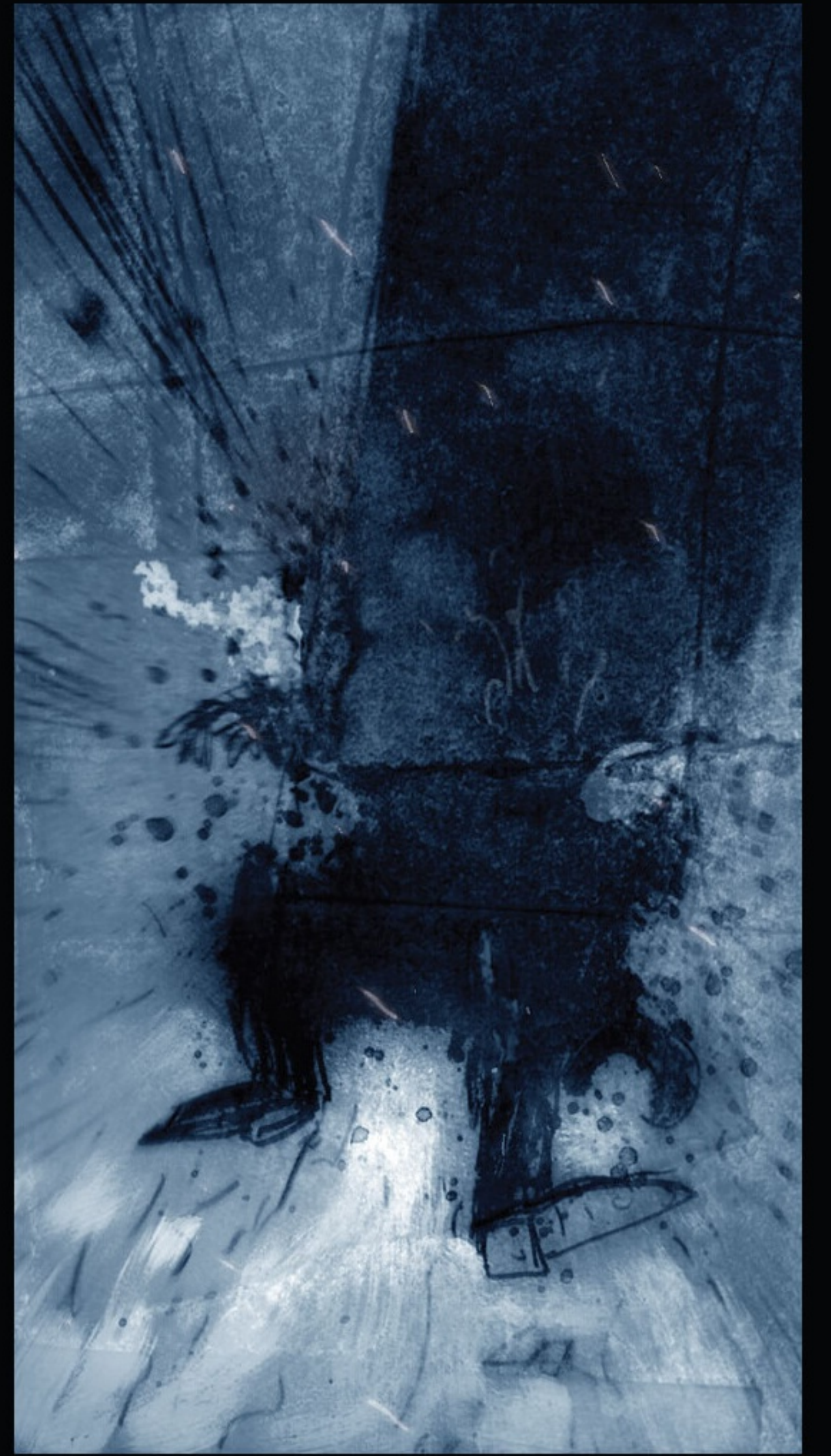


LIGHTS!
HIT 'EM!













NOTHING COULD BE AS BAD AS THE FIRST TIME. NOBODY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THEY CAUGHT US WITH OUR PANTS DOWN.

AND NOW EVERYBODY GETS READY FOR WAR EVERY WINTER?

NOT EVERYBODY FIGHTS. SOME LEAVE, SOME HIDE. LUCKILY, MOST STAY AND FIGHT.



IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL, MR. IKOS.

I GUESS I JUST ABOUT HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING, SON.



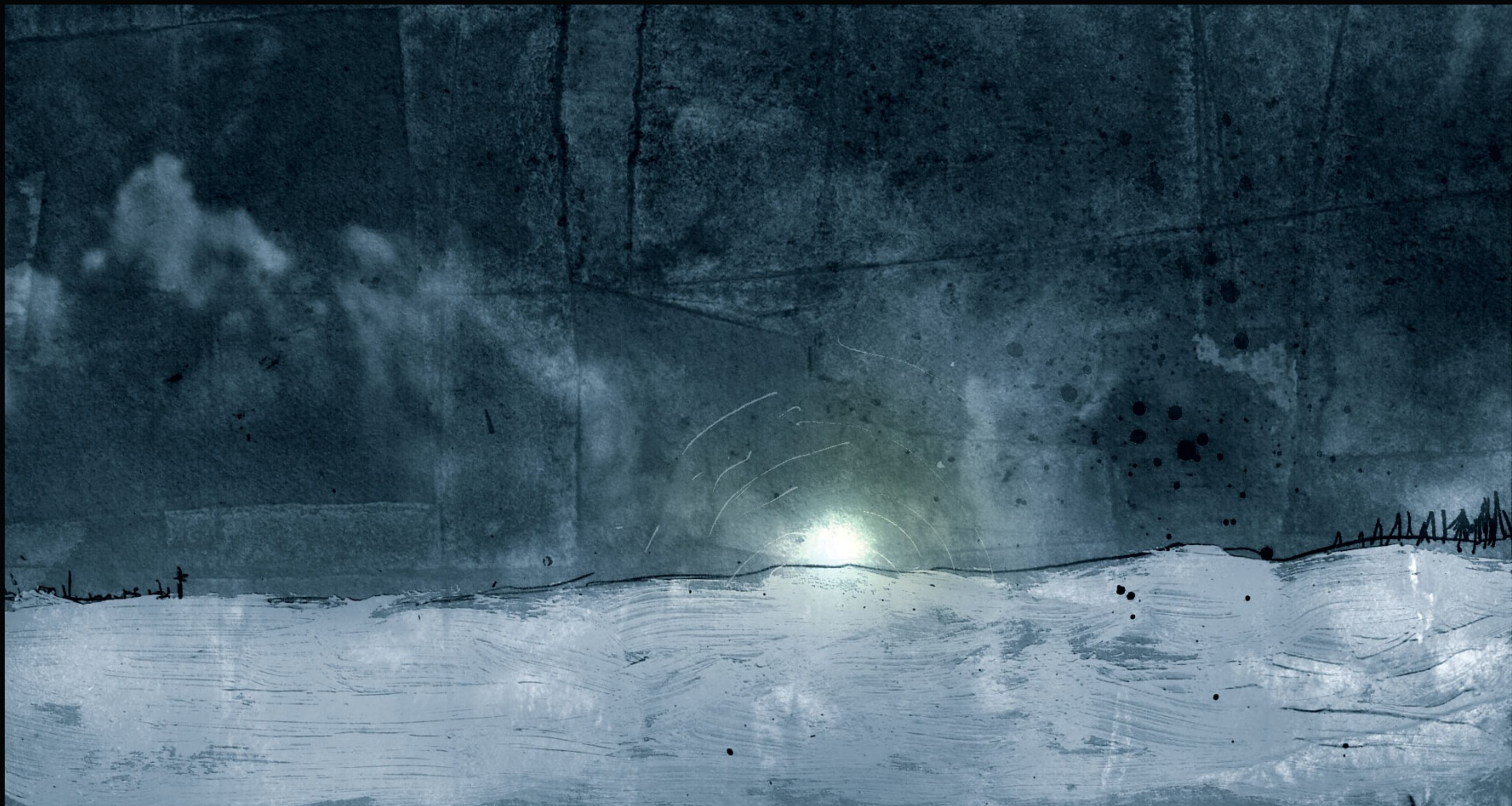
LET'S LOOK DOWN HERE. LOOKS LIKE THE BULBS BLEW.



...SWEET BABY JESUS...











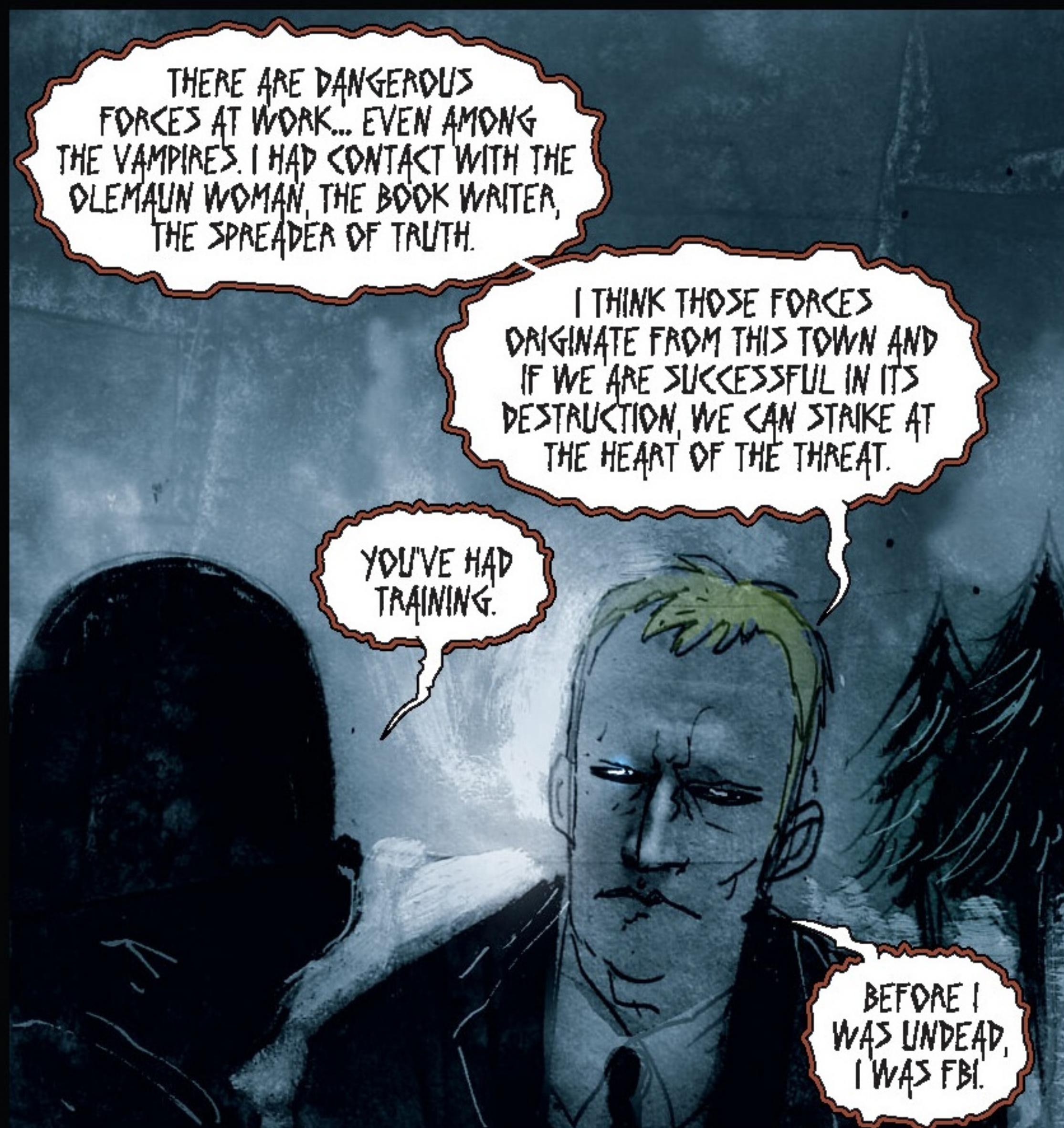
ARE YOU
WERNER? I WAS
TOLD YOU'RE LEADING
THIS GATHERING.

I AM. WITH VIKENTE
DEAD, THERE IS STILL A
LEADERSHIP VOID AMONG
THE UNDEAD.

NAME'S AGENT
NORRIS. THIS IS MY
NEW LACKEY GEORGE.
I CAME HERE TO HELP
FIGHT, BUT I ALSO HAVE
INFORMATION.



YES?



THERE ARE DANGEROUS
FORCES AT WORK... EVEN AMONG
THE VAMPIRES. I HAD CONTACT WITH THE
OLEMAUN WOMAN, THE BOOK WRITER,
THE SPREADER OF TRUTH.

I THINK THOSE FORCES
ORIGINATE FROM THIS TOWN AND
IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL IN ITS
DESTRUCTION, WE CAN STRIKE AT
THE HEART OF THE THREAT.

YOU'VE HAD
TRAINING.

BEFORE I
WAS UNDEAD,
I WAS FBI.



WELCOME TO
THE WAR, AGENT
NORRIS.

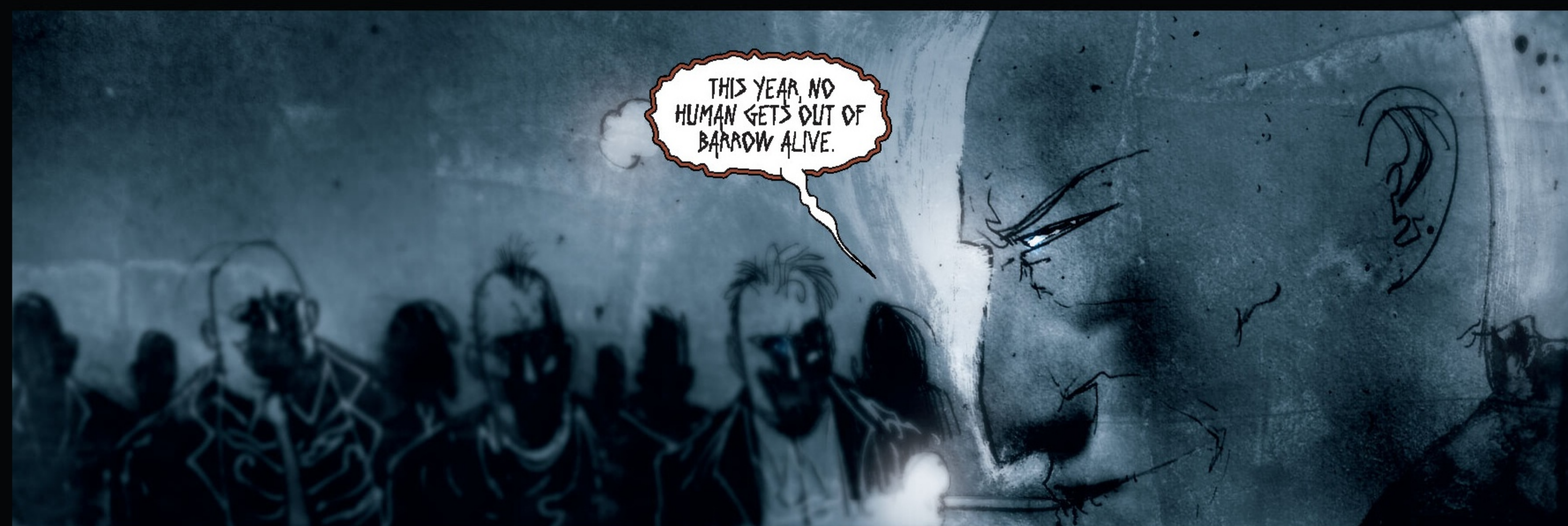
GLAD I
CAN HELP.



I WOULD LIKE
TO SHOW YOU
SOMETHING.



THE HUMANS
THINK THEY FIGURED US
OUT, OUR WEAKNESSES AND
STRENGTHS. WE HAVE HANDS
AS WELL AS OUR FANGS, AND
TREMENDOUS STRENGTH
TO BACK IT UP.



THIS YEAR, NO
HUMAN GETS OUT OF
BARROW ALIVE.



I LIKE THE
WAY YOU THINK,
WERNER.

DANKE
SCHÖN.

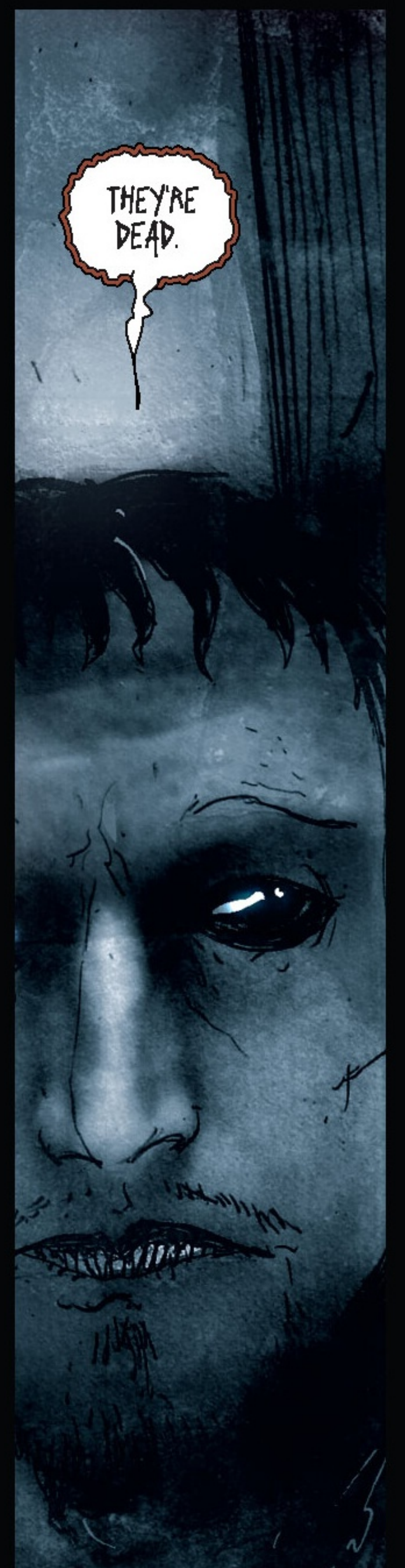


WERNER!
WERNER!

WHAT IS IT,
GRETAL? WHAT IS
SO URGENT?



ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE RIDGE...
YOU HAVE TO SEE.





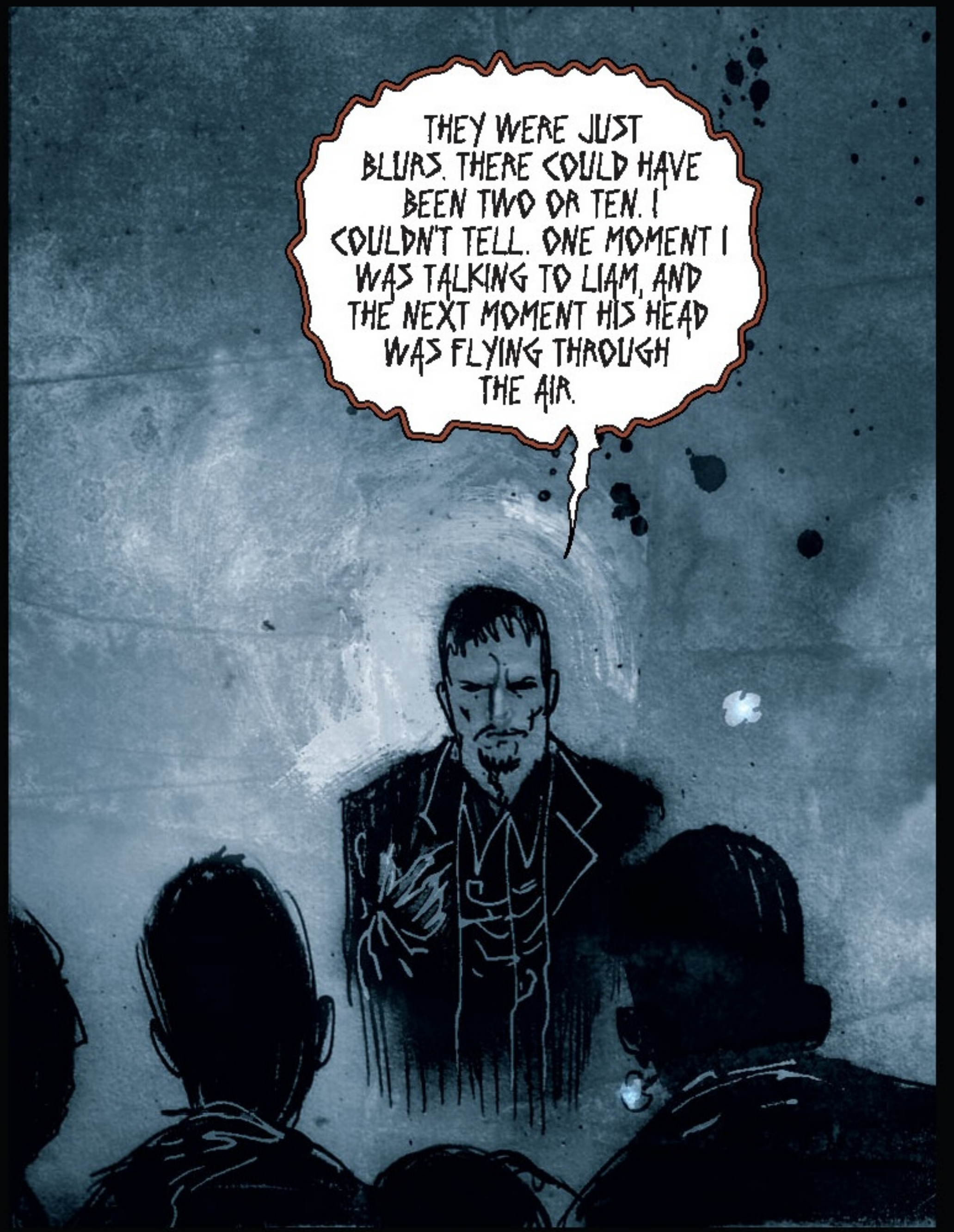


WE WERE
ATTACKED.

BY WHO...
THE HUMANS?



I DON'T SEE
HOW IT COULD HAVE
BEEN HUMANS.



THEY WERE JUST
BLURS. THERE COULD HAVE
BEEN TWO OR TEN. I
COULDN'T TELL. ONE MOMENT I
WAS TALKING TO LIAM, AND
THE NEXT MOMENT HIS HEAD
WAS FLYING THROUGH
THE AIR.



"THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.

"THEY WERE TORN LIMB FROM LIMB
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS."

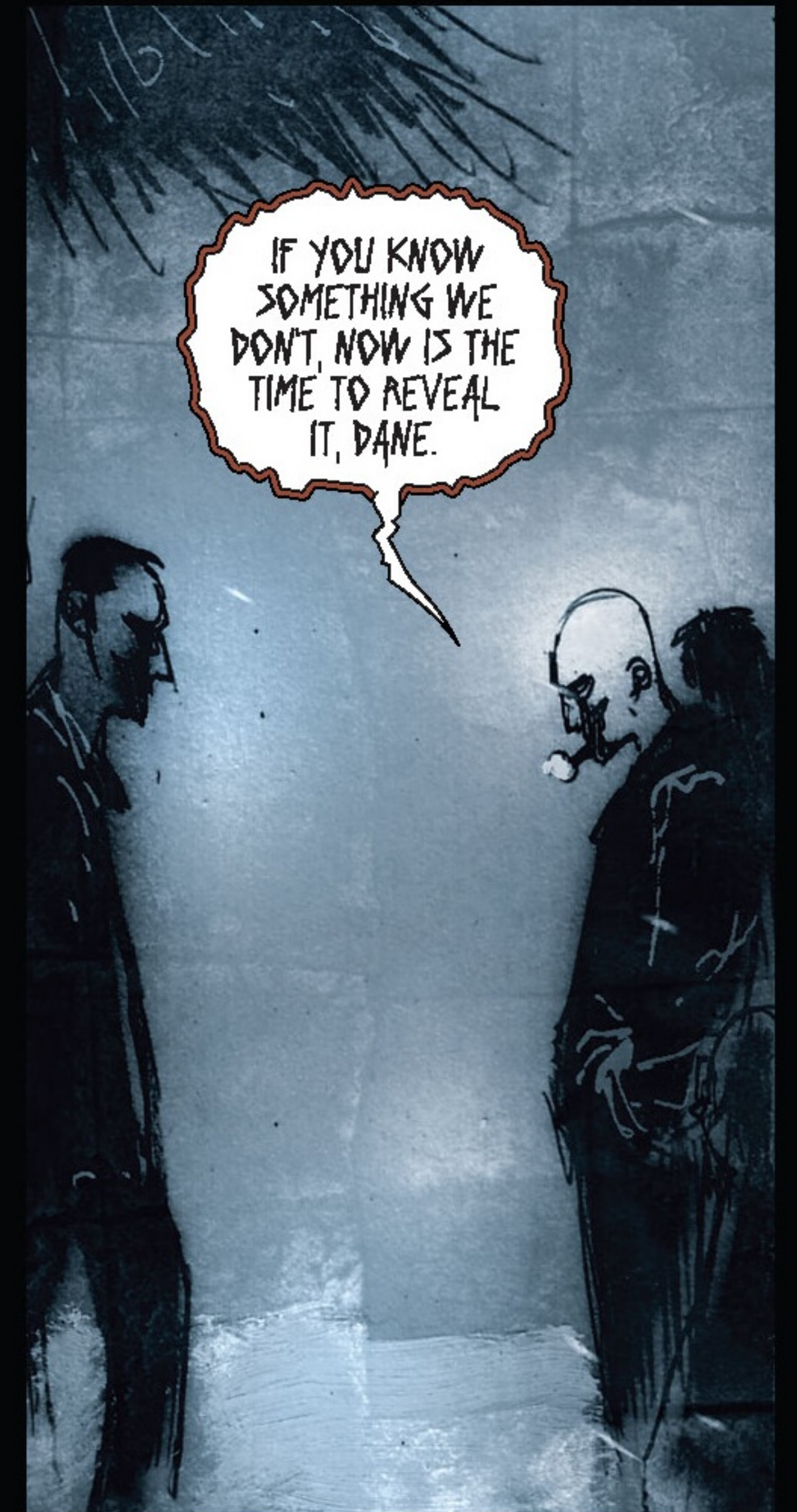
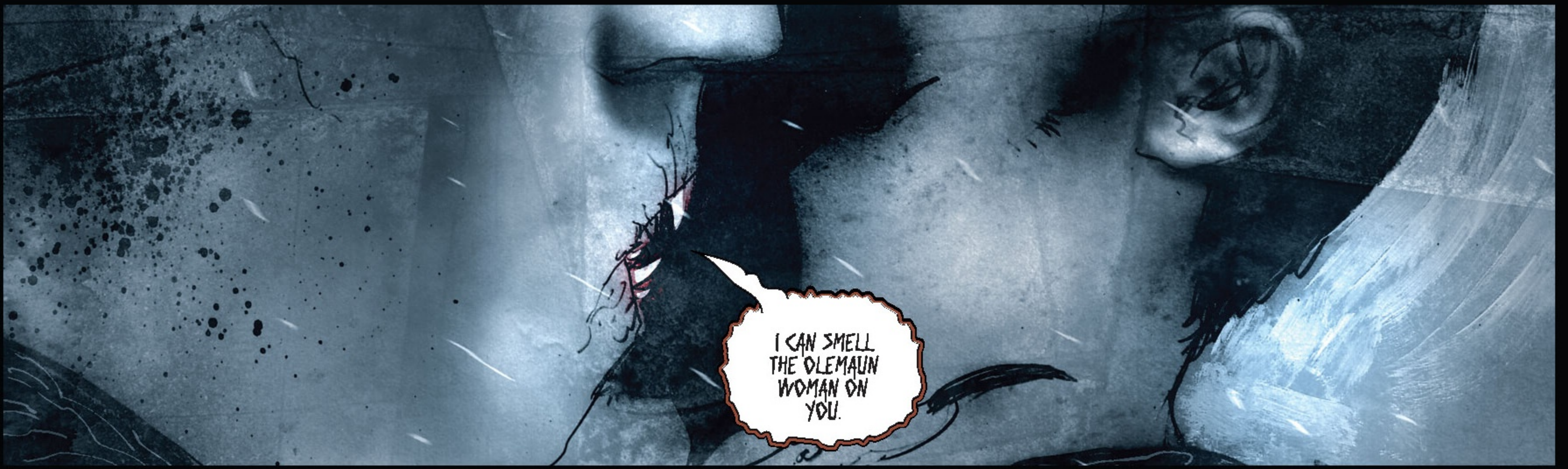


AND WHY
WERE YOU NOT
KILLED?

I DON'T
KNOW.

YOU MUST
HAVE SOME IDEA.
A GUESS?

NO... I
DON'T.





KEEP
SWEEPING
THOSE
TREES!

I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING.



WAIT!
SOMETHING
MOVED OUT
THERE!



ARRRRGH!



THEY'RE
SHOOTING! OH
MY GOD, THEY
HAVE—



UH!





THEY GOT TOWER 2! THAT LEAVES US WITH FIVE, PLUS THE BACK-UP GENERATORS.

WHERE'S THE SHERIFF?



HE'S SECURING HIS BOY IN A SAFE ROOM BACK AT THE OLD OLEMAUN PLACE. HE'LL BE BACK.



TELL EVERYBODY TO BLOCK OFF THE PERIMETER OR GET INSIDE.

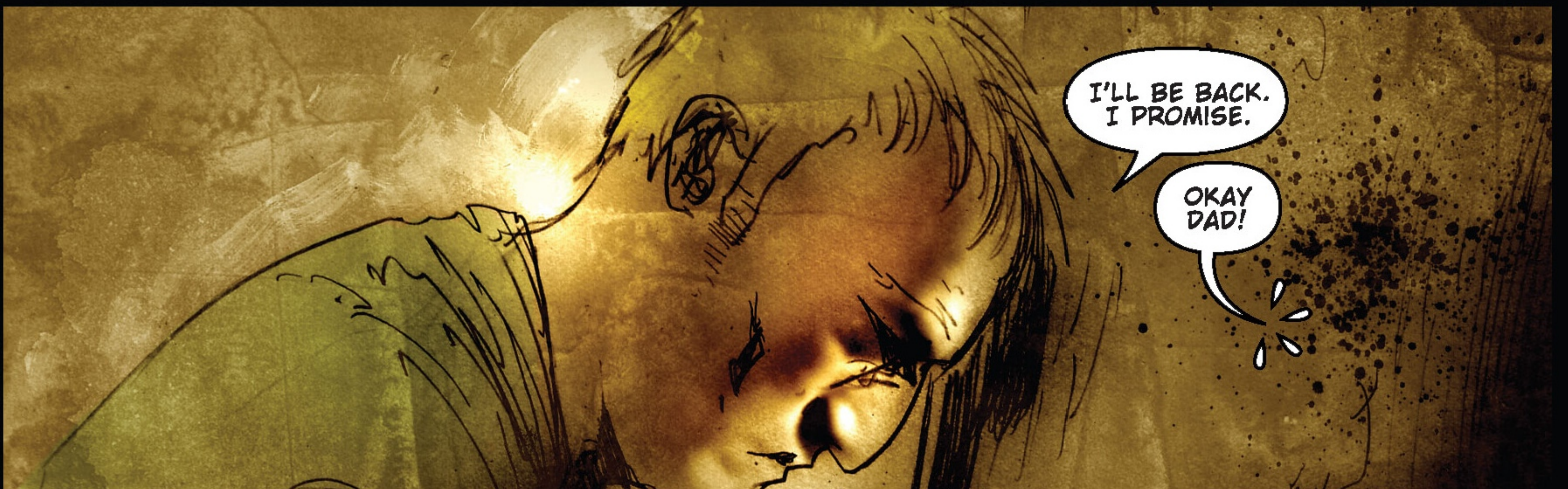


HERE THEY COME! LET'S SEE IF THEY CAN SMELL STEEL AND GUNPOWDER!





HOLD
THE LINE!







A SHORT TIME
LATER, NOT
FAR AWAY...



WE HAVE DESTROYED
ONE OF THEIR GENERATORS.
WHEN ALL THE POWER IS OUT,
WE CAN FEED AT WILL.

THAT GUY
REALLY CRAWLS
UP MY ASS.

WHO?



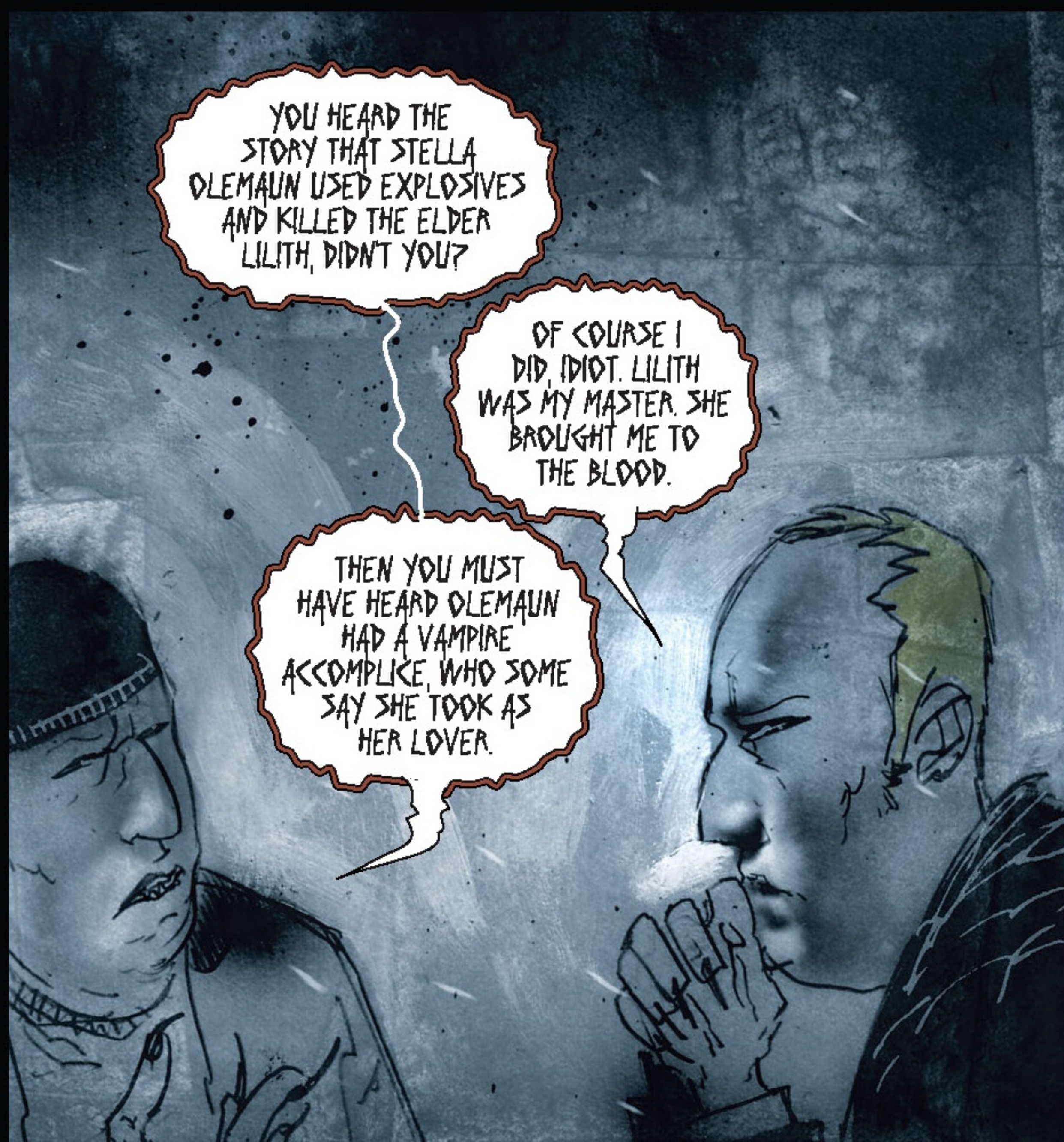
YOU HEARD THE
STORY THAT STELLA
OLEMAUN USED EXPLOSIVES
AND KILLED THE ELDER
LILITH, DIDN'T YOU?

OF COURSE I
DID, IDIOT. LILITH
WAS MY MASTER. SHE
BROUGHT ME TO
THE BLOOD.

THEN YOU MUST
HAVE HEARD OLEMAUN
HAD A VAMPIRE
ACCOMPLICE WHO SOME
SAY SHE TOOK AS
HER LOVER.

WHAT?

DANE. I CAN
SMELL STELLA
OLEMAUN ON HIM. I
CAN SENSE HE ISN'T
WITH US.











WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T THEY JUST ATTACK?

REGROUPING, MOST LIKELY, WAITING FOR MORE TO ARRIVE. WHO KNOWS? TAKING A BREATHER?

GREAT.



SO YOU GOT PEARLS OF WISDOM FOR ME?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU GOTTA REMEMBER...

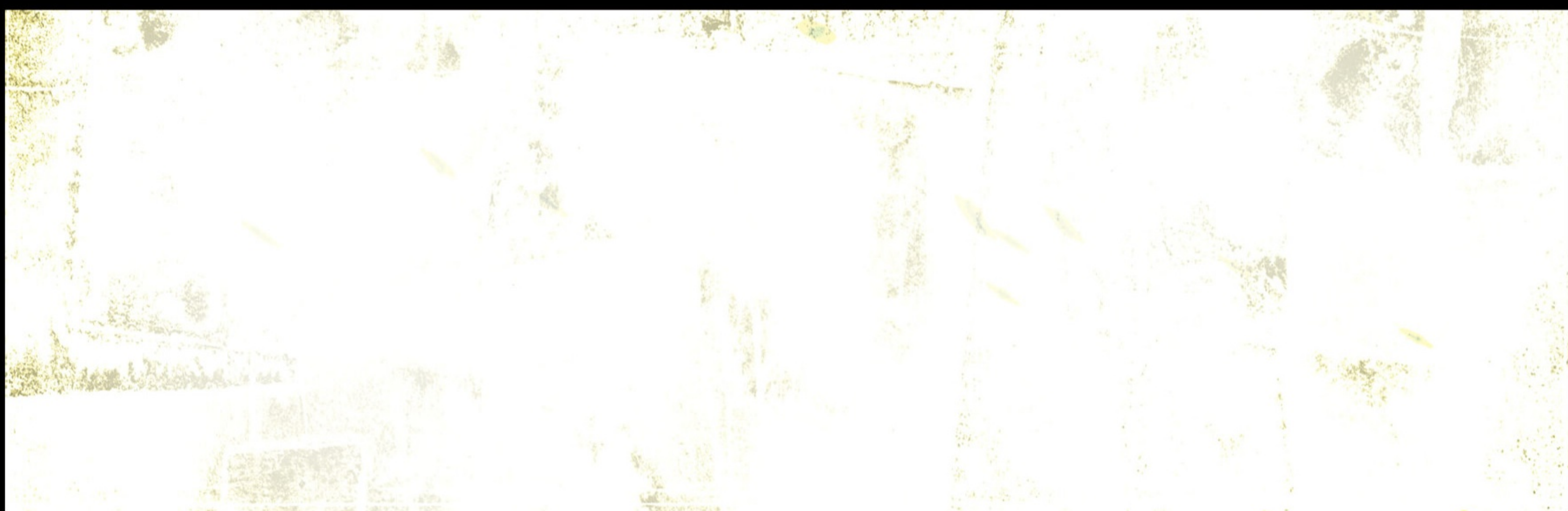
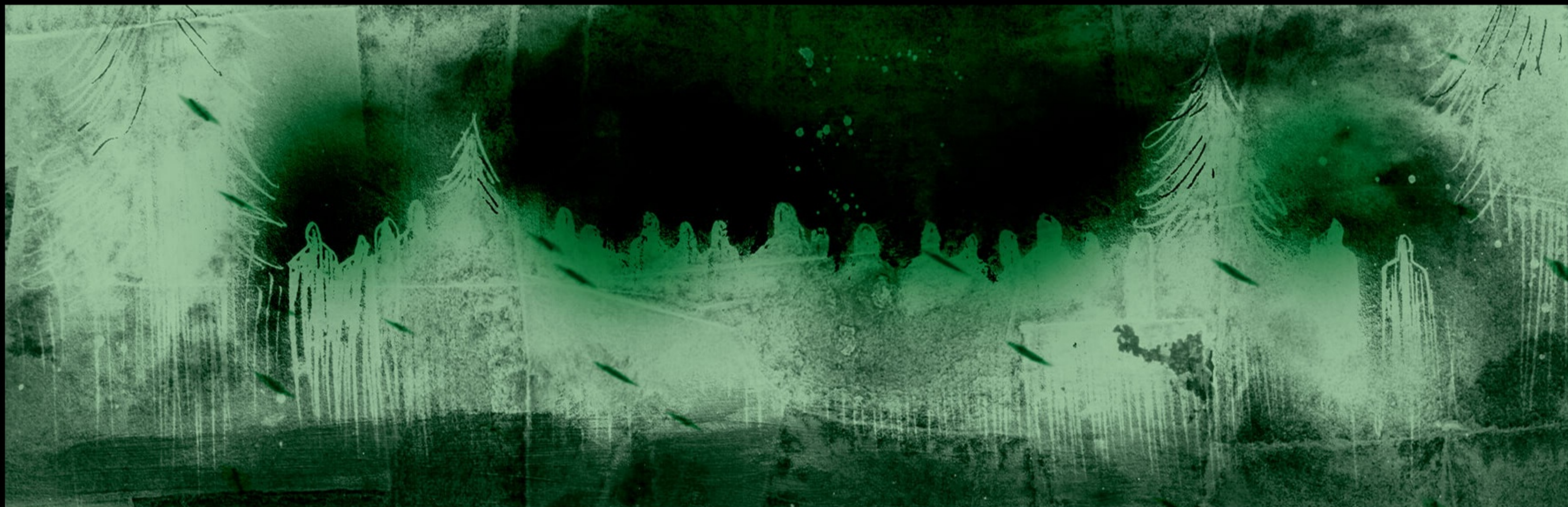


...NOTHING LIVES WITHOUT A HEAD.



















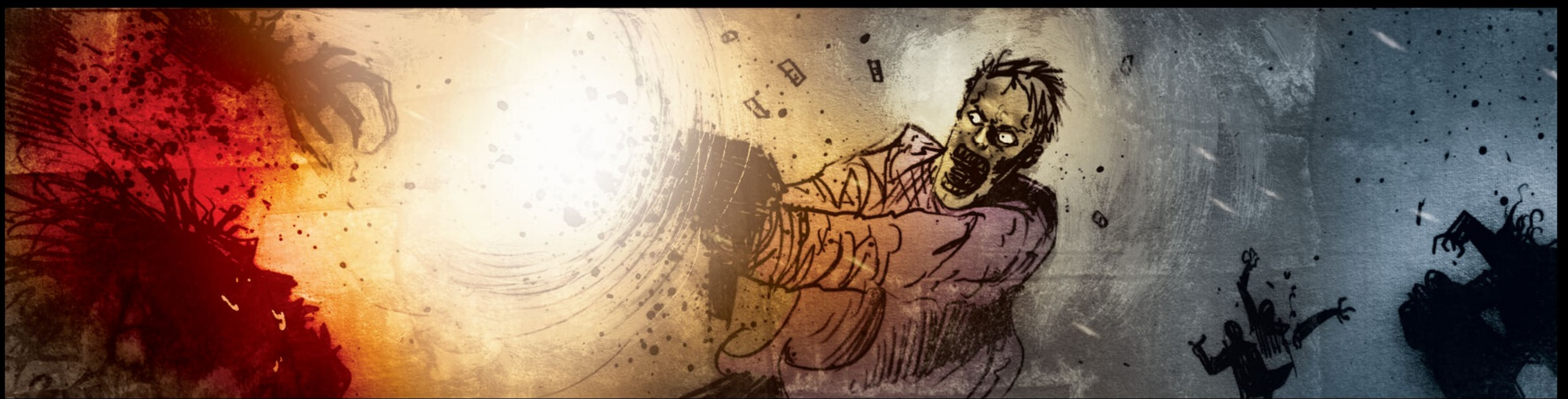


















THE OLD OLEMAUN HOUSE.





RAITIA RAITIA RAITIA RAITIA





DON'T LET
THEM CROSS
THE FENCE!



THERE'S TOO
MANY OF 'EM,
JOHN! WE CAN'T
HOLD 'EM OFF
OURSELVES!



HOLD
THE *LINE*!



WE NEED
THOSE MEN
BACK HERE!



FORGET
THE BELT, KID!
TAKE A RIFLE
AND START
SHOOTING!













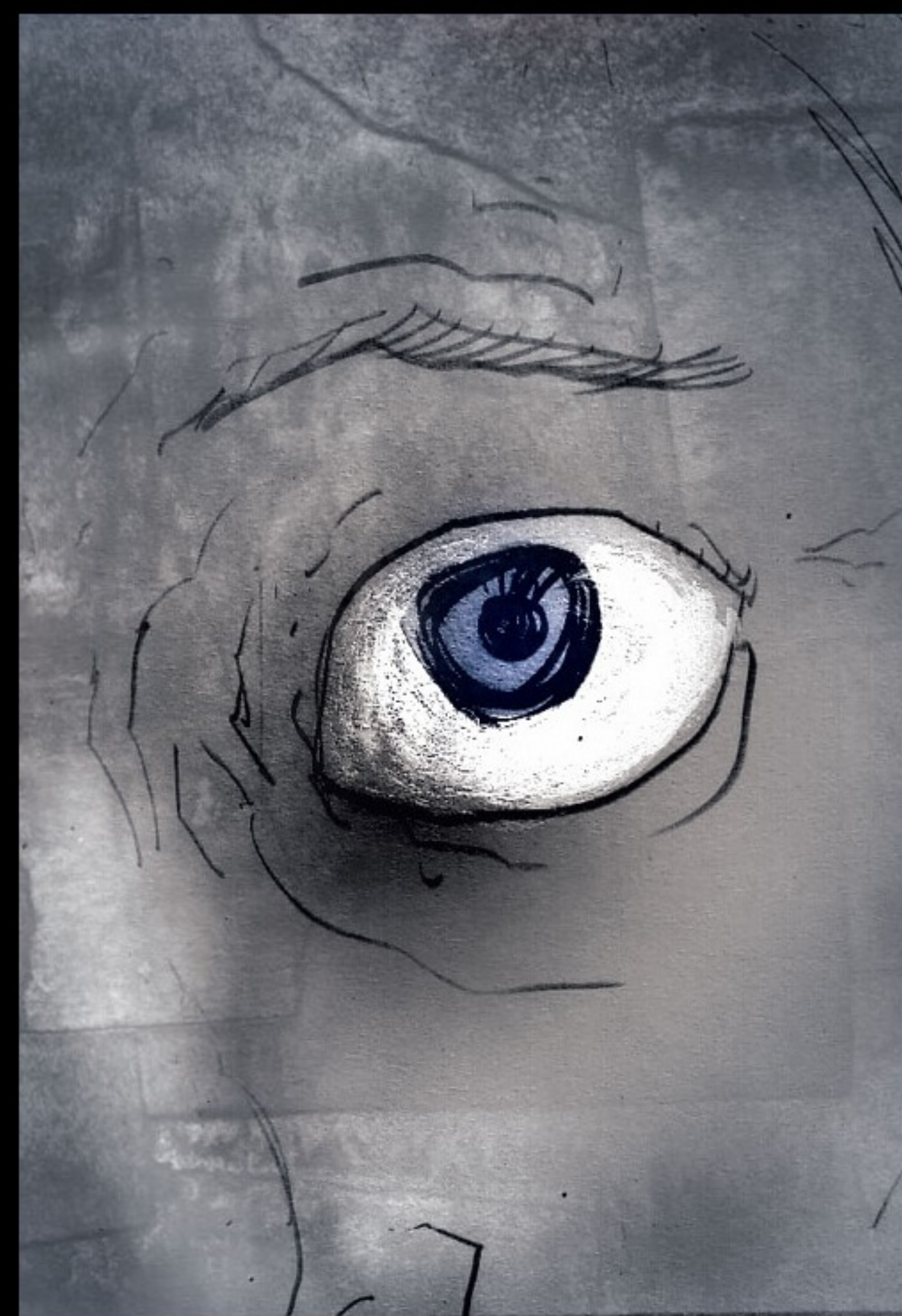
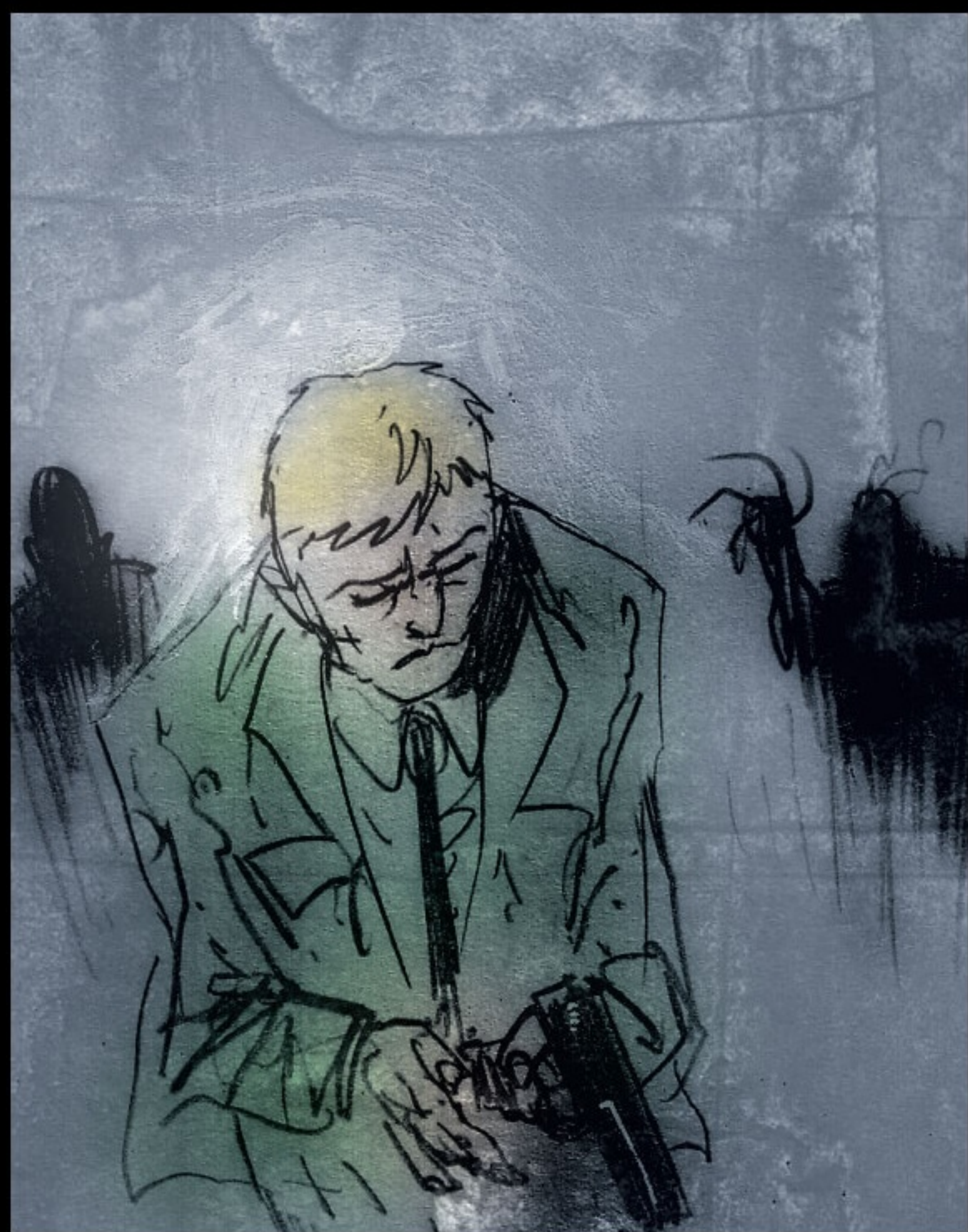
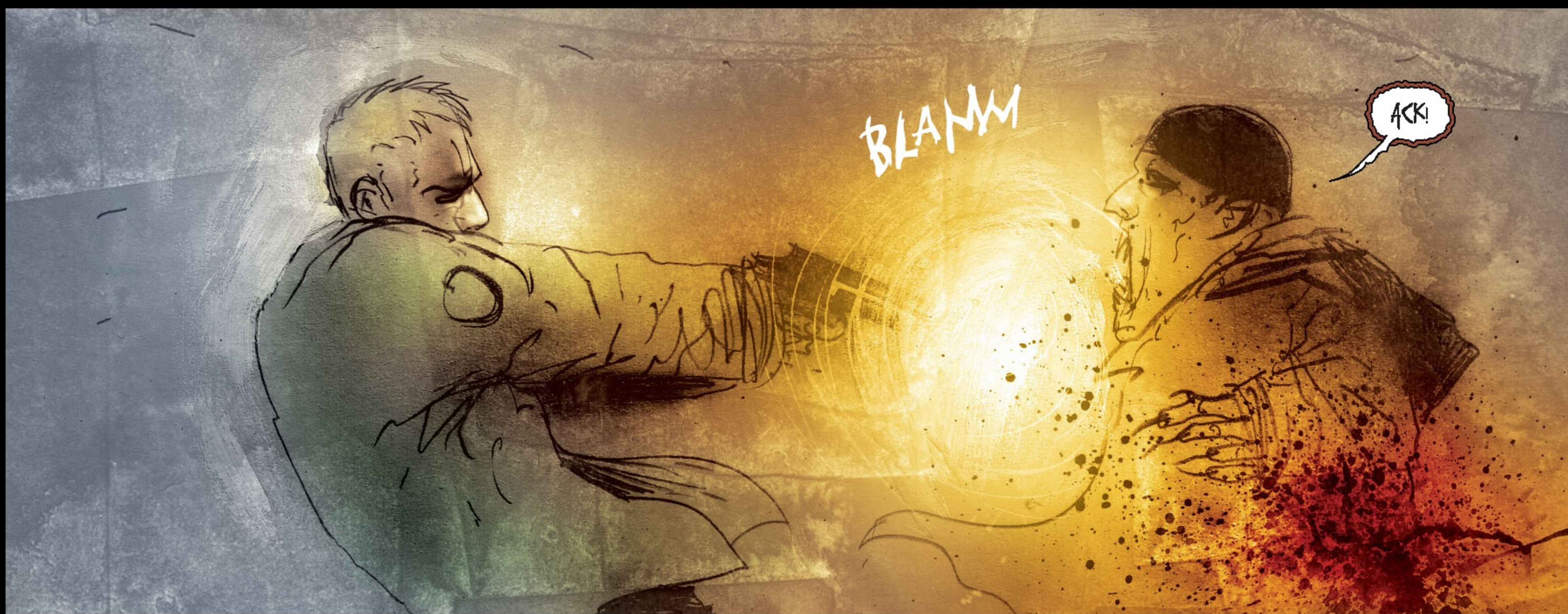
HELLO,
AGENT
NORRIS.

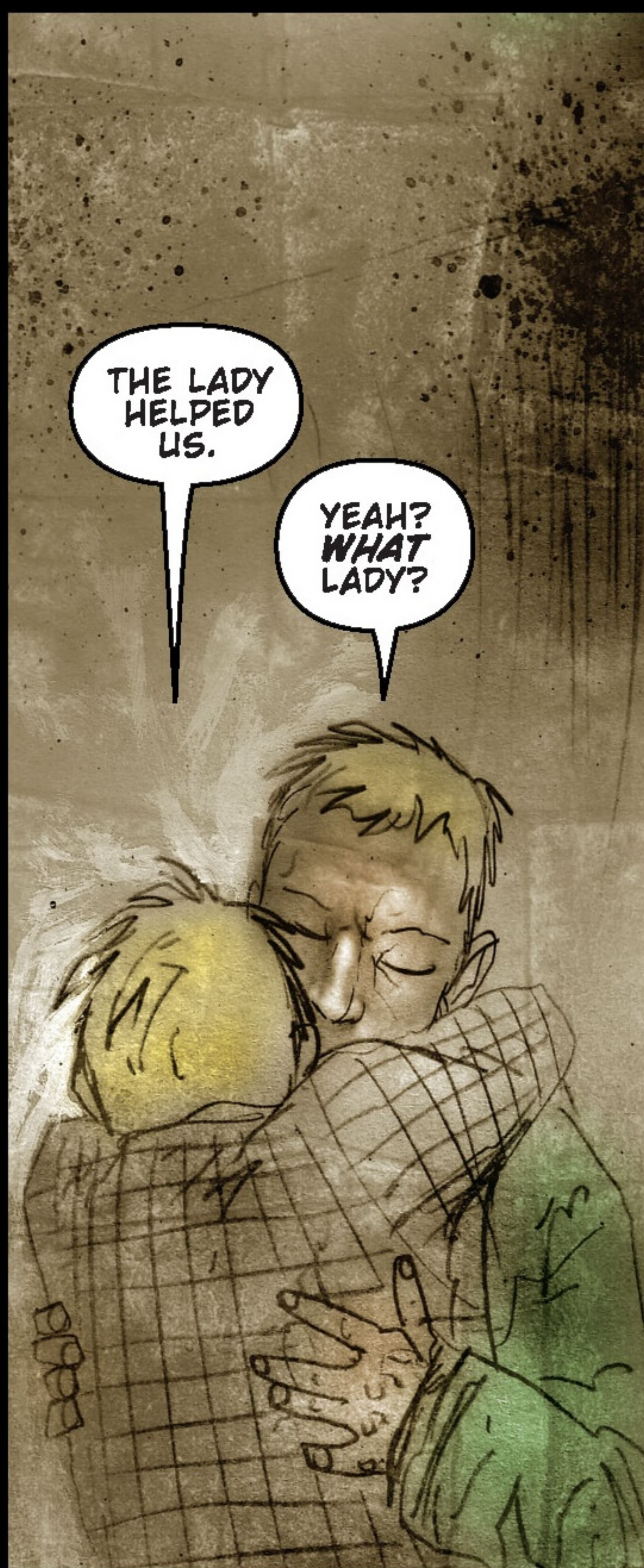


CRASH!





























The Journal of
William Kitka

November 21st, 2001

Barrow, Alaska.

My name is William Kitka. I work on the boats during the season and at the Barrow Town Commission of Tourism as a volunteer nights and weekends. I am not accustomed to writing so please bear with me and I will hope to one day hand this journal to another human being and say I survived.

Something horrible is happening in Barrow.

It all started last week in town. It didn't mean anything at first. It just seemed weird. We're used to a little weirdness when the sun sets. Seems like somebody up here loses it at least once a year, gets drunk, kills themselves, but that's usually it.

We were preparing (when I say we, I'm saying the town of Barrow as well as my family: my wife Peggy and our two children Olivia (8) and Charlie (3)) for the winter darkness that comes to Barrow every year. It's usually pretty cut and dry; some folks leave town so we help them close down their shops and homes.

Once they're all taken care of, those of us who stay behind

stock up on food and water so we can stay indoors as much as possible where we can control the light. Peggy and I like to simulate night and day for the kids so their, what they call, interior-clock doesn't get too screwy. They're just kids.

I've seen adults go crazy over less. For awhile the sale of alcohol was completely illegal here in Barrow. Seemed too many folks were adding drunk to being depressed and were getting hurt.

But this year got off to a bad start right away. The temperature dropped well below normal. Snow came early and hard and slowed the normally quick exodus from town by the mining and fishing folk.

Then there was the thefts. All of a sudden people all over Barrow started reporting things getting lifted right from under their noses. I had a radio stolen, and my cell phone. We didn't think much of it until I caught word that a lot of other people were having stuff stolen like phones and radios.

After the dark came, which isn't nothing we aren't used to around here, comes like clockwork every year, rumor spread that something bad happened down at the diner between Sheriff and Deputy Olemaun and somebody from out-of-town.

Supposedly there was a stranger at the counter causing a disturbance, so Eben and Stella (they're the law I just mentioned) had to arrest the guy.

Next thing I hear is the man went nuts and the Olemauns had to shoot the guy dead.

Then the lights went out.

I didn't take no chances. I gathered up the family and locked them indoors while I tried to contact Eben Olemaun or anybody at the sheriff's to see if they knew what was happening, but they didn't answer.

Shortly after that the phones went dead altogether and we heard what sounded like gun blasts echoing around town. We don't know what's happening, but we're staying here, inside, until we know it's safe to go outside.

November 22nd, 2001

We're being attacked.

November 23rd, 2001

When will help get here? Surely by now somebody has made a call or wondered why they haven't heard from us.

While we hid with the children we heard screams and gunshots all night. What's going on out there?

It's cold in here and dark. Trying to keep the children quiet and fed. Peggy's doing her best, but she's just as scared as the kids. Hell, just as scared as all of us.

November 24th, 2001

We tried to get out today.

Peggy bundled up the kids and we headed towards town center to see what all the commotion was. It was bad.

There was smoke and fire in spots. Most of town was burned and there was blood all over the streets, whole building was torn apart. We didn't see nobody until Peggy spotted some kind of shape. Looked to me human, running along in the snow, but something told us to keep a safe distance. They were dragging a body behind them like a wolf drags its prey.

We hid inside the Sheriff's Station-abandoned near as we could tell-until he stopped and started... it sounds so crazy, but we ain't. Peggy and I both saw it.

The shape, the man, whatever it was started eating at the

victim's throat, kept biting away until the skin broke and snapped like rubber and blood poured steaming from the wound. I started shaking. We saw him catching the blood in his mouth as it sprayed like a fountain. I went numb. It was beyond comprehension.

I made Peggy step back into a hiding place with the kids so I could shimmy along the lower wall and get a closer look at the guy. I had to be mistaken. He couldn't be doing what I'd thought.

With a clear shot, I saw the figure of a man drinking from that dead man in the snow. I knew right away the drinker wasn't human. No way in hell. It had skin like something between marble and an old woman's thigh. I ain't trying to be funny. That's what he looked like.

And the eyes, the eyes were like the eyes of men I fought with in the war when they got the fever. The thing's-that's what they are. things-eyes were yellow as nicotine-stained teeth.

I could see from the station window that the Ikos Diner was torn to shreds. I saw a body I recognized, Ted Carson from the Lodge. He was lying upside down on the stairs. His eyes were open, but someone had taken his throat. Even from the



station I could see Ted's neck bone. But the worst part was his eyes were open, like he was alive and pleading for help.

No sooner had I spotted him then one of those things came back and dragged him off towards the docks.

I escorted Peggy and the kids back slowly and tried to grab some food, cans and whatnot, which had been scattered in the snow.

Some of those things were tearing through houses one-by-one and ransacking everything inside. I supposed they were looking for people. The destruction was just fun for them.

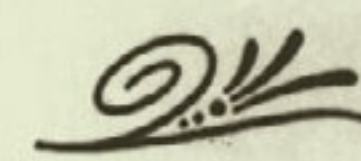
By the time we zigzagged the safe streets back to our place, they'd gotten to it, tore everything apart. There were tracks in the snow all mixed up with blood and drag marks.

The things had taken the neighbors, the Bedards: Thom, Sacha and the boys. They were all gone. By the looks of the drag marks, they'd put up a fight. By the amount of blood, I guess they lost.

The only advantage, if you can call it that, was the attackers had already torn through our house. Everything was broken.

Maybe they won't come back.

December 1st, 2001



We're all so tired and cold. The kids are hungry and it's getting hard to keep the little one quiet.

Those things come looking for more people. They walk by the house. We can hear them outside and on the roof. We can hear their footsteps crunching through the layer of ice on the snow. We can hear them kicking in doors and breaking glass. They don't speak often, but when they do, their voices sound like the rasp of a hissing snake.

All I want to do is last out the dark days and get the family to safety.

December 3rd, 2001

Something happened today. There was a big ruckus down on the south end of town, but I couldn't see from our hiding place. I wanted to check it out. Maybe there was something I could do, but Peggy begged for me to stay.

I don't think I've ever felt worse sitting there in the dark listening to screams slowly fade in the distance.

I don't think I've ever felt so helpless.



December 4th, 2001

We found other people! They were hiding across the street the whole time, but we didn't see each other because we were both hiding. How many others have survived?

We invited them in, Roger Nupok and his son Greg. Their home had been set on fire. Roger's wife Irene went missing on the first night.

I didn't want to tell him, and I didn't, but I knew she was dead. I saw her, changed, her skin as white as polished bone, running over a rooftop calling out the names of people she knew.

December 5th, 2001

There are more of those things. They are going house to house looking for people, but seem to be skipping ones like ours that have already been searched/ransacked.

Roger's boy Greg said the things are vampires. It seems to fit, but vampires don't exist.

December 6th, 2001

More snow fell today. At least it covers the blood.

December 7th, 2001

Everybody except me wants to make a run for the east

border of town where the least activity seems to be. I think it's a terrible risk, especially with Peggy and the children.

I have them convinced for now that staying put is the smartest thing to do.

December 8th, 2001

Oh God...

How do I even write this... about my baby?

Peggy and I woke and found Charlie dead. He must have frozen during the night. The winds were high for hours blowing through the cracks of our shattered home. The poor fella couldn't take it anymore.

My little boy.

I want to bury him, but it is so cold that we can't break the ground. Peggy is strong. She had a small ceremony, whispering prayers for our baby boy, and for the rest of us to survive.

We have begun to accept that the creatures might be vampires. If they are, then all we have to do is wait for the sun to come back, but that is weeks away and food is short.

The vampires have begun sweeping the town with regiments of them running over the rooftops while others scour the streets. They are yelling for us, for those in hiding, to come out and face the inevitable.

All hope of escaping is gone.

December 11th, 2001

I went out today in search of food and other people. Roger and his son came along. We found both supplies and horror.

We skirted close to town center and couldn't believe our eyes. The diner, the hotel, and the Sheriff's station were swarming with shapes. They clung to walls like bugs and slithered on top of, over, and around each.

Piles of dead were being stacked in the roads, their heads removed, bodies mutilated. Some God, all, just about were people I probably knew, but they were so distorted by the violence inflicted on them they were hardly recognizable.

Roger's boy couldn't take the sight of his friends and neighbors murdered and cast into the streets like garbage. He started shaking and crying. He was in shock.

I told Roger to take him back to the hideout, but before



either of us could do a thing the teen sprinted off towards the vampires!

I grabbed hold of Roger and pulled him behind a wall of old plowed snow. I knew it was too late for his boy, but he couldn't accept it. He hammered his elbow into me and put me on my knees. When I looked up again both Roger and his son were captured.

Fast thinking vampires immediately retraced the boy and Roger's steps, but I saw them coming and rolled beneath one raised house to another and then got to my feet and ran back towards the hideout.

I didn't see it, but I heard the cries of Roger's son as the monsters killed his father. The sudden end of the boy's cries told me he'd succumbed as well.

Day?

We've lost all track of time and have no way to find out. We heard explosions not too long ago and we can see fires burning at all four corners of town.

They are trying to kill us all.

Peggy and I bundle beneath layers of blankets and debris



for warmth. It seems to be getting worse. Colder. Our girl Olivia stays between us. She hasn't spoken since we buried her brother.

Tonight I can feel myself slipping. We've managed to stay hidden, but the cold is getting the best of us. My right foot is frozen and infected. I had to cut my boot loose. I couldn't walk to get food even if I wanted.

We have crackers and cans of beets and corn.

Peggy sleeps for hours on end. Her lips are blue. Her beautiful hair has broken off from the cold. Little Olivia spoke today. She asked me when it was going to be over.

I told her it would be over soon.

...Entry...

I killed Peggy and Olivia.

They were sleeping. I shot them each once in the head.

I pray to God that I've done the right thing. I hope I set them free. I hope I ended the horror.

I saved a bullet for me, but the gun jammed...

I'm alone with the bodies of my family now... I'm writing beneath the pile of a fallen wall of my home. A strip of sunlight bleeds in onto the pages of this journal.

I don't even know why I'm writing now. To keep me company... to confess my sins... to tell what happened to me and my town and my precious family.

Peggy. Olivia. Charlie.

Barrow.

What did we do to deserve this?

Entry...?

I fell asleep and when I woke up Barrow was on fire, all of it, and the inside of the house glowed with light I hadn't seen since the sun fell and never came back.

I hear a lot of noise. An explosion woke me, it sounded like a plane crash or a helicopter. I thought I heard the flutter of propellers before the bang.

I don't know what is happening.

Vampires rule the streets. I can see them running along walls, defying gravity, through the slits in the debris I use

for cover. They are talking, some of them, and barking orders to the others.

They are making piles again. I can see two from my hiding hole, bodies piled naked and mutilated, drained of blood. They set them on fire, the vampires... they are burning the dead.

I realize that not all of the light is from the fires.

There is a saturated pink glow on the horizon. The dark days are almost over.

I made it.

I killed Peggy. I killed Olivia. I saved them. I murdered them.

Entry...

...the sounds are getting louder. There's a crowd outside, very close, a violent commotion. It sounds like a fight.

I hear cheering and booing. It sounds so strange.

I lay my head down and listen to the explosion of loud voices and wonder what could be happening.

I think I'm... fading. Suddenly I'm warm and able to write without a shaking hand. Great soothing warmth.

Not the sun.

I know what the warm means. It's a gift from the brain
when the body is dying. My foot turned gongrenous while
I slept and it must have spread.

If you read this, if this notebook is ever found, if Barrow
is ever saved, please know this...

My name is William Kitka. I have a wonderful wife, Peggy,
and two beautiful children, Olivia and Charlie.

I only hurt them to save them.

Please don't judge me.

And please...

...when you come back to Barrow...

Know there is evil in the darkness.

30 days of night

steve niles . ben templesmith



ashleywood 2002



ART BY ASHLEY WOOD



ART BY ASHLEY WOOD



ART BY ASHLEY WOOD



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH



templesmith2003



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...the location of the...
...the...
...the...
...the...

...the...
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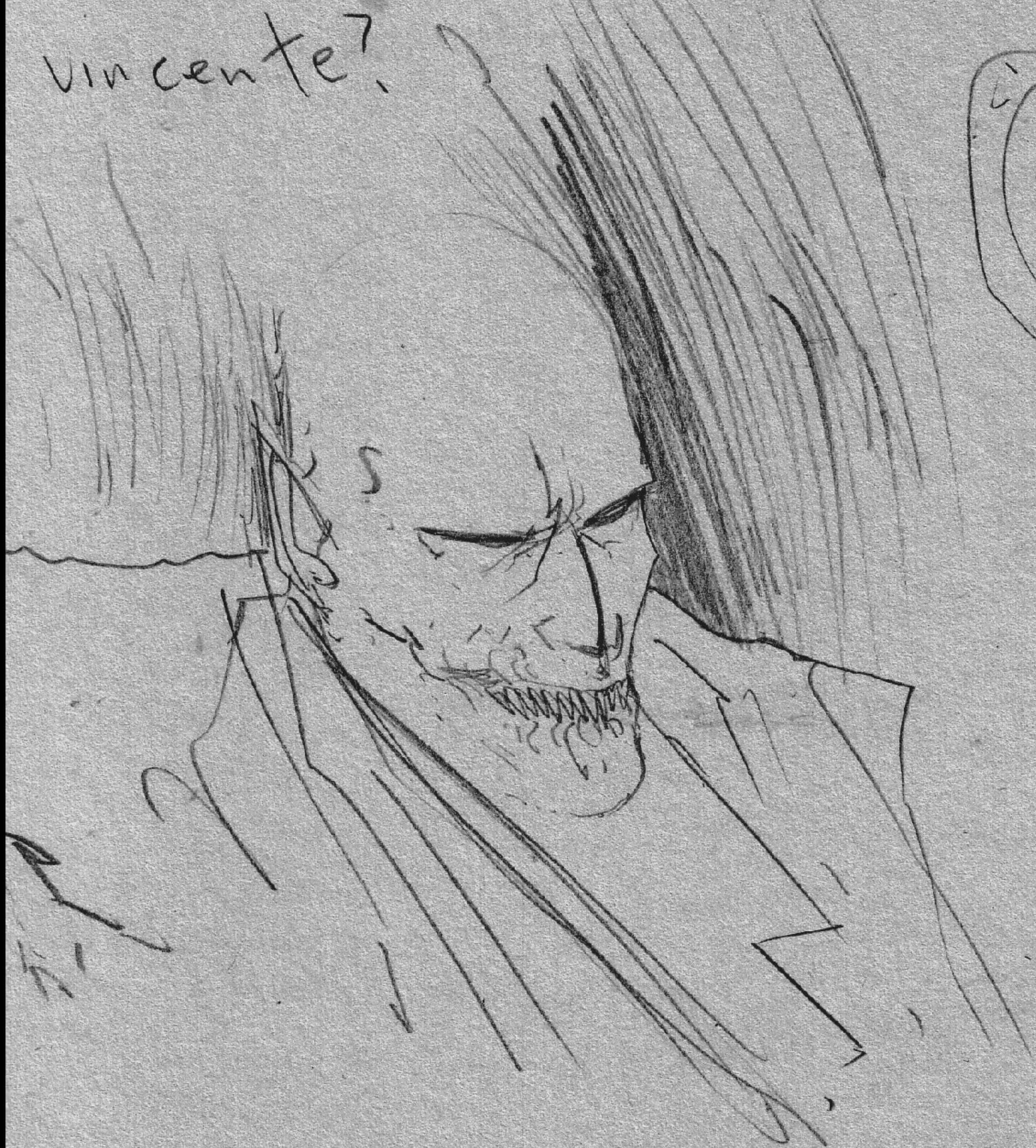
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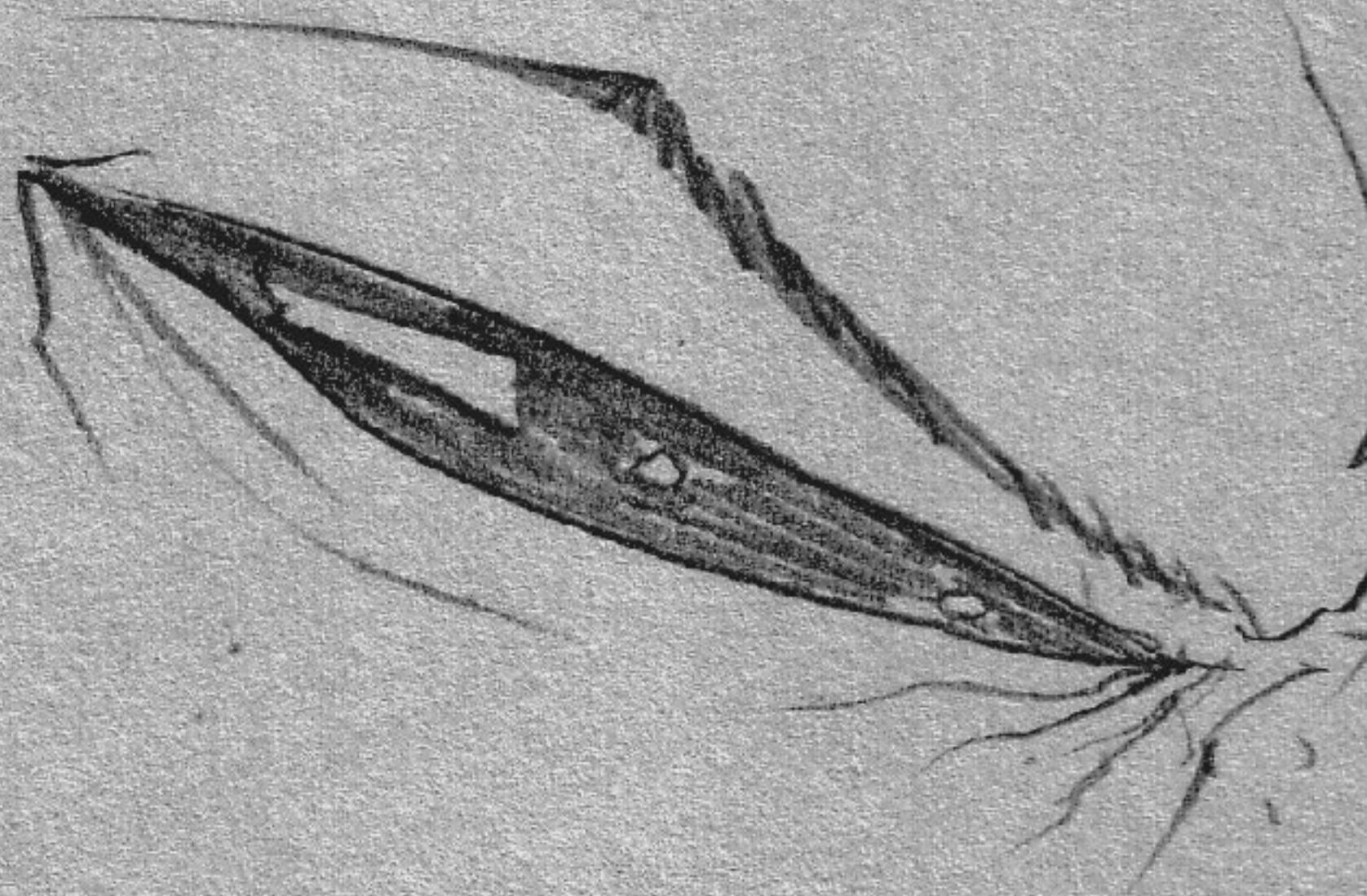
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vincente?



Big mouths
extend/enlarge



Barrow, Alaska • November 17th, 2001 -

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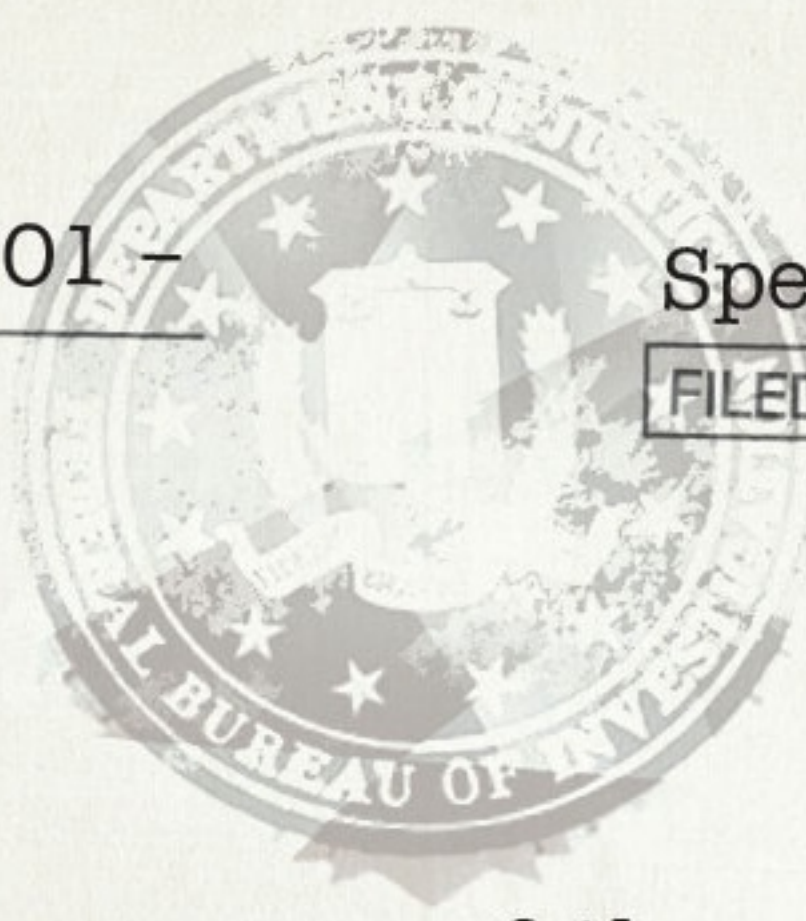
FILE#: 30d04

SUBJECT

December 18th, 2001

Special Agent Bruce Worby

FILED BY



What follows is the accumulated summary of the events that transpired in Barrow, Alaska starting on November 17th, 2001 and ending December 15th, 2001 as described by the survivors in interviews to Special Agent Bruce Worby, Fairbanks Office.

Just prior to sunset on the start of what locals call "The Dark Winter," a period of 30 straight days when the sun does not rise in Barrow, reports of missing cell phones and laptops started

pouring into the sheriff's office. Sheriff Eben Olemaun, along with his wife and deputy Stella Olemaun, began investigating the thefts. They discovered most of the missing property had been taken out into an open area and destroyed. They concluded that it was an act of vandalism at that time.



Shortly after sunset, the sheriff and his deputy were called to the Ikos Diner on a disturbing the peace complaint. A patron of the diner had placed an order for alcohol and a rare steak. Barrow is a dry town and when the owner, Sam Ikos, tried explaining it to the patron, he became

belligerent and refused to leave. Upon arriving and assessing the scene, the sheriff gave the patron the opportunity to leave on his own, but the patron refused. Deputy Olemaun then took the patron into custody. The man refused to identify himself when directed to. A fingerprint search was begun, but could not be concluded as all communications to the town were cut off.

At this point, the unidentified man began taunting Sheriff Olemaun and freed himself from the holding cell. The man advanced in a threatening manner leaving Sheriff Olemaun no option but to discharge his weapon. Ballistic reports show that Deputy Olemaun also discharged her weapon in excess of nine times, all in a downward trajectory. We have been unable to determine the purpose for the multiple shots, but according to Deputy Olemaun's statement, she was making sure he stayed down.



Further investigation by the Sheriff and his deputy led to discovering the corpse of Gus Lambert and the destroyed communication center. All television, radio and internet access is relayed through the communication center. This event completely cut off Barrow from all outside communications.

While returning from the communication center, Sheriff Olemaun

first noticed a large group of unidentified males and females approaching Barrow on foot. They raced to warn the town,



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SUBJECT

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but what could only be described as an invading force swept through the town, slaughtering all but a handful of residents. The majority of deaths were from wounds inflicted by large teeth causing exsanguination. The attackers were described as being extremely fast and possessing an inhuman number of teeth. The surviving residents all refer to the attackers as "Vampires." The only other information we have on the initial invading group was the leader's name, Marlow.

A small group of survivors of the initial attack took refuge in an unused industrial furnace. This group consisted of Sheriff Olemaun, Deputy Olemaun and four or five others. They continued to hide in the furnace, only making trips out to find food, which they would bring back for the rest of the group.

The next event of note was started with the sound of applause. Both Olemauns went out to investigate. They witnessed the arrival of a man called Vicente. The attackers, or vampires, appeared to treat this man with great respect. It became obvious quickly



that Vicente did not condone the attack on Barrow and took his displeasure out by decapitating Marlow and ordering all survivors to be found and killed and all bodies burned. Having watched the decapitation of Marlow,

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Barrow, Alaska • November 17th, 2001 -
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Sheriff Olemaun stated to his wife that perhaps there was a way for them to turn the tables.

One of the survivors hiding with the Olemauns snuck out in an effort to find his missing girlfriend and was attacked. He made it back to the furnace, but once there he began going through what witnesses described as a metamorphosis. He became enraged, his strength increased and his teeth became rows of razor sharp daggers. He tried to fight his way out of the

furnace, but the survivors now feared he would lead the others to them. They attacked and held him long enough for Sheriff Olemaun to extract a syringe full of his blood. Then, seeing how Marlow was killed previously, Deputy Olemaun decapitated the transformed man, killing him.



Shortly after that, a helicopter flown by Taylor Ali began flying over the town. Ali had rented the helicopter out of Fairbanks and was advised against flying in that weather. He went up anyway. Ali is the son of Judith Ali of New Orleans. The FBI has been keeping tabs on both mother and son because of their ties to groups that believe in the existence of vampires. We can only speculate that Taylor went to Barrow with the idea that these attackers were in fact vampires. How they were able to discover plans for the attack is still under investigation.



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Though no physical evidence supports the claim, witnesses report that Vicente brought down Ali's helicopter. Supposedly the man leapt close to a hundred feet into the air, attacked Taylor Ali directly and caused the helicopter to crash. Though fantastic as that claim is, we can find no other reason why the helicopter crashed. Also, recording equipment was found in the wreckage, but all of it was too severely damaged to recover any information.

We can only speculate that Sheriff Olemaun believed the cause of the attackers, or vampires, increased strength and speed were biologically caused. In an effort to even the playing field, Olemaun injected himself with the blood he had drawn previously from the infected survivor. Witnesses reported that Olemaun went through a physical change, but unlike the other survivor, he was able to keep his mental faculties intact.



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Sheriff Olemaun, believing himself now an equal to the vampires, left hiding and challenged Vicente. Perhaps believing it as a challenge to his authority, Vicente accepted the challenge and fought Olemaun himself. The two fought furiously, inflicting what were described as mortal wounds to each other repeatedly. The fight ended with Sheriff Olemaun running his hand into Vicente's mouth and out the back of his head. With the death of their leader, the vampires fled the town.

Sheriff Olemaun and Deputy Olemaun pulled together all of the survivors and kept them safe until the sun rose again on December 18th. Stella Olemaun claims her husband died as they watched the sunrise together. Testing of the ashes proved that they were indeed Eben Olemaun.

There is no evidence to verify the claims made by Stella Olemaun and the other survivors in Barrow, but neither is there enough physical evidence to create a concrete theory otherwise.

Recommendations:

1. Continued surveillance on Stella Olemaun. We believe there is more here than she has told us.
2. Continued surveillance on Judith Ali. Why she didn't contact the FBI with the news of this attack and how she learned about it needs to be investigated.
3. In the interest of public safety, the term vampire should never be used outside of this report and any information given to the press should be focused on the helicopter crash causing a pipeline explosion.



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FILE#: 30d04

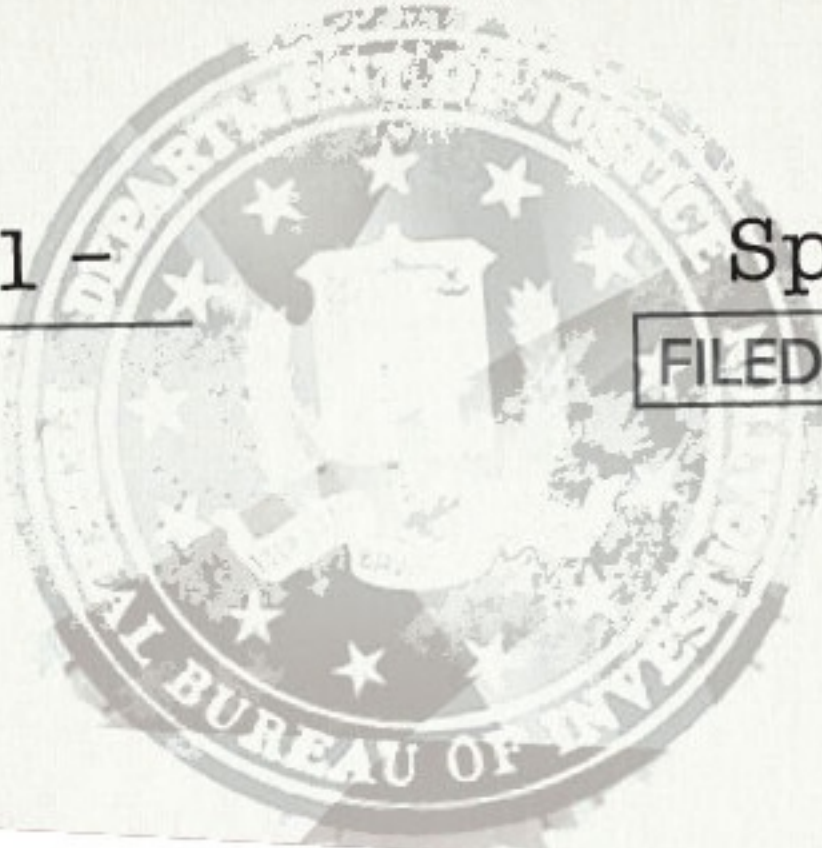
Barrow, Alaska • November 17th, 2001

Special Agent Bruce Worby

SUBJECT

December 18th, 2001

FILED BY



AUTHORIZED

30 Days of Night



After the incident in Barrow, Alaska, Stella Olemaun was designated a person to watch by the Bureau. For sixteen months she remained somewhat quiet, with the only noteworthy event being the signing



of a book deal. When the nature of her book was learned and that she would be conducting a reading/signing tour, the Bureau assigned myself and my partner Special Agent Jacob Paul Norris, to keep tabs on her while she was in Los Angeles.



She was booked into a hotel on the Sunset Strip and made arrangements to rent a soundstage. I picked up their trail at the airport while Agent Norris secured us a room at an adjacent hotel to hers. She, along with four others who appeared to be bodyguards, went to the soundstage first. She met there with a known arms dealer named Mr. Ott; he specializes in explosive and incendiary devices. Recognizing Ott and knowing that Olemaun would be at an event that afternoon at UCLA, I choose to tail Ott. He got as far as his car in the parking lot when an unknown assailant attacked him from behind. The assailant ripped Ott's throat out with his bare hand. Then the assailant vanished. I checked on Ott, who was





now deceased, and called for back up. I searched the soundstage that Olemaun had rented, but they were long gone and the place was clean.

I caught up with Agent Norris at Olemaun's scheduled event at UCLA. We arrived in time to see the LAPD surround the event hall. Gun shots had been heard from inside and the doors were chained shut. When the doors were finally opened, an unknown man in black raced past the officers and out the door. Olemaun was chasing and carrying a firearm. She and her associates were taken into custody immediately. Agent Norris and I quietly interviewed a few of the audience members while trying to avoid stepping on any jurisdictional toes. What happened inside was described as the following: Olemaun and her associates took the stage. She boasted she could prove the existence of vampires and ordered her people to chain the doors shut. She then uncovered a series of UV lights claiming they would be harmful to the vampires in the audience and that she would turn them on if the vampires didn't reveal themselves. Several audience members stood. Some of those interviewed believed these people to be real vampires. Olemaun ordered the lights to be turned on. Some of the standing audience members then burst into flames. Olemaun drew a handgun and fired at another. That's when the unknown man in black leapt over the crowd and ripped the chains off the door. Olemaun ordered her people to take pictures then dove off the stage and started fighting. She was summarily taken into custody by the LAPD.

Eyewitness reports aside, no bodies were discovered in the event hall. The LAPD quickly decided this was all a bad publicity stunt and released all parties involved. Requests from the Bureau for their incident reports were denied due to clerical error. The investigating detectives declined to talk to us on or off the record.



SUBJECT

- April 29th, 2003

FILED BY



We received word from Agent Bruce Worby of the Anchorage office that a monument in Barrow, dedicated to Eben Olemaun, had been destroyed. We couldn't draw a connection between Stella Olemaun's actions and her husband's memorial being desecrated; but the timing seemed too much to be coincidental.

Between the event at UCLA and the meeting with a known arms dealer, we had enough to secure a warrant to bug Olemaun's hotel room. Agent Norris was listening when Olemaun discovered that her publisher had gone against her wishes and labeled the book as fiction. A few moments later a surprise visitor arrived; Judith Ali. Ali is also on the Bureau's "persons of interest" list and her son had flown a helicopter up to Barrow during the incident there. His body was discovered among the wreckage. This was obviously their first time meeting, but they seem to share a survivor's bond. The two moved out to the balcony to talk where Ali informed Olemaun that her son had been filming while in the helicopter and transmitted the images to her before he died. That she had them on a CD with her. According to our records, the helicopter Taylor Ali was flying was equipped with surveillance gear, but no footage was recovered.



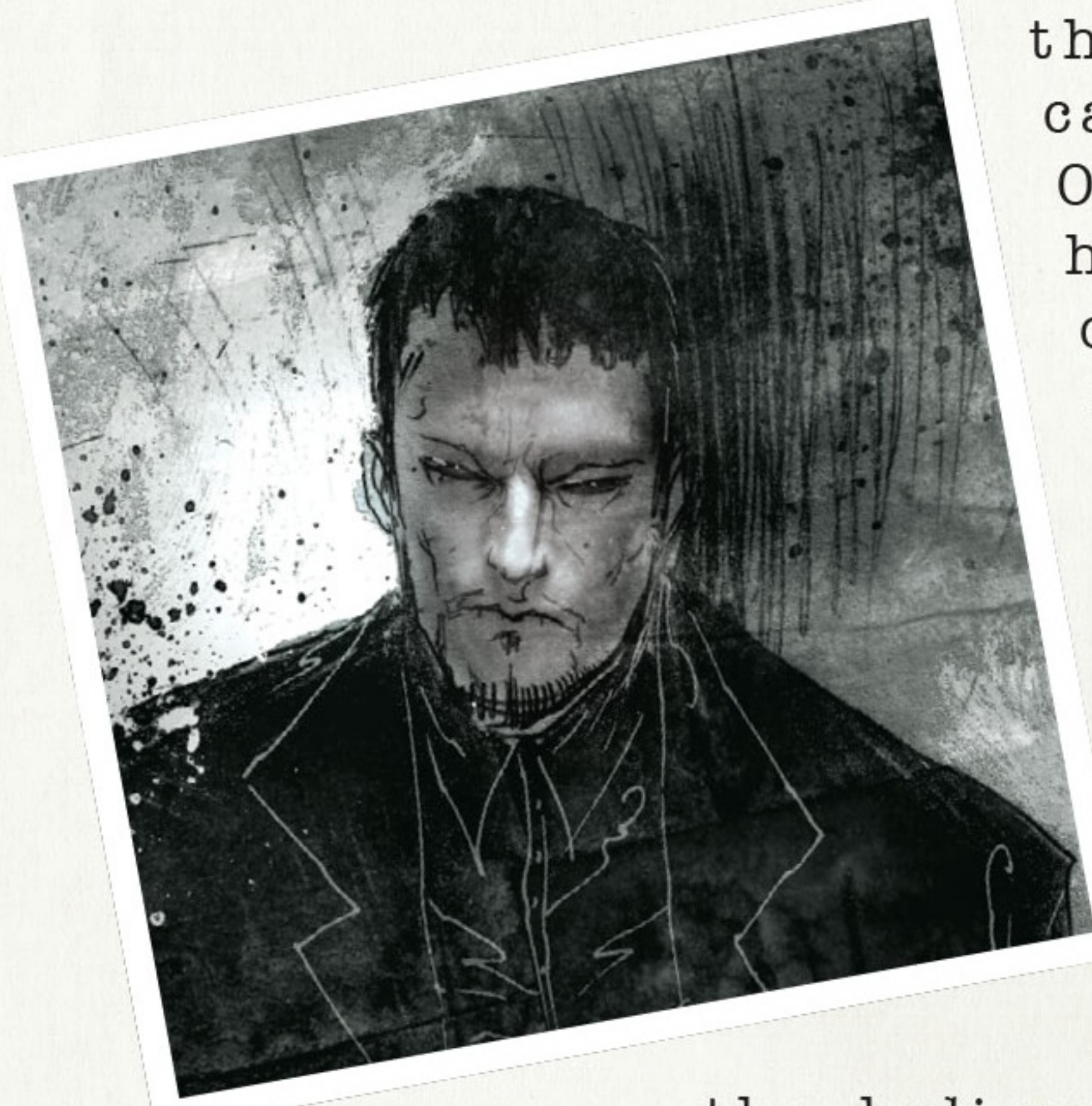
At this time, reports of a flight from Alesland, Norway, where all passengers were dead on arrival except for a single female passenger. The official report had a viral infection spreading through the plane. But rumors were that they were all drained of blood. This caught Agent Norris' attention, but I failed to see the connection at the time. That evening I received a call from Agent Norris telling me he followed an unidentified man



SUBJECT - April 29th, 2003

FILED BY

from the Olemaun hotel to a cemetery where he met with a woman fitting the description of the missing passenger for the Norwegian Air flight. The call was disconnected before Agent Norris could give me the location. This was the last communication with Agent Norris.



After receiving news that the publisher canceled her book tour, Olemaun and Ali left the hotel room on foot. I followed as quickly as I could while staying out of site. I witnessed a meeting between Olemaun, Ali and the unnamed man from the UCLA event. I could overhear part of the conversation. They discussed the Barrow incident; the man called himself Dane and referred to a friend that he believed Olemaun had killed. Olemaun claimed that his friend, Marlow, was actually killed by one named Vicente. Both these names come up in the incident reports for Barrow. Marlow as the instigator of the event and Vicente as the one who brought down

the helicopter and fought with Eben Olemaun. It appeared that Olemaun was about to kill Dane and I began moving forward to intercept when Dane claimed to know why the monument in Barrow was desecrated. Dane claimed that Eben Olemaun could be brought back from the dead using his ashes and promised in return for his safety, he would find and return the ashes to her. Olemaun accepted and Dane fled. Olemaun and Ali separated and I continued to tail Olemaun.



We've pieced together what happened next through a combination of forensic evidence and eyewitness reports. While I was trailing Olemaun, Agent Norris approached Judith Ali in what appeared to be an attempt to get the surveillance footage that she had on the disc. We know he identified himself as an FBI Agent and went to her room. Agent Norris shot Ali in the head as well as one of Olemaun's bodyguards. By then Olemaun had returned. Norris made it to his vehicle and tried to escape. Olemaun and one of her men commandeered an SUV and gave chase. I was unable to pursue. Norris was forced off the road by the SUV. Witnesses claimed that Olemaun reclaimed the disc and shot Norris, but his body was not at the scene when I arrived shortly after. Olemaun and her associate were also gone. With the hotel room compromised, Olemaun moved her crew back to the soundstage. While they were away, we had agents wire the location. Surveillance footage showed infighting among her



AUTHORIZED

Surveillance of Stella Olemaun • April 24th, 2003
SUBJECT - April 29th, 2003

Special Agent Andy Gray

DATE: 4/29/03 FILE#: DDv18

FILED BY



THE VAMPIRE
KILLER AND THE
VAMPIRE TRAITOR WHAT
A LOVELY SIGHT THE
TWO OF YOU ARE
TOGETHER



-HOUSE.



[boom]

AUTHORIZED



people, only made worse by the arrival of Dane. They identified Dane as a vampire and that he needed to be killed. Olemaun forbid this action causing two of her guards, Tina and Mike, to quit immediately. This left Olemaun alone with Dane and her remaining guard David who left to walk the perimeter. In that time, Olemaun and Dane entered into sexual relations.

Having focused our equipment on the interior of the soundstage, we are not sure exactly who killed David in the parking lot. His body was discovered with a mortal wound to his throat as well as a gunshot wound to his head that was described by the medical examiner as post-mortem.

A caretaker from a cemetery that I believe is the one Norris visited, gave us a report of what Olemaun did next. He claimed that someone matching the description of the woman from the Norwegian flight had taken up residence in the abandoned house behind the cemetery. She had a large following of very strange people. On the night in question, two people arrived that he positively identified as Stella Olemaun and Dane. As they made their way through the cemetery, the bodies from the graves rose and attacked. This is supported by the discovery of many corpses scattered throughout the cemetery ground with fresh gunshot wounds or battery marks. Forensics states that the graves were dug out of not in to.

The caretaker followed Olemaun and Dane to the house and was able to watch from a window as they met with the woman from the Norwegian flight. She was referred to by the others as Lilith and claimed to be the wife of Vicente. Dane was attacked by some of Lilith's followers and drug outside. Olemaun showed that the inside of her coat was lined with explosives that she was prepared to use. An exchange was agreed upon for the surveillance disc from Barrow in exchange for a box of what was most likely Eben Olemaun's ashes. The caretaker noticed that as she was leaving, Olemaun left her coat behind. He ran for cover. The last thing he saw was Olemaun and Dane meeting up outside, then the old house exploded, vaporizing all inside.

The last known sighting of Stella Olemaun in the Los Angeles area was at a small motel in Hollywood. She checked in alone but left in the company of a man fitting the description of Eben Olemaun.

Recommendations:

1. Stella Olemaun should be brought in for questioning and looked at for charges of weapons possession, conspiracy to commit murder and assault against an agent among other charges.
2. Locate and detain the man calling himself Dane as there are no records of him in any database.
3. Profilers need to be brought in to help us understand these people that believe themselves to be vampires or fighting vampires. We need to know how to anticipate their moves.
4. I request to be assigned to the detail searching for Agent Norris. My familiarity with him would be invaluable to trying to track him down.

FILE no. BAK0100253

DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

FILED BY Sheriff Brian Kitka

NOTES

I arrived in Barrow to take my post as sheriff four days prior to the sun setting for the final time. I had been aware of the stories that surrounded Barrow. I read Stella Olemaun's book and looked at all of the official reports. I accepted the post because of my brother, William. He lived in Barrow with his wife Peggy and their two kids Olivia and Charlie. The reports say that William murdered his family before somehow ending up on a bonfire in the middle of town. I went to Barrow in hopes of finding out the truth. My brother wasn't a murderer and I wanted to clear his name.



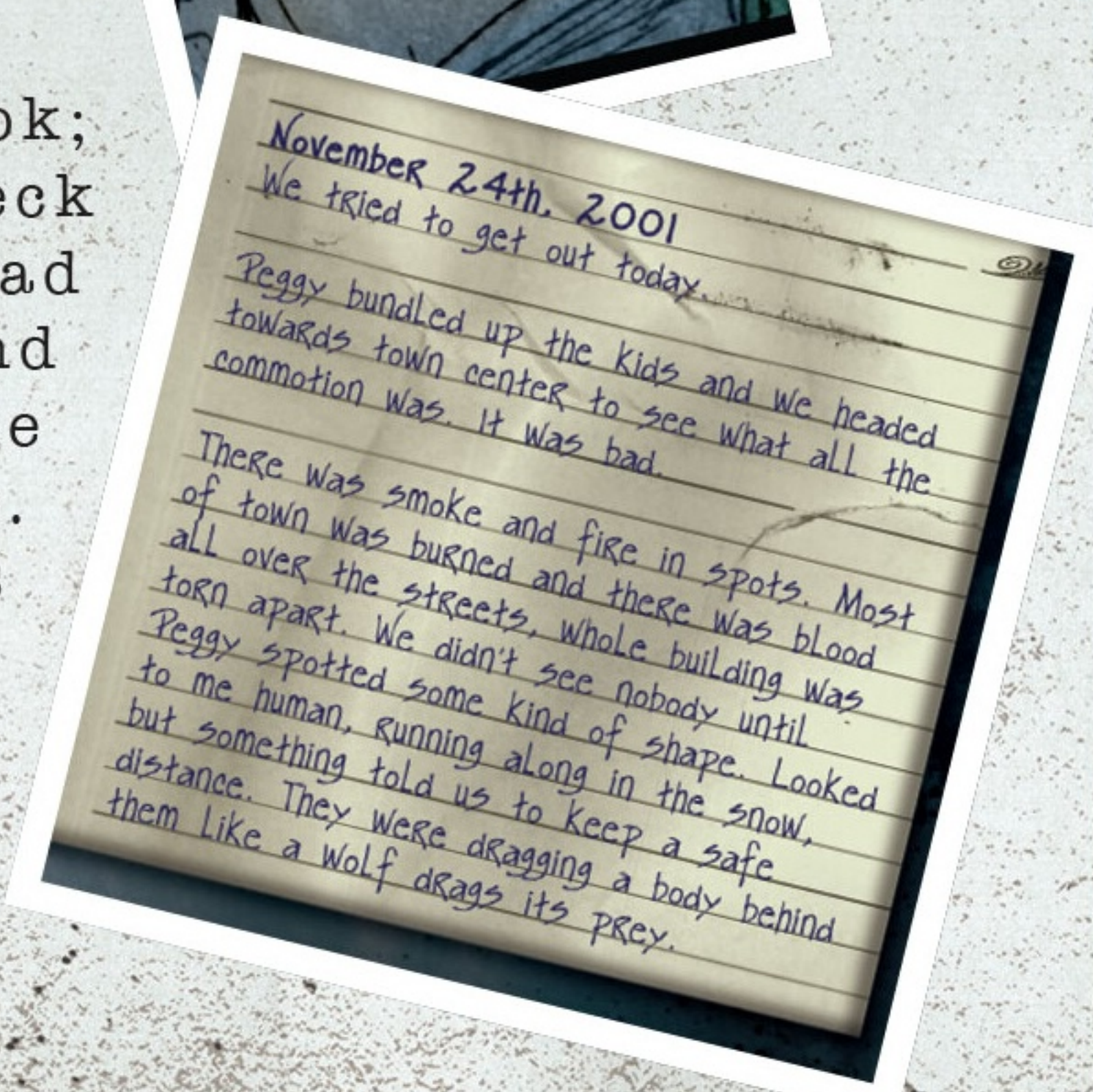
Not only did I take Eben Olemaun's old job, but in an ironic twist of fate, we ended up taking over their old home as well. I left my boy Marcus at the house while I went into town to check



in at the office. I met my deputy, Donna Sikorski, after she had a little fun at my expense claiming the transfer papers hadn't arrived. It's nice to see a sense of humor still existed in this town. I also met a trapper named John Ikos. John was the brother of Sam Ikos, the former owner of the town diner and someone my brother William

considered a friend. I spoke candidly with John about the attack and how things were now in Barrow. When I asked him for the truth, he responded by having Donna give me a book... a journal written by my brother William during the attack.

The journal wasn't as detailed as Stella's book; it couldn't have been... Stella was able to check her facts since she was still alive after. As I read through each entry, I could tell the fear and despair that was building inside my brother. The sense of hopelessness growing with each page. He eventually lost track of time so the entries became more sporadic. He wrote how his wife had become lethargic, sleeping most of the day and showing signs of hypothermia. His daughter



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DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

FILED BY Sheriff Brian Kitka

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asked him when it was going to be over. I think this was the final straw. The next entry simply stated that he killed Peggy and his children. He had saved a bullet for himself but his gun jammed and he could not fix it. He begged for forgiveness saying that he believed he had done what was best for those he loved.

Finishing the journal, I found myself in shock. I would not have believed my brother a killer... but what I read was far beyond anything I could comprehend. That's why I was caught unaware when the guy attacked. I could barely see him in the shadows until he smiled, then I saw a row of jagged teeth, far too many to be in a human mouth. He raced across the snow so fast that I couldn't react. He leapt for me and would have killed me if not for the intervening of John Ikos. John shot and killed the guy. Blew his head clean off. Between what I had read in my brother's words and what I had just seen, the rumors of vampires in Barrow was starting to seem all too real to me.

I attempted to book a flight to Fairbanks for myself and Marcus on the last flight out of town, but the flight had left early due to the approaching weather conditions. Nothing else would be leaving town till the sun rose again. At that moment I wasn't thinking as a sheriff, but as a father who had brought his son to a very dangerous place.

I returned to the center of town to discover a large gathering of the residents. There was a truck that had just returned with a large number of heavy ordnance that was about to be handed out among the residents. I objected to weapons being distributed to non-law enforcement or military personnel. I received an argument from Ikos, one that would have continued if it weren't for my deputy pointing out that "one of them" was now loose in the town. A young woman named Iris returned to



FILE no. BAK0100253

DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

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town with the truck of weapons. She appeared to be normal, sweet and innocent even, but when Donna discovered that the driver had only known her for two days, she signaled the alert.

We scrambled to get the security up. Six UV Light posts surround the town along with barbwire fencing. We broke into teams and went door to door searching for the stranger. It didn't take long though. Ikos and I found her... or what was left of her... a few minutes later. She had been decapitated. Her head savagely ripped from her neck. This was something new to Ikos as well.



This was the third year since the initial attack. The people of Barrow had become prepared for the dark days. They armed themselves and treated it like a war. The problem was the enemy could learn new tricks too. One of the light towers was doing a sweep of the tree line when the first shot was fired. I had taken Marcus back to the Olemaun house to secure him in the basement. Stella had made that a safe room after the initial attack. I wasn't there when the vampires took out tower two. To everyone's surprise, the vampires were armed. They forced their way through the fence and started shooting at



the residents. Ikos rallied those he could to fight them off. By the time I returned, many had died. I grabbed a .50 caliber machine gun and took out as many vampires as I could. We were able to fight off the first wave, forced them to retreat. They succeeded in taking out one of the towers and one of the generators.



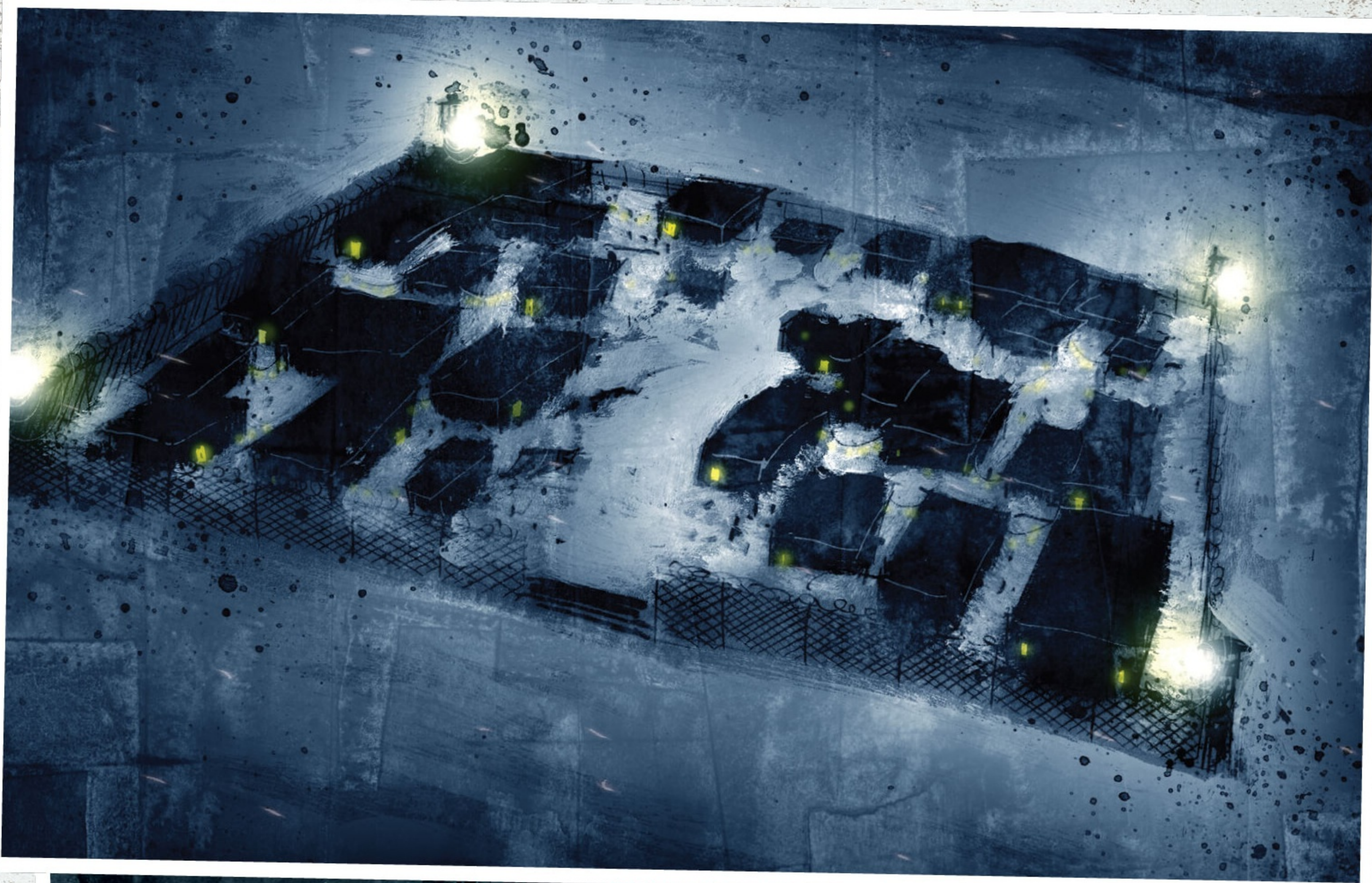
FILE no. BAK0100253

DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

FILED BY Sheriff Brian Kitka



NOT



Return to Barrow

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DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

FILED BY Sheriff Brian Kitka



We waited for them to attack again. The fact that they were armed threw us off at first, but we regrouped quickly. The vampires were dangerous, but not well organized. At least that's how it appeared. They're next attack wasn't a single strike. They hit the already damaged tower first. Then while our forces were distracted, they went after the generators with a small group. They tried spreading us out. It became obvious they were just trying to poke holes into the defenses. Fearing for my boy's safety, I left the main line and ran back to the house. Ikos and Donna held the line.



By the time I arrived, I found the house surrounded by vampires. One had gone inside, a former FBI Agent named Paul Norris.

He had gone in looking for something and found it. He came flying out the window and crashed onto the ground at my feet. When I realized the danger my son was in, I lost it. I used the grenade Ikos had given me earlier to blow up Norris then started shooting the vampires around me. Ikos told me to remember that nothing can live without a head. I took nothing but headshots. I cleared the area of the undead and raced inside. I found Marcus safe, unharmed. He told me that the lady helped him, the lady from the photos he found upstairs. The photos of Eben and Stella Olemaun.



The fighting elsewhere continued. My deputy took a shot to the shoulder and was attacked when she ran out of ammo. Ikos came to her aide, killing the vampire with his hunting knife. That's when they noticed it had gone quiet. Others started reporting in that the vampires they were fighting were suddenly ripped apart where they stood. It was suddenly over in the blink of an eye.



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DATE November 14th, 2004 - January 9th, 2005

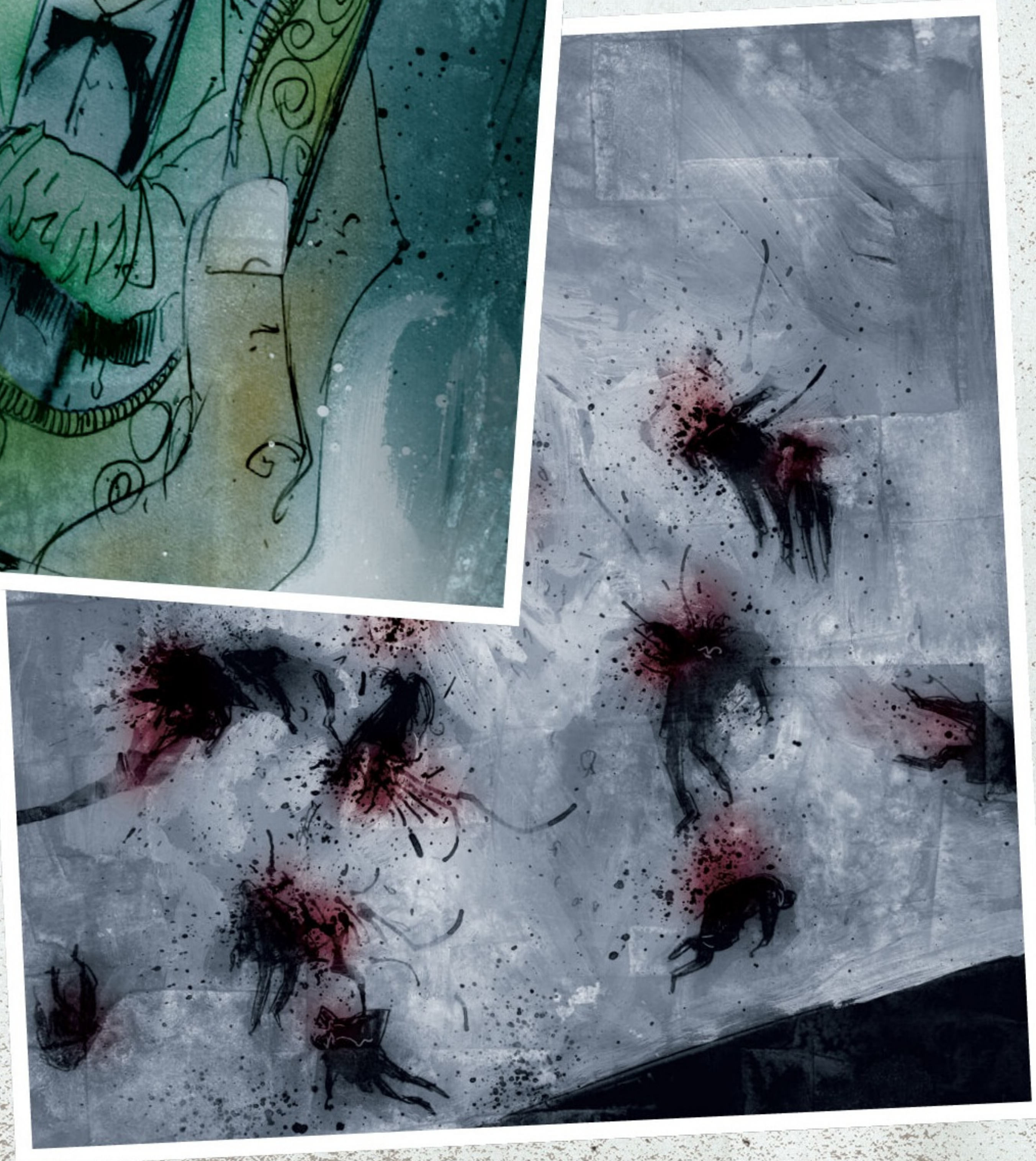
FILED BY Sheriff Brian Kitka

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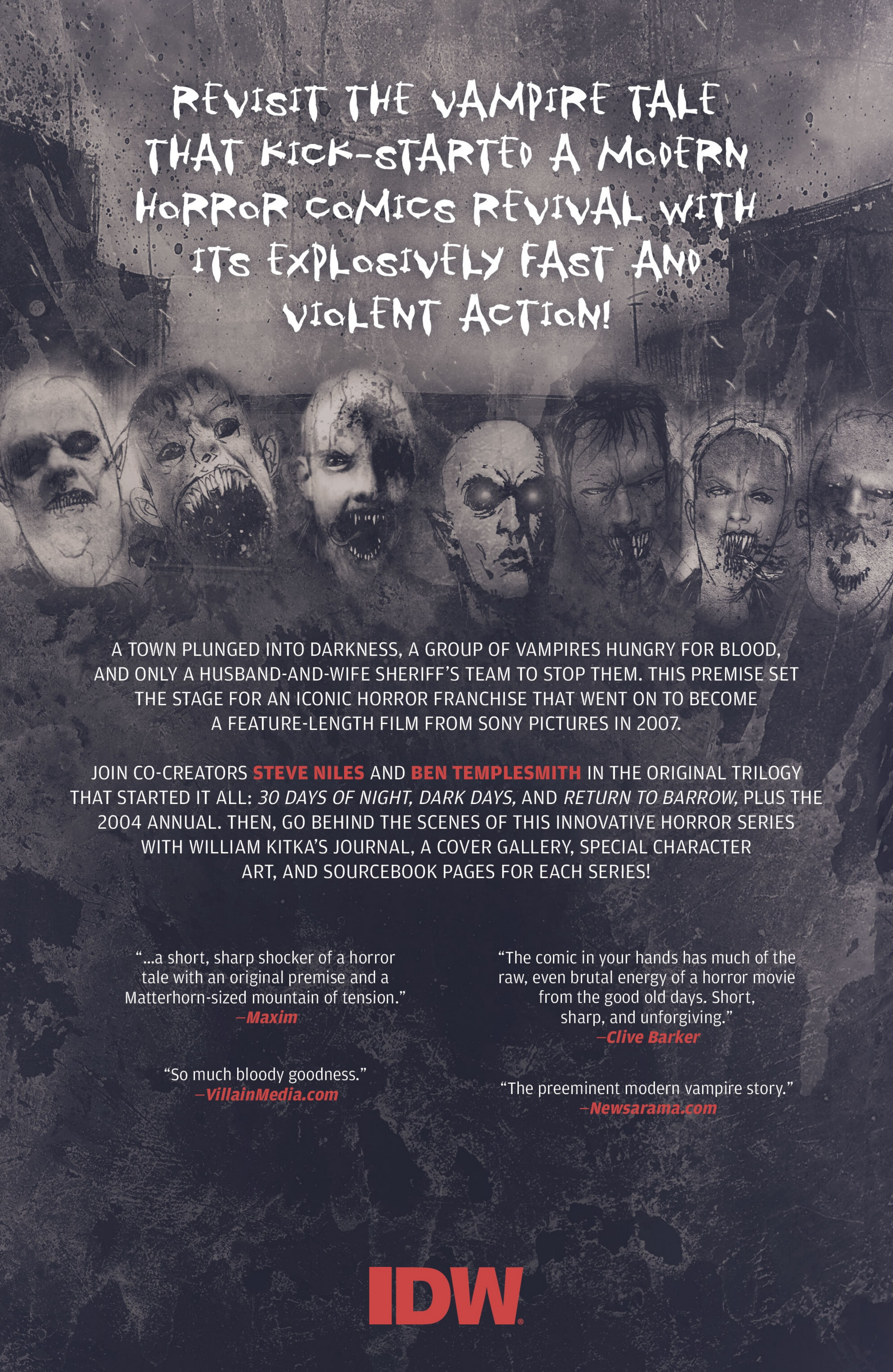
Ikos came to check on Marcus and myself. He found us outside of the house, staring at the two that saved my boy's life. He recognized them as Eben and Stella Olemaun. They had both become vampires but were in control of their bloodlust. Stella spoke to Ikos, told him that they were now watching over the town. They would be there to protect the people of Barrow from now on.

In the days that followed, we secured the perimeter. Burned the corpses of the vampires and our own dead. There were

no other incidents in the remaining dark days; whether that was because the vampires were gone or the Olemaun's keeping watch we may never know.







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